







THE CENTRE TABLE.



THE CENTRE TABLE



THE
CENTRE TABLE.

ILLUSTRATED BY FIFTY FINE ENGRAVINGS.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MARINO FALIERO TAKING LEAVE OF HIS WIFE,	9
THE PARVENUE,	15
TORTOSA, FROM THE ISLAND OF RUAD,	27
THE VOYAGE OF LIFE,	28
THE PARTNERS,	31
THE DREAM FULFILLED,	33
BELISARIUS,	38
THE INQUIRY,	40
SMYRNA, FROM THE HARBOUR,	42
THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS,	43
THE ASTROLOGER'S VICTIM,	47
ARABS OF THE BISHAREEN DESERT,	56
THE DAILY TEACHER,	58
THE WAIL AND WARNING OF THE THREE KHALENDERS,	67
NUMBER ONE HUNDRED,	71
EARLY PIETY,	80
TO A LADY PLAYING,	81
THE PRIDE OF THE HAMLET,	83
WONDERS AND MURMURS,	97
BENJAMIN WEST, P. R. A.,	99
HURST CASTLE,	101

	PAGE
ALBANY,	102
CONVALESCENCE,	103
CONSTANTINOPLE,	104
CLARA MANDEVILLE,	107
GREEK PATRIOTS,	128
THE PARTING,	130
THE BURNING SHIP,	132
THE POLISH MOTHER ON THE BATTLE-FIELD,	134
NANETTE, THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER,	137
THE GENTLEMAN FARMER,	145
NAPOLEON IN THE PRISON OF NICE,	147
THE VALENTINE,	149
THE OPIUM SELLER,	163
BEATRICE GRANT,	166
ROME,	174
AULD ROBIN GRAY,	177
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD,	183
PHILADELPHIA,	186
THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST,	188
PAULINA AND BERENICE,	206
TURKISH MAIDEN,	220
THE PRINCE AND THE GENTLEMAN,	222
DUTCH SKATERS,	228
THE EMIGRANT,	230
MAY MORTON,	240
BEIROUT AND MOUNT LEBANON,	242
THE BRIDAL WREATH,	243
THE SIGNAL; OR, THE RIVAL COUSINS,	245

ILLUSTRATIONS.



	PAGE
1. MARINO FALIERO,	FRONTISPIECE.
2. THE VILLAGE BELLE,	BEFORE TITLE.
3. THE WRITING MASTER,	15
4. TORTOSA,	27
5. THE DOG'S FIRST SIGHT,	31
6. BELISARIUS,	38
7. SMYRNA,	42
8. THE MINIATURE,	47
9. BISHAREEN ARABS,	56
10. THE DAILY TEACHER,	58
11. CASTLES OF EUROPE AND ASIA,	67
12. RICE SELLERS, Etc.,	71
13. PIETY,	80
14. MUSIC AT NIGHTFALL,	81
15. PRIDE OF THE HAMLET,	83
16. CAT MERCHANTS, Etc.,	97
17. BENJAMIN WEST,	99
18. HURST CASTLE,	101
19. ALBANY,	102
20. CONVALESCENCE,	103
21. CONSTANTINOPLE,	104

	PAGE
22. CLARA,	107
23. HAPPY MOMENTS,	116
24. SOLDIERS GAMBLING,	122
25. GREEK PATRIOTS,	128
26. THE PARTING,	130
27. THE BURNING SHIP,	132
28. THE POLISH MOTHER,	134
29. NANETTE,	137
30. HUDSON CITY,	141
31. THE GENTLEMAN FARMER,	145
32. NAPOLEON AT NICE,	147
33. THE VALENTINE,	149
34. OLD FISHERMAN,	156
35. THE OPIUM SELLER,	163
36. THE COUNTRY GIRL,	166
37. ROME,	174
38. DON QUIXOTE,	177
39. RED RIDING HOOD,	183
40. PHILADELPHIA,	186
41. THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST,	188
42. QUEEN HENRIETTA,	196
43. JERUSALEM,	206
44. TURKISH MAIDEN,	220
45. DUTCH SKATERS,	228
46. MAY MORTON,	240
47. BEIROUT AND MOUNT LEBANON,	242
48. THE BRIDAL WREATH,	243
49. THE SIGNAL,	245
50. WHALERS ATTACKED,	254

MARINO FALIERO TAKING LEAVE OF HIS WIFE.

The Doge's Apartments—Doge as Prisoner, Duchess attending him.

DOGE.

Now that the priest is gone, 'twere useless all
To linger out the miserable minutes ;
But one pang more, the pang of parting from thee,
And I will leave the last few grains of sand,
Which yet remain of the accorded hour,
Still falling—I have done with time.

ANGIOLINA.

Alas !

And I have been the cause, the unconscious cause ;
And for this funeral marriage, this black union,
Which thou, compliant with my father's wish,
Didst promise at his death, thou hast sealed thine own.

DOGE.

Not so : there was that in my spirit ever
Which shaped out for itself some great reverse ;

The marvel is, it came not until now—
And yet it was foretold me.

ANGIOLINA.

How foretold you ?

DOGE.

Long years ago—so long, they are a doubt
In memory, and yet they live in annals :
When I was in my youth, and served the Senate
And signory as podesta and captain
Of the town of Treviso, on a day
Of festival, the sluggish bishop who
Convey'd the Host, aroused my rash young anger,
By strange delay, and arrogant reply
To my reproof ; I raised my hand and smote him,
Until he reel'd beneath his holy burthen ;
And, as he rose from earth again, he raised
His tremulous hands in pious wrath towards Heaven.
Thence pointing to the Host, which had fallen from him,
He turn'd to me, and said, "The hour will come
When He thou hast o'erthrown shall overthrow thee :
The glory shall depart from out thy house,
The wisdom shall be shaken from thy soul,
And in thy best maturity of mind,
A madness of the heart shall seize upon thee ;
Passion shall tear thee when all passions cease
In other men, or mellow into virtues ;
And majesty, which decks all others heads,
Shall crown to leave thee headless ; honours shall
But prove to thee the heralds of destruction,

And hoary hairs of shame, and both of death,
 But not such death as fits an aged man."
 Thus saying he passed on.—That hour is come.

ANGIOLINA.

And with this warning, couldst thou not have striven
 To avert the fatal moment, and atone
 By penitence for that which thou hadst done?

DOGE.

I own the words went to my heart, so much
 That I remember'd them amid the maze
 Of life, as if they form'd a spectral voice,
 Which shook me in a supernatural dream ;
 And I repented ; but 'twas not for me
 To pall in resolution : what must be
 I could not change, and would not fear. Nay, more,
 Thou canst not have forgot what all remember,
 That on my day of landing here as Doge,
 On my return from Rome, a mist of such
 Unwonted destiny went on before
 The bucentaur, like the columnal cloud
 Which usher'd Israel out of Egypt, till
 The pilot was misled, and disembark'd us
 Between the pillars of St. Mark's, where 'tis
 The custom of the state to put to death
 Its criminals, instead of touching at
 The Riva della Paglia, as the wont is,—
 So that all Venice shudder'd at the omen.

ANGIOLINA

Ah ! little boots it now to recollect
Such things.

DOGE.

And yet I find a comfort in
The thought that these things are the work of Fate ;
For I would rather yield to gods than men,
Or cling to any creed of destiny,
Rather than deem these mortals, most of whom
I know to be as worthless as the dust,
And weak as worthless, more than instruments
Of an o'erruling power ; they in themselves
Were all incapable—they could not be
Victors of him who oft had conquered for them !

ANGIOLINA.

Employ the minutes left in aspirations
Of a more healing nature, and in peace
Even with these wretches take thy flight to heaven.

DOGE.

I *am* at peace ; the peace of certainty
That a sure hour will come, when their sons' sons,
And this proud city, and these azure waters,
And all which makes them eminent and bright,
Shall be a desolation and a curse,
A hissing and a scoff unto the nations,
A Carthage, and a Tyre, an Ocean Babel !

ANGIOLINA.

Speak not thus now : the surge of passion still
Sweeps o'er thee to the last ; thou dost deceive
Thyself, and canst not injure them—be calmer.

DOGE.

I stand within eternity, and see
Into eternity, and I behold—
Ay, palpable as I see thy sweet face
For the last time—the days which I denounce
Unto all time against these wave-girt walls,
And they who are indwellers.

GUARD (*Coming forward*).

Doge of Venice,
The Ten are in attendance on your highness.

DOGE.

Then farewell, Angiolina—one embrace—
Forgive the old man who hath been to thee
A fond but fatal husband—love my memory.
I would not ask so much for me still living,
But thou canst judge of me more kindly now,
Seeing my evil feelings are at rest.
Besides, of all the fruits of these long years,
Glory, and wealth, and power, and fame, and name,
Which generally leave some flowers to bloom
Even o'er the grave, I have nothing left, not even
A little love, or friendship, or esteem,
No, not enough to extract an epitaph
From ostentatious kinsmen ; in one hour

I have uprooted all my former life,
And outlived every thing, except thy heart,
The pure, the good, the gentle, which will oft
With unimpair'd but not a clamorous grief
Still keep——Thou turn'st so pale—Alas ! she faints,
She hath no breath, no pulse ! Guards ! lend your aid—
I cannot leave her thus, and yet 'tis better,
Since every lifeless moment spares a pang.
When she shakes off this temporary death,
I shall be with the Eternal—Call her women—
One look !—how cold her hand ! as cold as mine
Shall be ere she recovers.—Gently tend her,
And take my last thanks.—I am ready now.

BYRON'S *Marino Faliero*, Act 5, Scene 2.



THE WRITING-MASTER.

THE PARVENU.

BY MRS. SHELLEY.

WHY do I write my melancholy story? Is it as a lesson, to prevent any other from wishing to rise to rank superior to that in which they are born? No! miserable as I am, others might have been happy, I doubt not, in my position: the chalice has been poisoned for me alone! Am I evil-minded—am I wicked? What have been my errors that I am now an outcast and a wretch? I will tell my story—let others judge me; my mind is bewildered, I cannot judge myself.

My father was a land steward to a wealthy nobleman. He married young, and had several children. He then lost his wife, and remained fifteen years a widower, when he married again a young girl, the daughter of a clergyman, who died, leaving a numerous offspring in extreme poverty. My maternal grandfather had been a man of sensibility and genius; my mother inherited many of his endowments. She was an earthly angel; all her works were charity, all her thoughts were love.

Within a year after her marriage, she gave birth to twins—I and my sister; soon after she fell into ill health, and from that time was always weakly. She could endure no fatigue, and

seldom moved from her chair. I see her now ; her white, delicate hands employed in needlework, her soft, love-lighted eyes fixed on me. I was still a child when my father fell into trouble, and we removed from the part of the country where we had hitherto lived, and went to a distant village, where we rented a cottage, with a little land adjoining. We were poor, and all the family assisted each other. My elder half-sisters were strong, industrious, rustic young women, and submitted to a life of labour with great cheerfulness. My father held the plough, my half-brothers worked in the barns ; all was toil, yet all seemed enjoyment.

How happy my childhood was ! Hand in hand with my dear twin sister, I plucked the spring flowers in the hedges, turned the hay in the summer meadows, shook the apples from the trees in autumn, and at all seasons, gambolled in delicious liberty beneath the free air of Heaven ; or at my mother's feet, caressed by her, I was taught the sweetest lessons of charity and love. My elder sisters were kind ; we were all linked by strong affection. The delicate, fragile existence of my mother gave an interest to our monotony, while her virtues and her refinement threw a grace over our homely household.

I and my sister did not seem twins, we were so unlike. She was robust, chubby, full of life and spirits ; I, tall, slim, fair, and even pale. I loved to play with her, but soon grew tired, and then I crept to my mother's side, and she sang me to sleep, and nursed me in her bosom, and looked on me with her own angelic smile. She took pains to instruct me, not in accomplishments, but in all real knowledge. She unfolded to me the wonders of the visible creation, and to each tale of bird and beast, of fiery mountain or vast river, was appended some moral, derived from her warm heart and ardent imagination. Above all, she impressed upon me the precepts of the gospel, charity to every fellow-creature, the brotherhood of mankind, the rights that every

sentient creature possesses to our services alone. I was her almoner; for, poor as she was, she was the benefactress of those who were poorer. Being delicate, I helped her in her task of needle-work, while my sister aided the rest in their household or rustic labours.

When I was seventeen, a miserable accident happened. A hayrick caught fire; it communicated to our out-houses, and at last to the cottage. We were roused from our beds at midnight, and escaped barely with our lives. My father bore out my mother in his arms, and then tried to save a portion of his property. The roof of the cottage fell in on him. He was dug out after an hour, scorched, maimed, crippled for life.

We were all saved, but by a miracle only was I preserved. I and my sister were awoke by cries of fire. The cottage was already enveloped in flames. Susan, with her accustomed intrepidity, rushed through the flames, and escaped; I thought only of my mother, and hurried to her room. The fire raged around me; it encircled—hemmed me in. I believed that I must die, when suddenly I felt myself seized upon and borne away. I looked on my preserver—it was Lord Reginald Desborough.

For many Sundays past, when at church, I knew that Lord Reginald's eyes were fixed on me. He had met me and Susan in our walks; he had called at our cottage. There was fascination in his eye, in his soft voice and earnest gaze, and my heart throbbed with gladness, as I thought that he surely loved me. To have been saved by him, was to make the boon of life doubly precious.

There is to me much obscurity in this part of my story. Lord Reginald loved me, it is true; why he loved me, so far as to forget pride of rank and ambition for my sake, he who afterwards showed no tendency to disregard the prejudices and habits of rank and wealth, I cannot tell; it seems strange. He had loved

me before, but from the hour that he saved my life, love grew into an overpowering passion. He offered us a lodge on his estate to take refuge in; and while there, he sent us presents of game, and still more kindly, fruits and flowers to my mother, and came himself, especially when all were out except my mother and myself, and sat by us and conversed. Soon I learnt to expect the soft asking look of his eyes, and almost dared to answer it. My mother once perceived these glances, and appealed to Lord Reginald's good feelings, not to make me miserable for life, by implanting an attachment that could only be productive of unhappiness. His answer was to ask me in marriage.

I need not say that my mother gratefully consented—that my father, confined to his bed since the fire, thanked God with rapture; that my sisters were transported by delight: I was the least surprised then, though the most happy. Now, I wonder much, what could he see in me? So many girls of rank and fortune were prettier. I was an untaught, low-born, portionless girl. It was very strange.

Then I only thought of the happiness of marrying him, of being loved, of passing my life with him. My wedding day was fixed. Lord Reginald had neither father nor mother to interfere with his arrangements. He told no relation; he became one of our family during the interval. He saw no deficiencies in our mode of life—in my dress; he was satisfied with all; he was tender, assiduous, and kind, even to my elder sisters; he seemed to adore my mother, and became a brother to my sister Susan. She was in love, and asked him to intercede to gain her parents' consent for her choice. He did so; and though before, Lawrence Cooper, the carpenter of the place, had been disdained, supported by him, he was accepted. Lawrence Cooper was young, well-looking, well-disposed, and fondly attached to Susan.

My wedding day came. My mother kissed me fondly, my

father blessed me with pride and joy, my sisters stood around me, radiant with delight. There was but one drawback to the universal happiness—that immediately on my marriage I was to go abroad.

From the church door I stepped into the carriage. Having once and again been folded in my dear mother's embrace, the wheels were in motion, and we were away.

I looked out from the window; there was the dear group; my old father, white-headed and aged, in his large chair; my mother, smiling through her tears, with folded hands and upraised looks of gratitude, anticipating long years of happiness for her grateful Fanny; Susan and Lawrence standing side by side, unenvious of my greatness, happy in themselves; my sisters conning over, with pride and joy, the presents made to them, and the prosperity that flowed in from my husband's generosity. All looked happy, and it seemed as if I were the cause of all this happiness. We had been indeed saved from dreadful evils. Ruin had ensued from the fire, and we had been sunk in adversity through that very event from which our good fortune took its rise. I felt proud and glad. I loved them all. I thought, 'I make them happy—they are prosperous through me!' And my heart warmed with gratitude towards my husband at the idea.

We spent two years abroad. It was rather lonely for me, who had always been surrounded, as it were, by a populous world of my own, to find myself cast upon foreigners and strangers. The habits of the different sexes in the higher ranks so separate them from each other, that after a few months, I spent much of my time in solitude. I did not repine; I had been brought up to look upon the hard visage of life, if not unflinchingly, at least with resignation. I did not expect perfect happiness. Marriages in humble life are attended with as much care. I had none of this: my husband loved me; and though I often longed to see the dear

familiar faces that thronged my childhood's home, and above all I pined for my mother's caresses and her wise maternal lessons, yet for a time I was content to think of them, and hope for a reunion, and to acquiesce in the present separation.

Still many things pained me. I had, poor myself, been brought up among the poor, and nothing, since I can remember forming an idea, so much astonished and jarred with my feelings, as the thought of how the rich could spend so much on themselves, while any of their fellow-creatures were in destitution. I had none of the patrician charity (though such is praiseworthy) which consists in distributing thin soup and coarse flannel petticoats—a sort of instinct or sentiment of justice, the offspring of my lowly paternal hearth; and my mother's enlightened piety was deeply implanted in my mind, that all had as good a right to the comforts of life as myself, or even as my husband. My charities, as they were called—they seemed to be the payment of my debts to my fellow-creatures—were abundant. Lord Reginald peremptorily checked them; but as I had a large allowance for my own expenses, I denied myself a thousand luxuries, to which it appeared to me I had no right, for the sake of feeding the hungry. Nor was it only that charity impelled me, but that I could not acquire a taste for spending money on myself—I disliked the apparatus of wealth. My husband called my ideas sordid, and reproved me severely, when, instead of outshining all competitors at a fête, I appeared dowdily dressed, and declared warmly that I could not, I would not, spend twenty guineas on a gown, while I could dress so many sad faces in smiles, and bring so much joy to so many drooping hearts, by the same sum.

Was I right? I firmly believe that there is not one among the rich who will not affirm that I did wrong; that to please my husband and do honour to his rank, was my first duty. Yet shall I confess it? even now, rendered miserable by this fault—I can

not give it that name—I can call it a misfortune—it is such to be consumed at the stake a martyr for one's faith. Do not think me presumptuous in this simile; for many years I have wasted at the slow fire of knowing that I lost my husband's affections because I performed what I believed to be a duty.

But I am not come to that yet. It was not till my return to England that the full disaster crushed me. We had often been applied to for money by my family, and Lord Reginald had acceded to nearly all their requests. When we reached London after two years' absence, my first wish was to see my dear mother. She was at Margate for her health. It was agreed that I should go there alone, and pay a short visit. Before I went, Lord Reginald told me what I did not know before, that my family had often made exorbitant demands on him, with which he was resolved not to comply. He told me that he had no wish to raise my relatives from their station in society; and that, indeed, there were only two among them whom he conceived had any claims upon me—my mother and my twin sister: that the former was incapable of any improper request, and the latter, by marrying Cooper, had fixed her own position, and could in no way be raised from the rank of her chosen husband. I agreed to much that he said. I replied that he well knew that my own taste led me to consider mediocrity the best and happiest situation; that I had no wish, and would never consent, to supply any extravagant demands on the part of persons, however dear to me, whose circumstances he had rendered easy.

Satisfied with my reply, we parted most affectionately, and I went on my way to Margate with a light and glad heart; and the cordial reception I received from my whole family collected together to receive me, was calculated to add to my satisfaction. The only drawback to my content was my mother's state; she was wasted to a shadow. They all talked and

laughed around her, but it was evident to me that she had not long to live.

There was no room for me in the small furnished house in which they were all crowded, so I remained at the hotel. Early in the morning before I was up, my father visited me. He begged me to intercede with my husband; that on the strength of his support he had embarked in a speculation which required a large capital; that many families would be ruined, and himself dishonoured, if a few hundreds were not advanced. I promised to do what I could, resolving to ask my mother's advice, and to make her my guide. My father kissed me with an effusion of gratitude, and left me.

I cannot enter into the whole of these sad details; all my half brothers and sisters had married, and trusted to their successes in life to Lord Reginald's assistance. Each evidently thought they had asked little in not demanding an equal share of my luxuries and fortune; but they were all in difficulty—all needed large assistance—all depended on me.

Lastly, my own sister Susan appealed to me—but hers was the most moderate request of all—she only wished for twenty pounds. I gave it her at once from my own purse.

As soon as I saw my mother I explained to her my difficulties. She told me, that she expected this, and that it broke her heart: I must summon courage and resist these demands. That my father's imprudence had ruined him, and that he must encounter the evil he had brought on himself; that my numerous relatives were absolutely mad with the notion of what I ought to do for them. I listened with grief—I saw the torments in store for me—I felt my own weakness, and knew that I could not meet the rapacity of those about me with any courage or firmness. That same night my mother fell into convulsions; her life was saved with difficulty. From Susan I learned the cause of her attack. She had

had a violent altercation with my father: she insisted that I should not be appealed to; while he reproached her for rendering me undutiful, and bringing ruin and disgrace on his grey hairs. When I saw my pale mother trembling, fainting, dying—when I was again and again assured that she must be my father's victim unless I yielded, what wonder that, in the agony of my distress, I wrote to my husband to implore his assistance.

Oh! what thick clouds now obscured my destiny! how do I remember, with a sort of thrilling horror, the boundless sea, white cliffs, and wide sands of Margate. The summer day that had welcomed my arrival changed to bleak wintry weather during this interval—while I waited with anguish for my husband's answer. Well do I remember the evening on which it came: the waves of the sea showed their white crests, no vessel ventured to meet the gale with any canvas except a topsail, the sky was bared clear by the wind, the sun was going down fiery red. I looked upon the troubled waters—I longed to be borne away upon them, away from care and misery. At this moment a servant followed me to the sands with my husband's answer, it contained a refusal. I dared not communicate it. The menaces of bankruptcy; the knowledge that he had instilled false hopes into so many; the fears of disgrace, rendered my father, always rough, absolutely ferocious. Life flickered in my dear mother's frame; it seemed on the point of expiring when she heard my father's step; if he came in with a smooth brow, her pale lips wreathed into her own sweet smile, and a delicate pink tinged her fallen cheeks; if he scowled, and his voice was high, every limb shivered, she turned her face to her pillow, while convulsive sobs shook her frame, and threatened instant dissolution. My father sought me alone one day, as I was walking in melancholy guise upon the sands; he swore that he would not survive his disgrace; "And do you think, Fanny," he added, "that your mother will survive the

knowledge of my miserable end?" I saw the resolution of despair in his face as he spoke.—I asked the sum needed, the time when it must be given.—A thousand pounds in two days was all that was asked. I set off to London to implore my husband to give this sum.

No! No! I cannot step by step record my wretchedness—the money was given—I extorted it from Lord Reginald, though I saw his very heart closed on me as he wrote the cheque. Worse had happened since I had left him. Susan had used the twenty pounds I gave her to reach town, to throw herself at my husband's feet, and implore his compassion. Rendered absolutely insane by the idea of having a lord for a brother-in-law, Cooper had launched into a system of extravagance, incredible as it was wicked. He was many thousand pounds in debt, and when at last Lord Reginald wrote to refuse all further supply, the miserable man committed forgery. Two hundred pounds prevented exposure, and preserved him from an ignominious end. Five hundred more were advanced to send him and his wife to America, to settle there, out of the way of temptation. I parted from my dear sister, I loved her fondly; she had no part in her husband's guilt, yet she was still attached to him, and her child bound them together; they went into solitary, miserable exile. "Ah! had we remained in virtuous poverty," cried my broken-hearted sister, "I had not been forced to leave my dying mother."

The thousand pounds given to my father was but a drop of water in the ocean. Again I was appealed to; again I felt the slender thread of my mother's life depending on my getting a supply. Again, trembling and miserable, I implored the charity of my husband.

"I am content," he said, "to do what you ask, to do more than you ask; but remember the price you pay—either give up your parents and your family, whose rapacity and crimes deserve

no mercy, or we part for ever. You shall have a proper allowance; you can maintain all your family on it if you please; but their names must never be mentioned to me again. Choose between us, Fanny—you never see them more, or we part for ever."

Did I do right?—I cannot tell—misery is the result—misery frightful, endless, unredeemed. My mother was dearer to me than all the world—my heart revolted from my husband's selfishness. I did not reply—I rushed to my room, and that night in a sort of delirium of grief and horror, at my being asked never again to see my mother, I set out for Margate—such was my reply to my husband.

Three years have passed since then; for these three I preserved my mother, and during all this time I was grateful to heaven for being permitted to do my duty by her, and though I wept over the alienation of my cruel husband, I did not repent. But she, my angelic support, is no more. My father survived my mother but two months; remorse for all he had done, and made me suffer, cut short his life. His family by his first wife are gathered round me, they importune, they rob, they destroy me. Last week I wrote to Lord Reginald. I communicated the death of my parents; I represented that my position was altered; that my duties did not now clash; and that if he still cared for his unhappy wife all might be well. Yesterday his answer came.—It was too late, he said;—I had myself torn asunder the ties that united us, they never could be knit together again.

By the same post came a letter from Susan. She is happy. Cooper, profiting by the frightful lesson he incurred, awakened to a manly sense of the duties of life, is thoroughly reformed. He is industrious, prosperous, and respectable. Susan asks me to join her. I am resolved to go. O! my native village, and recollections of my youth, to which I sacrificed so much, where are ye

now? tainted by pestilence, envenomed by serpents' stings, I long to close my eyes on every scene I have ever viewed. Let me seek a strange land, a land where a grave will soon be opened for me. I feel that I cannot live long—I desire to die. I am told that Lord Reginald loves another, a highborn girl; that he openly curses our union as the obstacle to his happiness. The memory of this will poison the oblivion I go to seek in a distant land.—He will be free. Soon will the hand he once so fondly took in his and made his own, which, now flung away, trembles with misery as it traces these lines, moulder in its last decay.



TORTOSA, FROM THE ISLAND OF RUAD.

RUAD is a small fortified island off the coast of Syria, S. W. of Tortosa.

Tortosa is a seaport town of Syria, pashalic, and thirty miles north of Tripoli. In the middle ages it was a fortress of importance, but its walls are now in ruins.

The gorgeous Eastern skies and the picturesque aspect of the ruins overgrown with the moss of ages, make Tortosa in these modern days a scene of beauty, such as is only to be found in the East. Washed by the rippling waters, visited by vessels from many nations, its coasts present varied groups, and the lounging dreamy beauty incident to the lovely climate. It would be difficult to imagine a more lovely view than a sunset on the coast of Tortosa. The sky burnished with the brilliant colours with which the god of day gilds his departing course, the picturesque costumes of the natives, the stately, mournful grandeur of its ruins, make a scene fitted for an artist's reverie or a poet's dream.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

I wish I could as merry be,
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie,
 On some gay voyage sent.
There Youth spread forth the broad white sail,
Sure of fair weather and full gale,
Confiding life would never fail,
 Nor time be ever spent.

And Fancy whistled for the wind,
And if e'er Memory looked behind,
'Twas but some friendly sight to find,
 And gladsome wave her hand.
And Hope kept whispering in Youth's ear,
To spread more sail, and never fear,
For the same sky would still be clear,
 Until they reached the land.

Health, too, and Strength, tugged at the oar,
Mirth mocked the passing billow's roar,
And Joy, with goblet running o'er,
 Drank draughts of deep delight ;

And Judgment at the helm they set,
But Judgment was a child as yet,
And, lackaday ! was all unfit
 To guide the boat aright :—

Bubbles did half her thoughts employ,
Hope she believed—she played with Joy,
And Fancy bribed her with a toy,
 To steer which way he chose ;
But still they were a merry crew,
And laughed at dangers as untrue,
Till the dim sky tempestuous grew,
 And sobbing south winds rose.

Then Prudence told them all she feared,
And Youth awhile his messmates cheered,
Until at length he disappeared,
 Though none knew how he went ;
Joy hung his head, and Mirth grew dull,
Health faltered, Strength refused to pull,
And Memory, with her soft eyes full, -
 Backward her glance still bent—

To where, upon the distant sea,
Bursting the storm's dark canopy,
Light from a sun none now could see
 Still touched the whirling wave,
And though Hope, gazing from the bow,
Turns oft—she sees the shore—to vow,
Judgment, grown older now, I trow,
 Is silent, stern, and grave.

And though she steers with better skill,
And makes her fellows do her will,
Fear says the storm is rising still,
And day is almost spent.

Oh ! that I could as merry be,
As when I set out this world to see,
Like a boat filled with good companie,
On some gay voyage sent.

JAMES.





THE PARTNERS.

“ WE are partners, my dog, you and I—
You share all the good things I buy ;
And so, little dog, 'tis but fair
You should say what you send for your share,
Little dog.”

“ All I can, little maiden, I send—
All you ask or would have from a friend ;
A heart-love that never can die,
A faithfulness gold cannot buy,
Little maid.”

“ But you cannot, like Neptune, defend
The life or the house of your friend,
Draw a cart, bring a basket, or swim
Through the lake or the river, like him,
Little dog.”

“ True, but ever my watch I can keep
By the side of the chair when you sleep,
Can bring help with my gentler bow-wow,
Or greet you at waking, as now,
Little maid.”

“True, my friend and companion, 'tis true—
Unbought is your service—and you,
Unlike fortune, whose gifts fade away,
Will never desert nor betray,
Little dog.”

“Still partners we'll be, you and I—
You shall share all the good things I buy ;
For, my sweet little dog, 'tis but fair
To say that you bring your full share,
Little dog.”

THE DREAM FULFILLED.

BY S. G. GOODRICH.

WHAT are dreams—illusions of fancy or suggestions of prophecy? fleeting visions which pass over the mind, like clouds across a still lake, traceless and trackless, meaning nothing, and teaching nothing? or, are they shadows of coming events, light and transient as the mountain mist, but, like that, foretelling the storm or sunshine that is to follow? These are doubts which the philosophy of ages hath not been able to solve. Our story may, perhaps, throw some light upon the misty question.

Vivian was a youth, envied by all around him as the favorite of fortune. He was rich, accomplished, handsome, and beloved; but, alas! he was not happy. He felt the want of something which he could not define; there was a void in his spirit which he did not know how to supply. He looked abroad in nature, and felt its beauties with a vivacity almost amounting to rapture; but an uneasy sense of privation remained. It seemed to him that there was something lost, or something not yet found, which was indispensable to his peace. He rose in the morning and ascended to the top of the highest hills, and looked over the broad landscape. In the silver rivulet, the waving meadow, the sloping

woods, the golden morning, and the purple sunset, in all around him—he saw objects to delight, but none to satisfy him. Day after day he returned to his home, with the reflection, “These are indeed beautiful, but they only persuade me that there is yet something better than these.”

One evening, as he was returning from his rambles, he approached the dwelling of a humble cottager, distinguished for his worth and wisdom. He was aged, and, possessing no other fortune than a daughter of sixteen years, he still deemed himself rich, for she was dutiful, intelligent, and lovely. It was a beautiful night, and the moonbeams were woven with thick clusters of jessamine over the door and windows of the cottage. A sweet voice was heard. Vivian paused. It was the daughter of the cottager singing. Her lay ran thus :

At misty dawn, at rosy morn,
The redbreast sings alone—
At twilight dim, still, still his hymn
Hath a sad and sorrowing tone.

Another day his song is gay,
For a listening bird is near,
O ye who sorrow, come borrow, borrow,
A lesson of robin here.

Vivian frequently visited the cottage, and was ever a welcome guest there. As he entered it, Ellen, the cottage girl, met him and conducted him to her father. As he sat conversing with the good old man, his eyes stole often to the beaming face of the daughter. While he gazed upon her, her glance met his; her eyes were cast upon the ground, and the hues that came to her cheek were those which sunset throws upon a white cloud. Vivian experienced strange and bewildering emotions, but he could not account for them. It did not enter his imagination, that a simple

cottage maiden could possess influence over the rich heir of a high and haughty family.

He returned home still less happy than ever. Restless and perplexed, he retired to his sleeping apartment, and threw himself upon his pillow. But it was long ere he could sleep. If for a moment he lost himself in slumber, a multitude of images passed before him, half real and half imaginary, now thrilling him with pleasure, and then startling him with affright. At length, wearied and exhausted, he fell asleep. When he awoke, he was deeply impressed with a dream, the outlines only of which he could recall. It seemed that he had been favoured with the presence of the object which he sought. It had filled him with delight; and while still awake, his nerves thrilled with exquisite emotions. But the name and form of this object he could not bring back to his memory. Whether, indeed, it had visited him as a thing of sight or sound, he could not tell. It seemed, at one moment, to be a being of form; and, as his fancy strove to recover the fleeting image, it would hover to his eye and then disappear. Then some faint strain of recollected melody would appear to be the thing he had lost; but as he pursued it, it melted away. All that remained definite and certain in his mind, was an impression that the object necessary to his happiness had visited his imagination in sleep, bringing with it all the charms of beauty and melody, and casting around his spirit a spell of strange and entralling power.

But, fancying that he had now a clue to the mystery which had seemed to involve his existence, Vivian determined to unravel it in a practical manner. He was persuaded that if he were to meet the being of his dream, he should instantly recognize it, and thus discover the secret of this happiness. He resolved therefore to travel, and scrutinize every thing that came within his observation.

We cannot follow him through all his wanderings. He visited

foreign cities, and mingled in the gay world of fashion. He examined the various institutions of the countries through which he passed, saw remarkable edifices and localities, scanned paintings and statues, sought out the picturesque, ascended Mont Blanc for the sublime, and ranged the hills of Scotland for the romantic. In short, he made the great tour, and saw whatever a traveller should see.

In two years he came back to his native country, improved in knowledge, and refined in manners; but a melancholy shade upon his countenance declared that he had not found the object of his pursuit. Often, indeed, had he seemed for a moment about to discover the image which came in his dream; but suddenly the subtle thread by which he held it, was broken, and the resemblance flew away like a frightened bird. Yet everything seemed to remind him of what he sought. In the look of some dark-haired girl of Savoy—in the glance of a blue-eyed shepherdess of the Rhine—in the soft language of a French maiden, or the ringing laugh of an English one—in the low unearthly notes of an *Æolian* harp—in the touching melody of musical glasses—in the voice of Madame Pasta, and in that of Mademoiselle Sontag—in the Sibyl of Domenichino—in the Venus de Medici—in mountains and rivers—in the blue air—the tinted cloud—the prismatic bow—in lakes and lawns—in nature and art—in whatever gave him pleasure, there was something to restore his dream, something invisibly and mysteriously associated with the subject of it. Yet while every thing around him, was thus stamped with its fresh footprints, its wing rustling in every breeze, its image dwelling in all that was beautiful, and its voice mingling in all that was melodious, still, still the evanescent being eluded his grasp, and cheated his pursuit.

He had been at home but a single day when, as if by accident, he found himself approaching the cottage we have described. It

was evening, and the moon shone as before upon the jessamine when he last visited it. Again he heard the voice of Ellen—again he paused and listened. It was again the song of the red-breast that she was singing. A rush of recollections came to his mind. ‘This,’ said he, ‘is surely the music of my dream.’ He hastened to the cottage. Ellen met him at the door—and Vivian instantly recognized in her the heroine of his vision!

Let not the reader say that our story is improbable. Vivian is not the only one who has been the subject of a dominion that reigns for a time over every pulse, lives in every avenue to the heart, and by the legerdemain of youthful fancy, renders one object the seeming fountain from which all pleasures flow. In short, there are others, as well as he, who have seen analogies in things as unlike as a rainbow and a pretty girl!

We need not tell the rest. The lovers were married, and Vivian and Ellen consider their union as a happy fulfilment of a remarkable dream. And so long as dreams chance to be prompted by the wishes and purposes of lovers, it is probable events may make them prophetic.

BELISARIUS.

BELISARIUS was a General in the Emperor Justinian's army, who overthrew the Persians in the East, the Vandals in Africa, and the Goths in Italy.

But after all his great exploits, he was falsely accused of a conspiracy against the Emperor. The real conspirators had been detected and seized, with daggers hidden under their garments. One of them died by his own hand, and the other was dragged from the sanctuary. Pressed by remorse, or tempted by the hopes of safety, he accused two officers of the household of Belisarius, and torture forced them to declare that they had acted according to the secret instructions of their patron. Posterity will not hastily believe that a hero, who in the vigor of life had disdained the fairest offers of ambition and revenge, should stoop to the murder of his prince, whom he could not long expect to survive. His followers were impatient to fly; but flight must have been supported by rebellion, and he had lived long enough for nature and for glory. Belisarius appeared before the council with less fear than indignation: after forty years' service, the Emperor had prejudged his guilt; and injustice was sanctified by the presence and authority of the patriarch. The life of Belisarius was graciously spared; but his fortunes were sequestered; and,



HELIAS ARDUS



from December to July, he was guarded as a prisoner in his own palace. At length his innocence was acknowledged; his freedom and honours were restored; and death, which might be hastened by resentment and grief, removed him from the world, about eight months after his deliverance. That he was deprived of his eyes and reduced by envy to beg his bread—"Give a penny to Belisarius the General," is a fiction of later times, which has obtained credit, or rather favour, as an example of the vicissitudes of fortune. The source of this idle fable may be derived from a miscellaneous work of the twelfth century, the *Chiliads* of John Tzetzes, a monk. He relates in verse the tale of the beggary and blindness of Belisarius. This romantic tale was imported into Italy with the language and manuscripts of Greece; repeated before the end of the fifteenth century by Crimuits, Potamus, and Volaterranus; attacked by Alciah for the honour of the law, and defended by Baronius for the honour of the church. Yet Tzetzes himself had read in other chronicles, that Belisarius did not lose his sight, and that he recovered his fame and fortune.

Encyclopædia Britannica.

THE INQUIRY.

TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?—
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered, “No!”

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play;
Know'st thou some favour'd spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopp'd for awhile, and sigh'd, to answer, “No!”

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face,
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace;
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in wo,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded, "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith!
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be bless'd,
Where grief may find a balm
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Wav'd their bright wings, and whisper'd, "Yes, in Heaven."

SMYRNA, FROM THE HARBOUR.

AFTER leaving Syra, we came in sight of rocks and mountains wilder looking than ever, with most piratical, half castle, half house-like dwellings perched every here and there, mostly about their almost inaccessible summits. Even in these days it is not safe for merchant-vessels to pass this place unprotected; and the mails do not disdain to carry a few muskets and cutlasses in case of a visit from Greek pirates; whose mysterious looking craft are constantly seen lurking about the rocks or dashing at a rapid rate along the coast.

You would greatly admire the picturesque Greek boats, or rather feluccas. Their prow is shaped like the breast of a large bird, the long neck elaborately carved and ornamented. One constantly thinks of the vessels in which Jason set sail in search of the Golden Fleece.

Still the evenings were most beautiful, a fresh gale usually springing up after sunset; and as the stars came suddenly out, it was charming to watch sea and sky mingle in a soft violet shade, with a faint outline of the mountains all around us.

* * * * *

We arrived early in the morning at Smyrna, landed, and had a long ramble. The bay is very fine, and on the summit of the hills above are the ruins of a fine old castle.

MRS. HORNEY'S "*In and Around Stamboul*."



View of the town of St. John's

THE SURRENDER OF CALAIS

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE king was in his tent,
And his lofty heart beat high,
As he gazed upon the city's battered walls
With proud and flashing eye;
But darker grew his brow, and stern,
As slowly onward came
The chiefs who long had dared to spurn
The terror of his name.

With calm and changeless cheek,
Before the king they stood,
For their native soil to offer up
The sacrifice of blood.
Like felons were they meanly clad,
But the lightning of their look,
The marble sternness of their brow,
Ev'n the monarch could not brook.

With angry voice he cried,
"Haste! bear them off to death!
Let the trumpet's joyous shout be blent
With the traitors' parting breath!"

Then silently they turned away,
Nor word nor sound awoke,
Till, from the monarch's haughty train,
The voice of horror broke.

And, hark ! a step draws near—
Not like the heavy clang
Of the warrior's tread—and through the guards
A female figure sprang ;
“ A boon ! a boon ! my noble king !
If still thy heart can feel
The love Philippa once could elaim,
Look on me while I kneel.

“ 'Tis for thyself I pray ;
Let not the darkening cloud
Of base-born cruelty arise,
Thy glory to enshroud.
Nay, nay—I will not rise ;
For never more thy wife
Will hail thee victor, till thy soul
Can conquer passion's strife.

“ Turn not away, my king !
Look not in anger down !
I've lived so long upon thy smile,
I cannot bear thy frown.
Oh ! doom me not, dear lord, to feel
The pang all pangs above,
To see the light I worship, fade,
And blush because I love.

“Think how, for thee, I laid
My woman’s fears aside,
And dared, where charging squadrons met,
With dauntless front to ride.
Think how, in all the matchless strength
Of woman’s love, I spread
Thy banners, till they proudly waved
In victory o’er my head.

“Thou saidst that I deserved
To share thy glorious crown;
Oh! force me not to turn away
In shame from thy renown.
My Edward! thou wert wont to bear
A kind and gentle heart;
Then listen to Philippa’s prayers,
And let these men depart.”

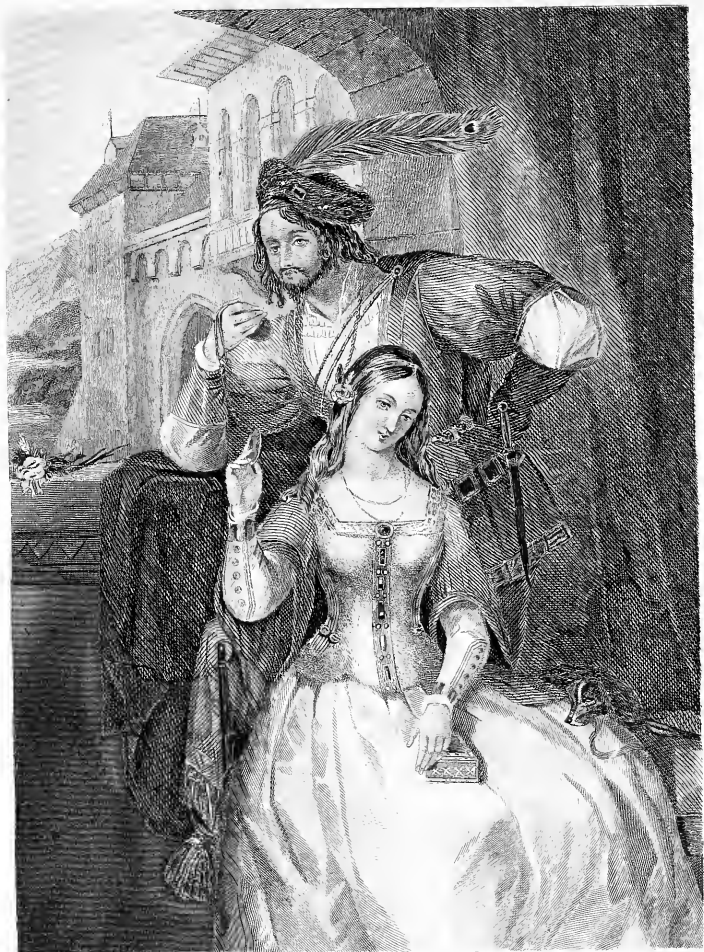
Oh! what is all the pride
Of man’s oft boasted power,
Compared with those sweet dreams that wake,
In love’s triumphant hour!
Slowly the haughty king unbent
His stern and vengeful brow,
And the look he turned upon her face
Was full of fondness now.

Ne’er yet was woman slow
To read in tell-tale eyes,
Such thoughts as these—a moment more
And on his breast she lies.

Then, while her slender form still clung
To his supporting arm,
He cried, "Sweet, be it as thou wilt;
They shall not meet with harm!"

Then from the patriot band
Arose one thrilling cry;
And tears rained down the iron cheek,
That turned unblenched to die.
"Now, we indeed are slaves," they cried
"Now vain our warlike arts—
Edward has won our shattered walls,
Philippa wins our hearts."





THE MINIATURE.

THE ASTROLOGER'S VICTIM.

"HALLO! hallo! Up, Conjuror! Rouse thee, Sorcerer!" cried out at once, knocking loudly at the same time at the upper door of a dark and winding staircase, several young men who had just returned from witnessing the interment of Charles VII., in the royal cemetery of St. Denis. "Coming, Messieurs, coming," replied a feeble and broken voice. The slow step of the speaker drew nigh; but they heard neither the voice nor the step, and cried out more lustily, "Hallo! Necromancer! Hallo!" At length he opened the door slowly, and with trembling hand, "What would you, my children?" "Our fortune, Divalo, tell us our fortune, and that too in a trice. Peril of your life—see that it be good!" "Aye, Father, pray let it be good," said Mandé Thiburgeau, the eldest of the youths, casting a serious gaze round the dismal room into which they had been ushered, until his grave contemplations were interrupted by the boisterous laugh of the first of his merry comrades, who had consulted the wise man. Then came the turn of the second, of the third, and so on—each as his fortune was told him gibing and jeering their miserable oracle with scoffs enough to try the temper of the most patient. When it was Mandé's turn, he hesitated. His companions mocked his fears, and ashamed of their raillery, he stretched out his hand, but his deportment was grave and troubled. His young friends

redoubled their laughter, and Mandé all but fainted when the necromancer raised his head and perused his looks with keen and piercing eye. "Mandé!" exclaimed the old man. His name had not been told. "Mandé!" again murmured he between his teeth whilst grasping the trembling hand of his victim, "thou shalt die upon the scaffold!"

The next morning, the first reflections which saluted Mandé on his awaking were suggested by the words of the sorcerer. He had dreamed of them; and in the dead of night, the low, distinct voice of the old man had whispered in his ear, "Thou shalt die upon the scaffold." When he arose, these last words still vibrated in his heart—"The scaffold! Must I be dragged thither for crime?" and his honest soul rose up against the revolting supposition. "After all," he said to himself, "who predicted this all to me? A wretch who merely sought to extort money by playing upon my fears. I am a fool to think more on the matter."

He sought to banish these sombre thoughts by calling on his boon companions, but in vain. In the streets he saw the sorcerer only; in conversation he heard nothing but his prediction. Naturally timid and feeble, he had increased the delicacy of his constitution, by the excesses incident to youth, and thus enfeebled, was unable to bear up against any sudden mental shock. Finding company irksome to him, he left his friends towards evening, to take a solitary walk in the fields. They were redolent of beauty and of perfume, but their charms were lost to him. The sun was unclouded and bright, but he saw only clouds and darkness; the air was warm, but he shuddered with cold; one gloomy, freezing, horrid idea had taken possession of his diseased imagination. On his return home, he had to traverse the Grève. He started in sudden affright when he entered the square, and retreated precipitately by another street. A scaffold was erected there.

He passed a fearful night, and with the return of day, resolved

to dwell no longer in the street Chevet Saint Landrey, which was opposite the square of the Grève. Not content with repairing to the opposite quarter of the town, he even went beyond the barriers, and took a lodging on that very day in a lonely house lying between Paris and Montmartre. There he neither heard nor saw any thing that could awake in his mind painful ideas. He enjoyed the tranquillity of the desert, at the very gates of a noisy and populous city. Peace ought there to have returned to his soul, and there perhaps he would have forgotten, the "words of fear," had they not met with too ready an echo from within. Two aged people, man and wife, were, with their daughter, the only inhabitants of the house; she was their only child, their beloved and only one. Marie's countenance resembled the Italian pictures of the Virgin—pale, serene, and mentally beautiful. Her raven hair was parted Madonna-wise on her marble brow, and the meek lustre of her full eye borrowed intensity from the dark lashes which fringed it. This young girl, and her aged parents, like Mandé, lived in perfect solitude. They seemed indeed surrounded by an impenetrable mystery. No one knew their name, and once, only once, he heard her father call her Marie.

This name soon became to him one of intense interest; and, won by its magic, he at times forgot the sinister prediction. Love came to his aid, and chased with its joyous beams every gloomy idea. He saw Marie in his dreams, in his reveries, in his prayers; and if he could but catch one glimpse of her fawn-like form, as she tripped across the garden, the whole of that day was one of bliss. At such times he believed himself freed from his nightmare terrors; and how did he love the gentle being who thus unconsciously dissipated his phantom fears!

One Sunday morning he chanced to find himself by her for the first time in the chapel of the Abbey of Montmartre. She knelt down with such fervent devotion that he felt that if once

love took possession of her soul, it would reign triumphant master there.

When she raised her head, a slight colour suffused her cheek, and she turned towards Mandé with a look of such mingled piety and tenderness, that he said to himself—She loves.

He was not deceived. She did love. He passed the whole night revelling in the delicious thought—I am loved—until he felt as if he had declared his passion, and had but to ask her parent's blessing on their love. He vowed to take this necessary step in the morning. He felt assured that he should not be rejected, and once united for life, he thought, blessed with happiness till the latest hour of existence—"the latest hour!" he exclaimed, with a cry of agony; when at that very moment day broke to summon him from the golden visions of the night—the last hour; and the scaffold!

Again, he relapses into the abyss of terror and of desolation, from which he had been won by the enchantment of two short months of love. Would not the fear of this fate, which now seemed to him more inevitable than ever, chill him with horror even in the arms of his wife? Should she strain to her bosom a man doomed, fatally doomed to crime; and might he not in madness wreak the will of fate upon her or on his children—who could tell! On that very morning he disappeared; and Marie loved him, and swore to herself in the bitterness of her sorrow, that no other would she ever marry.

If Mandé too had known that the venerable grey-haired old man was Messire Merry Capeluche, the executioner, and Marie with her vermeil lips, her clear complexion, her dark eyes, and her modest look—his daughter—he would have believed still more firmly in the decree of the necromancer.

His neighbours, surprised by his sudden disappearance after so retired a life, and calling to mind his usual sad and depressed

air, concluded that he had destroyed himself. Marie shuddered at the thought. A suicide! A being she had loved accursed—condemned of God! Her gentle spirit would not entertain the idea; and yet it was the fear of eternal punishment alone which stayed his hand. Powerful must that fear have been, when the return of his fatal malady convinced him that he must resign, forever resign, all hopes of Marie. However, for the present he was saved; and he set out, in hopes of finding peace, on a long pilgrimage.

On leaving Paris, he made the tour of all the celebrated shrines in France, and then joined a troop of pilgrims who were proceeding to pay their adorations to St. Jago de Compostella. Returning thence, he traversed Languedoc and Provence, to repair to our Lady of Sainte-Baume. He had already made his orisons at many sacred spots; and the sunny climes of Spain and of Provence had smiled upon him in all their beauty. He had breathed the scented perfume of the orange groves, had gazed on the dimpled waves of the Mediterranean, and the foaming billows of the Atlantic; yet, however magnificent the scene before him, the one horrid idea was always present to his mind. Then he persuaded himself that at Rome he should find the peace he sought. But in vain did he receive the blessing of our holy father the Pope. The restless fiend in his bosom hurried him to new scenes, and he directed his wandering steps to Naples. He wished to see Vesuvius: he scaled its flaming summit, and instead of revelling in the glorious perspective that surrounded him, instead of contemplating the immense extent of azure sky above him, his looks were fixed on the crater, and on the fearful abyss, always lighted by a pitchy and discoloured flame. "I cannot free myself," he exclaimed; "the one, one thought, for ever with me," and this reflection clothed all around with a mourning hue. The white villas of the bay shining in the sun, the deep pure blue of the

horizon and its reflection in the azure waves of the gulf all wore a funereal gloom, and he was on the point of dashing headlong into the crater. His guide prevented him.

Escaped once more from suicide, he took shipping in a vessel about to embark for Palestine. Once at the tomb of our Saviour, he could no longer fear the scaffold. Full of these holy assurances his voyage was passed in reveries of bliss. "Land! land!" cried the helmsman, one sunny morning, and Mandé ejaculated, "I am saved!"

Scarcely did he arrive at Jerusalem, when he addressed himself to the Superior of the Latin Fathers, and was by him admitted to take his novitiate. One evening, after about three months' residence there, the Superior, as they left the refectory, addressed to him some observations on the rules of the convent. Suddenly Mandé, in an excess of rage, only to be accounted for on the supposition of a fatality, seized a knife, and menaced him with instant death. The monks interfered and the Prior pardoned him; but he was expelled from the convent.

This circumstance completed his conviction that he was predestined to die on the block. His sole remaining wish was now to revisit his native Paris, to trace once more the scenes of his innocent childhood, and to gaze again on his Marie's face ere he committed the fatal, though unsurmised act, to which he seemed irresistibly impelled.

It was on the 1st of May, 1465, that he returned to Paris, after an absence of five years. He entered by the gate St. Jacques, and intended to proceed to Montmartre, had turned out of his road in order to avoid the sight of the pillory, and of the scaffold on the Grève; when entering La Rue de Garnelles, he heard the sound of instruments and voices, and saw a crowd approach. He questioned a passer-by, who informed him that it was a marriage—a marriage between Petit Jehan, son of Henri

Cousin, the headsman of Paris, and Marie Capeluche, the daughter of a former executioner at Rouen.

In the mean time the procession swept past, and Mandé beheld with palpitating heart his Marie, his still lovely Marie, with her hair, as formerly, parted *a la Madonne* on her pearly brow, with her dark eyes, and modest looks,—her whom he had loved, and who had sworn ever to love him, about to be united to another, and that other an executioner! “Alas!” he muttered to himself, “I am lost!”

Every man who deems himself lost will infallibly be so. From this moment a complete madness took possession of Mandé. Every place of punishment attracted him. His only delight was blood! From the gibbet of Montfarcon to the scaffold of the Grève, and from this to the ladder of the hangman of Notre Dame, he wandered daily in search of new horrors. He was right; he *was* lost!

Four years had elapsed, since he had seen Marie proceed to the altar, when one gloomy morning Mandé traversed with uncertain step the streets of Paris, after having passed a night rendered dreadful by “thick-coming fancies.” He felt that the fated hour drew nigh, and he said to himself, “I am to commit a crime to-day.” Filled with these gloomy meditations, he had just reached the corner of La Rue de Garnelle, when a few paces before him he saw a group of children playing with all the careless mirth of their age. “If I slay a child,” thought Mandé, stopping short, “the youngest, him with the flaxen hair, the rosy cheeks, he is innocent, spotless as the angels, and will return to his native Paradise. I shall perhaps save him from many misfortunes in this world, perhaps from a fate similar to my own!” At this moment three or four of the youngest ran up to him, laughing, prancing, and caressing him. He was on the point of retracing his steps,

but bethought himself a moment, and then remained speechless, whilst the joyous children chattered to him all at once.

"How old are you, little one?" he said at length to one of them. "Six years,"—"And you"—"Five." "And you, my darling?" he said to the least—"Oh he is only four years old," shouted all the rest in a breath—"Only four!" muttered Mandé, "he is the youngest, and most innocent." He snatched him to his arms, and plunged a knife into his bosom!

"How strong he is! he doesn't mind a fall," said his playmates laughing, and pulling him along by the legs; but their laughter was soon changed to cries of terror, when they saw the blood. The neighbours ran to the spot. Mandé did not make a single attempt to escape. He had fulfilled his destiny.

The watch was quickly summoned, and Mandé Thiburgeau was condemned a few days after to die on the scaffold of the Grève. The day succeeding that on which the sentence was passed, he had to walk bare-footed, carrying a torch, and to do penance before the great gate of Notre Dame. He shrank on hearing the curses of the women who lined the streets. Mothers embraced their children, and clasped them to their hearts, as he passed along. "Anathema!" did they cry. "Malediction on the villain!" And then would they hug their babes still closer, and whisper, "Kiss me, my angel: he cannot hurt thee now."

The appointed day arrived, and Mandé mounted the scaffold with unblanched cheek. He was strengthened by the conviction that he had obeyed an inevitable law. There was he, face to face with a young executioner whom he had never seen. They were alone, raised above the immense crowd.

"Now, Petit-Jehan, this is your first trial at our Paris block;—a father cannot miss his blow when his son's assassin lies before him." Two voices spoke to the above purport at the same time.

The speakers were Messire Henri Cousin, father of the bridegroom, and Merry Capeluche, father of the bride.

"Now, Petit-Jehan, show your wife how well you love her." Thus spoke Marie from the midst of the crowd.

Petit-Jehan raised a ponderous axe; and the last object Mandé saw, was the hoary head of the necromancer at the foot of the scaffold. The last word he heard fell too, it was muttered from his lips, "Laugh."

ARABS OF THE BISHAREEN DESERT.

BY F. H.

Slowly the night hath rolled away,
And star by star withdrawn its ray.
Dark children of the sun ! again
Your own rich orient hails his reign.
He comes, but veiled—with sanguine glare
Tinging the mists that load the air ;
Sounds of dismay, and signs of flame
Th' approaching hurricane proclaim.
'Tis death's red banner streams on high—
Fly to the rocks for shelter !—fly !
Lo ! dark'ning o'er the fiery skies
The pillars of the desert, rise !
On, in terrific grandeur wheeling,
A giant host, the heavens concealing,
They move, like mighty genii forms,
Towering immense 'mid clouds and storms,
Who shall escape ?—with awful force
The whirlwind bears them on their course,
They join, they rush resistless on,
The landmarks of the plain are gone ;



ARABS OF THE BISIAHREN DESERT.

The steps, the forms, from earth effacéd,
Of those who trod the burning waste !
Still sweeping on, what prospect left
The wanderers e'en of hope bereft ;
The ardent heart, the vigorous frame,
Pride, courage, strength, its power could tame ;
Faint with despondence, worn with toil,
They sink upon the burning soil,
Resign'd amidst those realms of gloom,
To find their death-bed and their tomb.
All whelm'd, all hush'd !—none left to bear
Sad record how they perish'd there !
No stone their tale of death shall tell—
The desert guards its mysteries well ;
And o'er the unfathom'd, sandy deep,
Where low their nameless relics sleep,
Oft shall the future pilgrim tread,
Nor know his steps are on the dead.

THE DAILY TEACHER.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"OH, dear! oh, dear! my feet do ache so much! I can't go home!" and the speaker, a poor, dirty little girl, sat down on a stone by the wayside, sobbing bitterly. A light buggy drove up, passed her, and then a voice crying, "Stop, Harry! I've lost my hat!" made the child look up. In a moment she sprang after the hat, chased it as the wind rolled it away from her outstretched hand, and finally capturing the prize, went up to meet the gentleman, who had by this time left the vehicle and was coming towards her.

"Thank you, my little girl. Hallo! what were you crying about? Look, Harry, did you ever see such a fright?"

"Complimentary!" said the young man who was still in the buggy. "What is the matter, Sis?"

"Oh, I'm so tired! and I've got near a mile further to go."

"Well, jump in here. We'll take you. You ran after my hat on the tired little feet, so we'll spare them the rest of the walk."

"Oh, please sir, I'm so dirty, and such a fright! I might spoil the carriage, or—or scare the horses!"

"'Pon my word! if you were not so little I should think you



THE DAILY TRAVELLER.



meant to be sarcastic," was the laughing reply. "There!" and with a strong hand the child was lifted into the buggy. "Now go ahead, Harry!"

George Morton was not very wrong when he denominated the little stranger a fright. Her dress was coarse, ragged, and dusty; her feet bare, and her poor little thin arms and legs burned brown from exposure to the sun. Her face was thin and brown, her hair short, tangled, and straying out from under the coarse sun-bonnet, over her forehead, and concealing her only beauty, a pair of large dark brown eyes, which now, however, were red with weeping.

Harry Ashly, the younger and handsomer of the two young men, spoke to the little one, who was squeezed into the seat between him and his companion.

"Where were you going?"

"Home!"

"Where's that?"

"At Mrs. Jones's the dressmaker. I'm her errand girl, and I've been taking home a gown to Miss Lee, clear over at Marsh Meadow; it's over three miles, and I'm most tired to death."

"What's your mother thinking of, to let such a little girl lead such a hard life! How old are you?"

"Ten. Please sir, don't speak so cross about Mother, she's dead; so's Father! Both dead; oh dear!"

"Why, who is your guardian?"

"Sir?"

"Who takes care of you?"

"Nobody, sir; Mrs. Jones lets me sleep at her house since Ma died, and gives me my clothes and meals for my work."

"Did you ever go to school?"

"Yes, sir, I went till Mother died. I can read some, and write, and cipher, and maybe Mrs. Jones will let me go evenings,

this winter, to the parson's class, after I've done all my errands!"

"Humph! Do you like to go to school?"

"Oh! don't I?"

There was no mistaking the tone; she *did* like to go to school.

"What's your name?"

"Marion Harding."

"George, what a pity I am not the hero of a novel!"

"Why?"

"They always adopt these little forlornities. Being an orphan myself makes me feel an interest in this child's story. I've half a mind to invest some of my loose cash in taking care of her."

"Don Quixote! You will die in the Almshouse yet, Harry, spite of your wealth, for such an open-handed fellow never saw the light. Here we are at the village. Now, little girl, where does Mrs. Jones live?"

"Right up that street. Thank you for bringing me; I've had a nice ride."

So they parted, Harry and George to go back to the tavern and grumble over a dull evening, and Marion to sew till her eyes ached, and then creep up stairs to the attic and sleep soundly on the hard bed.

"Marion Harding! You May! Where on earth is the child! Marion!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Go into the parlor! there's some folks want to see you."

"Want to see me!" thought the child, "who can want to see me!"

With a slow, timid step, she entered the parlor. Harry Ashly was there, and with him an elderly lady, who held out her hand to the little girl and drew her towards her. She looked earnestly

into the little face, marked the broad forehead, and the large, full eye, and then spoke to her:

"My dear, how would you like to come and live with me, and wait upon me?"

Marion, captivated by the sweet voice and pleasant face, replied, "Very much, ma'am."

"Aunt Mary," said Harry, "shall I call Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes, Sir Impatience."

Marion's story, given by Mrs. Jones, was brief and a very common one. Her father, a violinist, had become intemperate, and died when Marion was very young; her mother, after nine years of hard work in the endeavor to support herself and child decently, died in the village Almshouse, and Marion was, in her tenth year, bound to Mrs. Jones as her errand girl.

After some talk Mrs. Ashly decided to take the child, educate her, and try, as Mrs. Jones said, "to make something of her." The dressmaker was easily persuaded, upon the payment of a sum of money, to release the child from her engagement.

Mrs. Ashly's first care was to have her protégé cleanly and neatly dressed, and then, under Harry's escort, she returned with her new charge to her home in New York. At first her intention was to place the child in a school, and have her services as a waiter between school hours, but Marion's intelligence and loving disposition won the heart of the lonely widow, and she formally adopted her.

Years rolled on; Harry, now Dr. Ashly still lived with his Aunt Mary, who was at once his uncle's widow and his mother's sister. Marion was away at boarding school, studying hard, and writing home often to console her dear Aunt Mary for her absence. And now, for a time, we must leave the three.

"Mother," said a young man, coming into Mrs. Morton's

boudoir, one morning, "who is that lovely girl in the nursery? Such hair and eyes, and such a figure!"

"What are you talking about, George? Since you came home from Germany you go crazy about every pretty face. There is no one in the nursery but your sisters and their governess, Miss Ashly."

"Ashly! Any relation to Harry?"

"No! Have you never heard the story? Oh, I recollect; you went away very soon after it happened, so I suppose you have forgotten it. Mrs. Ashly picked up this girl running about barefooted in some obscure country town, brought her home, and adopted her. She had her educated in the best schools and by the best masters, and every one thought she meant to leave her her money, or that Harry would marry her. Last Winter she brought her out, and she made quite a sensation. Harry, as you know, went to Europe to study, and has not returned. About two months ago Mrs. Ashly died, and there was no will found but an old one, drawn up years ago, leaving all her property to Harry. Marion, of course has nothing, so after the executors of the will closed Mrs. Ashly's house until Harry comes home, I offered her the place of governess to Lizzie and Rosa, and here she is."

"But why the——"

"George!"

"Why don't Harry take care of her? The idea of such a girl as she is going out to teach!"

"She is splendidly educated, and it's no disgrace to make her talents support her."

"I know that; but there she was, sitting in the nursery, Lizzie before her, looking at every thing but her book, Rosa finding out the difference between A and X, at her knee, and Susan, with some sewing, talking to her, while Archy, mounted on the

back of her chair, was demolishing the finery in Susan's basket. By the way, Mother, are you not making a nursery maid of her. Is she to take care of Archy, and do your sewing, as well as teach the girls?"

"It was just a cap I wanted trimmed, and I don't know how Archy came to be there."

Evening fell; Marion was seated in her own room, tired with her day's labor, and sad; sad as she thought of the change in her life. Could we read her thoughts, we should see at once the secret of her life. She loved Harry Ashly. Bound to him at first by ties of fervent gratitude, his gentle, brotherly care of her from the time she entered his aunt's house had ripened this feeling into deep, intense love, which she jealously concealed, and guarded. Many times when he pressed upon her brow the kiss of affection, had her heart beat and struggled with emotion almost to bursting. He had never spoken one word of love to her. Always kind and attentive, he was more like a loving brother, or cousin, than one who coveted a dearer name than either. When he went to Europe, two years before the time of his aunt's death, he had, for the first time, let fall some words which Marion cherished as the dearest he had ever spoken; they were,

"Good-bye, Marion dear. Be true to me. Remember I am your first love, and must be your last. I did not bring you here for any of Aunt's pets to run away with!"

That was all! Mere jest, Marion often thought, and yet the words were printed on her memory. Who that has ever loved does not know how one phrase, or sometimes even one look will linger on the heart; forgotten, perhaps, while the loved one is near us, yet recalled and dwelt upon when absence makes the idol still dearer.

Though constantly employed, Marion had found her new home a pleasant one; but now, the return of the son and heir of the

house made her situation very disagreeable. George, thoughtless and gay, did not dream that his attentions could be unacceptable to any one, and charged Marion's cold replies and guarded manner towards him to her proper sense of her position, striving, by renewed attention, to make her sensible of how entirely he overlooked it. Marion, conscious of the utter indifference with which she regarded him, did not understand the praises Mrs. Morton lavished upon her prudence, or the cautions she plied her with, not to think that every flattering word from a gentleman was a serious admiration.

Far away from home, Harry Ashly was wandering in the Highlands, when the news of his aunt's death reached him. It was when he heard of Marion's forlorn situation, that he first thought seriously of his love for her. He had loved her from the first moment he saw her, though he would have laughed, had any one ascribed his interest in the little girl to such a potent cause. He was wealthy, and had often dreamed of making her his wife, but did not speak to her, because he reasoned that they were all very happy together, and if she did not return his love, it would break in upon the dear home circle; perhaps she would leave them if he spoke of his passion to her, and so deprive him of her presence, and his aunt of a companion. So he never spoke of it, treating her always like a dear sister. Now that she was cast upon the wide world, poor and friendless, he determined to go home, and tell her how long and truly he had loved her; and if she would not marry him, he could, at least, set aside some of his aunt's fortune for her. He was convinced that Mrs. Ashly had intended to provide for the orphan; but, like many others, she delayed from time to time carrying this intention into effect, until it was too late.

George Morton's attentions, in the mean time, had grown so

offensive to Marion, that she was looking out for another situation, where she could teach, and be free from him.

Again fortune favoured her. There was an old lady, Mrs. Lee, who was about to travel South for the benefit of her health, who eagerly availed herself of the opportunity of securing Marion's services as a companion. Writing to Harry, to acquaint him with her change of plans, Marion took a kind leave of Mrs. Morton and her daughters, and started with Mrs. Lee for Charleston, a place which her new patron was in the habit of visiting every winter. She did not mention her destination to Mrs. Morton, fearing letters from George, and when Harry returned from Europe, looking for her, she was gone, none knew whither. While he was eagerly trying to find out her present home, she was wondering why all her letters to Europe were unanswered.

Two years later, two men were seated in a large hotel in Charleston, smoking and chatting.

"Come, Harry," said one of them, laying aside his segar, "it is late, and I must show myself for a few moments at Mrs. Lee's ball. It will be expected of me. Besides, I want to see this new protégée of hers, who appears for the first time in public, to-night. She was here with her last winter, but in deep mourning, and did not go out. I hoped to see her at Saratoga last season, but she kept very private; to-night she appears. By the way, I heard many inquiries after you at Saratoga. Where were you?"

"At the White Mountains, Niagara, and knocking about here and there. I don't know what brought me here this winter, excepting this fashion I have fallen into, of wandering over the face of the earth, like a vagabond. What is your fair recluse's name?"

"Harding!"

"Well, I'll go!"

The two started together, and soon reached their destination.

"My dear," said an old lady, speaking to a young, lovely girl who stood near her, "your dress is caught up, you had better go and arrange it."

The young lady obeyed her. As she stood before the long glass in the dressing-room, she made a most beautiful reflection upon its surface. Her figure was of medium height, and perfectly rounded; her bare neck and arms gleamed white as snow, in bright contrast with her dark dress; her features were regular; complexion fair, but pale, and her large, brown eyes were full of intelligence; her glossy and abundant chestnut hair was arranged in curls, looped gracefully from the neck with a concealed comb, and a light garland of crimson fuschia was twisted among them. Her dress of deep crimson silk, trimmed with black lace, suited her style of beauty perfectly. After arranging her dress, she stood a moment before the glass, musing; then, with a low-breathed sigh, turned to join again in the scene of festivity.

"My dear," said Mrs. Lee, meeting her at the door, "I want to introduce a friend of Capt. Russel's. Mr. Ashly, Miss Harding."

At last, after their long separation, they met. No one who saw the bow of recognition or marked the clasp of their hands, would have dreamed of the tide of emotions rushing over each heart.

Why continue the story! Mrs. Lee grumbled when called upon to part with a companion who, she said, "suited her exactly;" but the rich parure of diamonds with which she presented Dr. Ashly's fair bride, showed that she cherished no very deep resentment.



THE TOWN OF BOSTON, AS SEEN FROM THE WATER.

THE WAIL AND WARNING OF THE THREE KHALENDERS.

(From the Ottoman.)

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

La 'laha, il Allah !*
Here we meet, we three, at length,
Anerah, Osman, Perizad :
Shorn of all our grace and strength.
Poor, and old, and very sad !
We have lived, but live no more ;
Life has lost its gloss for us,
Since the days we spent of yore
Boating down the Bosphorus.
La 'laha, il Allah !
The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
Old Time brought home no loss for us.
We felt full of health and heart
Upon the foamy Bosphorus !

* God alone is all merciful.

La 'laha, il Allah !

Days indeed ! A shepherd's tent
 Served us then for house and fold ;
 All to whom we gave or lent,
 Paid us back a thousand fold.
 Troublous years by myriads wailed,
 Rarely had a cross for us,
 Never when we gayly sailed,
 Singing down the Bosphorus.

La 'laha, il Allah !

The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 There never came a cross for us,
 While we daily, gayly sailed,
 Adown the meadowy Bosphorus.

La 'laha, il Allah !

Blithe as birds we flew along,
 Laughed and quaffed and stared about ;
 Wine and roses, mirth and song,
 Were what most we cared about,
 Fame we left for quacks to seek,
 Gold was dust and dross for us,
 While we lived from week to week,
 Boating down the Bosphorus.

La 'laha, il Allah !

The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 And gold was dust and dross for us,
 While we lived from week to week,
 A boating down the Bosphorus.

La 'laha, il Allah !

Friends we were, and would have shared
 Purses, had we twenty full,

If we spent, or if we spared,
 Still our friends were plentiful,
 Save the hours we past apart
 Time brought home no loss for us;
 We felt full of hope and heart
 While we clove the Bosphorus.
 La 'laha, il Allah !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 For life has lost its gloss for us,
 Since the days we spent of yore
 Upon the pleasant Bosphorus !

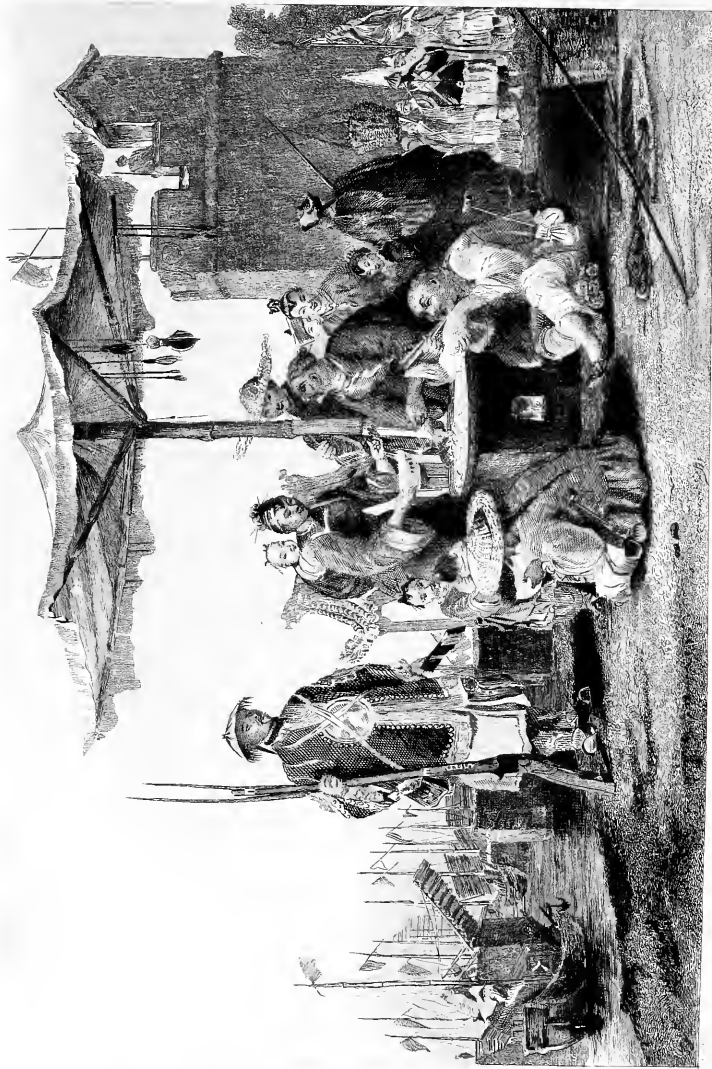
La 'laha, il Allah !
 Ah ! for youth's delirious hours
 Man pays well in after days,
 When quenched hopes and palsied powers
 Mock his love-and-laughter days.
 Thorns and thistles on our paths
 Took the place of moss for us,
 Till false fortune's tempest wrath
 Drove us from the Bosphorus !
 La 'laha, il Allah !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 When thorns took place of moss for us,
 Gone was all ! Our hearts were graves
 Deep, deeper than the Bosphorus !

La 'laha, il Allah !
 Gone is all ! In one abyss
 Lie Health, Youth, and Merriment !
 All we've learned amounts to this—
Life's a sad experiment.

What it is we trebly feel
 Pondering what it was for us,
 When our shallop's bounding keel
 Clove the glorious Bosphorus !
 La 'laha, il Allah !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 We wail for what life was for us
 When our shallop's bounding keel
 Clove the joyous Bosphorus !

THE WARNING.

La 'laha, il Allah !
 Pleasure tempts, yet man has none,
 Save himself, t' accuse, if her
 Temptings prove, when all is done,
 Lures hung out by Lucifer.
 Guard your fire in youth, O friends !
 Manhood's is but phosphorus,
 And bad luck attends and ends
 Boatings down the Bosphorus.
 La 'laha, il Allah !
 The Bosphorus, the Bosphorus !
 Youth's fire soon wanes to phosphorus,
 And slight luck or grace attends
 Your boaters down the Bosphorus !



ICE SELLERS AT THE MILITARY STATION OF TONG-CHANG-FOO.

NUMBER ONE HUNDRED.

I DINED one day at a bachelor's dinner in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and my wife having no engagement that evening, I gave my coachman a half holiday, and when he had set me down, desired him to put up his horses, as I should return home in a jarvey. At eleven, my conveyance arrived; the steps were let down, and, when down, they slanted under the body of the carriage; my foot slipped from the lowest step, and I grazed my shin against the second; but at last I surmounted the difficulty, and seating myself, sank back upon the musty, fusty, ill-savoured squabs of the jarvey.

I was about to undertake a very formidable journey; I lived in the Regent's Park; and as the horses that now drew me had been worked hard during the day, it seemed probable that some hours would elapse before I could reach my own door. Off they went, however; the coachman urged them on with whip and tongue; the body of the jarvey swung to and fro; the glasses shook and clattered; the straw on the floor felt damp, and rain water oozed through the roof, (for its was a landaulet.) I felt chilled, and drew up the front window, at least I drew up the frame; but as it contained no glass, I was not the warmer for my pains; so I wrapped my cloak around me, and rather sulkily sank into a reverie. The vehicle still continued to rumble and rattle, and shake,

and squeak ; I fell into a doze, caused by some fatigue and much claret, and gradually these sounds seemed to soften into a voice ! I distinguished intelligible accents ! I listened attentively to the low murmurs, and distinctly I heard, and treasured in my memory, what appeared to be the "Lament of the Landalet !"

The poor *body* seemed to sigh, and the wheels became *spokesmen* !

"I am about fifteen years of age," (thus squeaked my equipage ;) "I was born in Long Acre, the birthplace of the aristocracy of my race, and Messrs. Houlditch were my parents.

"No four-wheeled carriage could possibly have entered upon life with brighter prospects ; it is, alas ! my hard lot to detail the vicissitudes that rendered me what I am.

"I was ordered by an Earl, who was on the point of marriage with an heiress, and I was fitted up in the most expensive style. My complexion was pale yellow ; on my sides I had coronets and supporters ; my inside was soft and comfortable ; my rumble behind was satisfactory ; and my dickey was perfection, and provided with a hammercloth. My boots were capacious, my pockets were ample, and my leathers in good condition.

"When I stood at the Earl's door on the morning of his marriage, it was admitted by all who beheld me, that a neater *turn-out* had never left Long Acre. Lightly did my noble possessor press my cushions, as I wafted him to St. George's Church, Hanover-square ; and when the ceremony was over, and the happy pair sat side beside within me, the Earl kissed the lips of his countess, and I felt proud, not of the rank and wealth of my contents, but because they were contented and happy.

"Oh, how merrily my wheels whirled in those days ! I bore my possessors to their country seat ; I flew about the country returning wedding visits ; I went to races, with sandwiches and champagne in my pockets ; and I spent many a long night in an

inn yard, while my lord and my lady were presiding at county assemblies.

"Mine was a life of sunshine and smiles. But ladies are capricious: the Countess suddenly discovered that I was heavy. Now, if she wished me to be light-headed, why did she order a landaulet? She declared, too, that I was unfit for town service; gave new orders to Houlditch; took possession of a chariot, fashioned eight months later than myself; sent me to Long Acre to be disposed of, and I became a second-hand article!

"My humiliation happened at an unlucky moment, for continual racketing in the country had quite unhinged me; I required bracing, and had quite lost my colour. My paternal relation, however, (Houlditch,) undertook my reprieve, and I was very soon exhibited painted green, and ticketed, 'For sale, second-hand.'

"It was now the month of May, when all persons of the smallest fashionable pretensions shun their country abodes and come to London, that they may escape the first fragrance of the flowers, the first song of the birds, the budding beauty of the forests, and the fresh verdure of the fields. I therefore felt (as young unmarried ladies feel at the commencement of the season) that there was every chance of my finding a lord and master, and becoming a prominent ornament of his establishment.

"After standing for a month at Houlditch's, (who, by the by, was not over-civil to his own child, but made a great favour of giving me house room,) I one day found myself scrutinised by a gentleman of very fashionable appearance. He was in immediate want of a carriage; I was, fortunately, exactly the sort of carriage he required, and in a quarter of an hour the transfer was arranged.

"The gentleman was on the point of running away with a young lady; *he* was attached to *her*, four horses were attached to

me, and I was in waiting at the corner of Grosvenor-street at midnight. I thought myself a fortunate vehicle; I anticipated another marriage, another matrimonial trip, another honeymoon. Alas! my present trip was not calculated to add to my respectability. My owner, who as a military man was at his post at the appointed time: he seemed hurried and agitated; frequently looked at his watch; paced rapidly before one of the houses, and continually looked towards the drawing-room windows. At length a light appeared, the window was opened, and a female, muffled in a cloak and veil, stood on the balcony; she leaned anxiously forward; he spoke, and without replying she re-entered the room. The street door opened, and a brisk little waiting-maid came out with some bundles, which she deposited in the carriage: the Captain (for such was his rank) had entered the hall, and he now returned, bearing in his arms a fainting, weeping woman; he placed her by his side in the carriage: my rumble was instantly occupied by the waiting-maid and my master's man, and we drove off rapidly towards Brighton.

"The Captain was a man of fashion; handsome, insinuating, profligate, and unfeeling. The lady—it is painful to speak of her: what she *had* been, she could never more be; and what she then was, she herself had yet to learn. She had been the darling pet daughter of a rich old man; and a dissipated nobleman had married her for her money when she was only sixteen. She had been accustomed to have her every wish gratified by her doating parent; she now found herself neglected and insulted by her husband. Her father could not bear to see his darling's once smiling face grow pale and sad, and he died two years after her marriage. She plunged into the whirlpool of dissipation, and tasted the rank poisons which are often sought as the remedies for a sad heart. From folly, she ran to imprudence, from imprudence to

guilt ;—and was the runaway wife happier than she who suffered unmerited ill-usage at home ? Time will show.

“At Brighton, my wheels rattled along the cliffs as briskly and as loudly as the noblest equipage there ; but no female turned a glance of recognition towards my windows, and the eyes of my former friends were studiously averted. I bore my lady through the streets, and I waited for her now and then at the door of the theatre ; but at gates of respectability, at balls, and at assemblies, I, alas ! was never ‘called,’ and never ‘stopped the way.’ Like a disabled soldier, I ceased to bear *arms*, and I was *crest-fallen* !

“This could not last : my mistress could little brook contempt, especially when she felt it to be deserved ; her cheek lost its bloom, her eye its lustre ; and when her beauty became less brilliant, she no longer possessed the only attraction which had made the Captain her lover. He grew weary of her, soon took occasion to quarrel with her, and she was left without friends, without income, and without character. I was at length torn from her : it nearly broke my springs to part with her ; but I was despatched to the bazaar in London, and saw no more of my lady.

“It happened to be a dull time of year, and for some months my wheels ceased to be rotatory ; I got cold and damp ; and the moths found their way to my inside : one or two persons who came to inspect me, declined becoming purchasers, and peering closely at my panels, said something about ‘old scratch.’ This hurt my feelings, for if my former possessor was not quite so good as she might have been, it was no fault of mine.

“At length, after a tedious inactivity, I was bought cheap by a young physician, who having rashly left his provincial patients to set up in London, took it into his head that nothing could be done there by a medical man who did not go upon wheels ; he

therefore hired a house in a good situation, and then set *me* up, and bid my vendor put me down in his bill.

"It is quite astonishing how we flew about the streets and squares, *acting great practice* ; those who knew us by sight must have thought we had a great deal to do, but we practised nothing but locomotion. Some medical men thin the population, (so says Slander,) my master thinned nothing but his horses. They were the only *good jobs* that came in his way, and certainly he made the most of them. He was obliged to *feed* them, but he was very rarely *feed* himself. It so happened that nobody consulted us, and the unavoidable consumption of the family infected my master's pocket, and his little resources were in a rapid decline.

"Still he kept a good heart ; indeed, in one respect, he resembled a worm displayed in a bottle in a quack's shop window—he was never out of spirits ! He was deeply in debt, and his name was on everybody's books, always excepting the memorandum-books of those who wanted physicians. Still I was daily turned out, and though nobody called him in, he was to be seen, sitting very forward, apparently looking over notes supposed to have been taken after numerous critical cases and eventful consultations. Our own case was hopeless ; our progress was arrested, an execution was in the house, servants met with their deserts and were turned off, goods were seized, my master was knocked up, and I was knocked down for one hundred and twenty pounds.

"Again my beauties blushed for a while unseen ; but I was new painted, and, like some other painted personages looked, at a distance, almost as good as new. Fortunately for me, an elderly country curate just at this period, was presented with a living, and the new incumbent thought it incumbent upon him to present his fat lady and his thin daughter with a leathern convenience. My life was now a rural one, and for ten long years nothing worth recording happened to me. Slowly and surely did I

creep along green lanes, carried the respectable trio to snug, early, neighbourly dinners, and was always under lock and key before twelve o'clock. It must be owned I began to have rather an old-fashioned look; my body was ridiculously small, and the rector's thin daughter, the bodkin, or rather packing-needle of the party, sat more forward, and on a smaller space than bodkins do nowadays. I was perched up three feet higher than more modern vehicles, and my two lamps began to look like little dark lanterns. But my obsoleteness rendered me only the more suited to the service in which I was enlisted. Honest Roger, the red-haired coachman, would have looked like the clown in a pantomime, in front of a fashionable equipage; and Simon, the footboy, who slouched at my back, would have been mistaken for an idle urchin surreptitiously enjoying a ride. But on my unsophisticated dicky and footboard, no one could doubt that Roger and Simon were in their proper places. The rector died; of course he had nothing more to do with the *living*, it passed into other hands; and a clerical income, being (alas, that it should be so!) no inheritance, his relict, suddenly plunged in widowhood and poverty, had the aggravated misery of mourning for a dear husband, while she was conscious that the luxuries and almost the necessities of life, were forever snatched from herself and her child.

"Again I found myself in London, but my beauty was gone. I had lost the activity of youth, and when slowly I chanced to creak through Long Acre, my very parent, who was standing at his door sending forth a new-born Britska, glanced at me scornfully, and knew me not! I passed on heavily—I thought of former days of triumph, and there was madness in the thought—I became a *crazy* vehicle! straw was thrust into my inward parts, I was numbered among the fallen,—yes, I was now a hackney-chariot, and my number was "*One Hundred!*"

“What tongue can tell the degradations I have endured ! The persons who familiarly have *called* me, the wretches who have sat in me—never can this be told. Daily I take my stand in the same vile street, and nightly am I driven to the minor theatres—to oyster-shops—to desperation !

“One day, when empty and unoccupied, I was hailed by two police-officers, who were bearing between them a prisoner. It was the seducer of my second ill-fated mistress ; a first crime had done its usual work, it had prepared the mind for a second, and a worse : the seducer had done a deed of deeper guilt, and *I* bore him one stage towards the gallows. Many months after, a female called me at midnight : she was decked in tattered finery, and what with fatigue and recent indulgence in strong liquors, she was scarcely sensible, but she possessed dim traces of past beauty. I can say nothing more of her, but that it was the fugitive wife whom I had borne to Brighton so many years ago. No words of mine could paint the living warning that I beheld. What had been the sorrows of unmerited desertion and unkindness, supported by conscious rectitude, compared with the degraded guilt, the hopeless anguish, that I then saw !

“I regret to say, I was last month nigh committing manslaughter ; I broke down in the Strand, and dislocated the shoulder of a rich old maid. I cannot help thinking that she deserved the visitation, for, as she stepped into me in Oxford Street, she exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all the neighbouring pedestrians, ‘Dear me ! how dirty ! I never was in a hackney conveyance before !’—though I well remembered having been favoured with her company very often. A medical gentleman happened to be passing at the moment of our fall ; it was my old medical master. He set the shoulder, and so skilfully did he manage his patient, that he is about to be married to the rich invalid, who will shoulder him into prosperity at last.

"I last night was the bearer of a real party of pleasure to Astley's :—a bride and bridegroom, with the mother of the bride. It was the widow of the old rector, whose thin daughter (by the by she is fattening fast) has had the luck to marry the only son of a merchant well to do in the world."

The voice suddenly ceased !—I awoke—the door was opened, the steps let down—I paid the coachman double the amount of his fare, and in future, whenever I stand in need of a jarvey, I shall certainly make a point of calling for number "*One Hundred*."

EARLY PIETY.

BY T. BLACKLOCK, D. D.

IN life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
Which beauty can disclose ;
Deep on thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved.

For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
The sunshine of thy days ;
And cares and toils in endless round
Encompass all thy ways. *
Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That will return no more.







TO A LADY PLAYING.

BY PROCTOR.

ONCE more amongst those rich and golden strings
Wander with thy white hand, dear lady pale ;
And when at last from thy sweet discord springs
The aerial music, like the dreams that veil
Earth's shadows with diviner thoughts and things,
Oh ! let the passion and the time prevail !
Oh ! let thy spirit through the mazes run !
For music is like love—and must be won !

Oh ! wake the rich chords with thy delicate fingers !
Oh ! loose th' enchanted music from mute sleep !
Methinks the fine Phantasmia near thee lingers,
Yet will not come, unless tones strong and deep
Compel him.—Ah ! methinks (as love-avengers
Requite upon the heads of those who weep
The sorrows which they gave) the sullen thing
Deserts thee, as thou left'st the vanquished string.

No—no—it comes, sweeter than death or life,
Sweeter than hope or joy beneath the moon ;
Sweeter than all is that harmonious strife
From whose embrace is born a perfect tune ;
Where every varying note with thought is rife.
Now—bid thy tender voice enchant us soon,
With whatsoe'er thou wilt,—with love—with fears—
The rage of passion, or the strength of tears.



THE PRIDE OF THE HAMLET.

A Country Story.

BY MRS. MILFORD.

THREE years ago, Hannah Cordery was, beyond all manner of dispute, the prettiest girl in Aberleigh. It was a rare union of face, form, complexion and expression. Of that just height, which, although certainly tall, could yet hardly be called so, her figure united to its youthful roundness, and still more youthful lightness, an airy flexibility, a bounding grace, and when in repose, a gentle dignity, which alternately reminded one of a fawn bounding through the forest, or a swan at rest upon the lake. A sculptor would have modelled her for the youngest of the Graces; whilst a painter, caught by the bright colouring of that fair blooming face, the white forehead so vividly contrasted by the masses of dark curls, the jet black eyebrows, and long rich eyelashes, which shaded her finely-cut gray eye, and the pearly teeth disclosed by the scarlet lips, whose every movement was an unconscious smile, would doubtless have selected her for the very goddess of youth. Beyond all question, Hannah Cordery, at eighteen, was the beauty of Aberleigh, and unfortunately no inhabitant of

that populous village was more thoroughly aware that she was so, than the fair damsel herself.

Her late father, good Master Cordery, had been all his life a respectable and flourishing master bricklayer in the place. Many a man with less pretensions to the title would call himself a Buidler nowadays, or "by'r lady," an Architect, and put forth a flaming card, vaunting his accomplishments in the mason's craft, his skill in plans and elevations, and his unparalleled despatch and cheapness in carrying his designs into execution. But John Cordery was no new-fangled personage. A plain honest tradesman was our bricklayer, and thoroughly of the old school; one who did his duty to his employers with punctual industry; who was never above his calling; a good son, a good brother, a good husband, and an excellent father, who trained up a large family in the way in which they should go, and never entered a public house in his life.

The loss of this invaluable parent about three years before, had been the only grief that Hannah Cordery had known. But as her father, although loving her with the mixture of pride and fondness which her remarkable beauty, her delightful gayety, and the accident of her being, by many years the youngest of his children, rendered natural, if not excusable, had yet been the only one about her who had discernment to perceive, and authority to check, her little ebullitions of vanity and self-will; she felt, as soon as the first natural tears were wiped away, that a restraint had been removed, and scarcely knowing why, was too soon consoled for the greatest misfortune that could possibly have befallen one so dangerously gifted. Her mother was a kind, good, gentle woman, who having by necessity worked hard in the early part of her life, still continued the practice, partly from inclination, partly from a sense of duty, and partly from mere habit; and amongst her many excellent qualities, had the Alie Dinmont propensity of

giving all her children their own way,* especially this blooming cadette of the family; and her eldest brother, a bachelor, who, succeeding to his father's business, took his place as master of the house, retaining his surviving parent as its mistress, and his pretty sister as something between a plaything and a pet, both in their several ways seemed vying with each other as to which should most thoroughly humour and indulge the lovely creature whom nature had already done her best or her worst to spoil to their hands.

Her other brothers and sisters, married and dispersed over the country, had of course no authority, even if they had wished to assume any thing like power over the graceful and charming young woman, whom every one belonging to her felt to be an object of pride and delight; so that their presents, and caresses, and smiling invitations, aided in strengthening Hannah's impressions, poor girl though she were, that her little world, the small horizon of her own secluded hamlet, was made for her, and for her only; and if this persuasion had needed any additional confirmation, such confirmation would have been found in the universal admiration of the village beaux, and the envy, almost as general, of the village belles, particularly in the latter; the envy of rival beauties being, as everybody knows, of all flatteries the most piquant and seducing—in a word, the most genuine and real.

The only person from whom Hannah Cordery ever heard that rare thing called truth, was her friend and school-fellow, Lucy Meadows, a young woman two or three years older than herself in actual age, and half a lifetime more advanced in the best fruits of mature age, in clearness of judgment and steadiness of conduct.

* "Eh poor things, what else have I to give them?" This reply of Alie Dinmont, and indeed her whole sweet character, short though it be, has always seemed to me the finest female sketch in the *Waverley Novels*—finer even, because so much tenderer, than the bold and honest Jeanie Deans.

A greater contrast of manner and character than that exhibited between the light-headed and light-hearted beauty, and her mild and quiet companion, could hardly be imagined. Lucy was pretty, too, very pretty; but it was the calm, sedate, composed expression, the pure alabaster complexion, the soft dove-like eye, the general harmony and delicacy of feature and of form that we so often observe in a female *Friend*; and her low gentle voice, her retiring deportment, and Quaker-like simplicity of dress, were in perfect accordance with that impression. Her clearness of intellect, too, and rectitude of understanding, were such as are often found amongst that intelligent race of people; although there was an intuitive perception of character and motive, a fineness of observation under that demure and modest exterior, that, if Lucy had ever in her life been ten miles from her native village, might have been called knowledge of the world.

How she came by this quality, which some women seem to possess by instinct, Heaven only knows! Her early gravity of manner, and sedateness of mind, might be more easily accounted for. Poor Lucy was an orphan, and had from the age of fourteen been called upon to keep house for her only brother, a young man of seven or eight and twenty, well to do in the world, who, as the principal carpenter of Aberleigh, had had much intercourse with the Corderys in the way of business, and was on the most friendly terms with the whole family.

With one branch of that family, James Meadows would fain have been upon terms nearer and dearer than those of friendship. Even before John Cordery's death, his love for Hannah, although not openly avowed, had been the object of remark to the whole village; and it is certain that the fond and anxious father found his last moments soothed by the hope that the happiness and prosperity of his favourite child were secured by the attachment of one so excellent in character and respectable in situation.

James Meadows was indeed a man to whom any father would have confided his dearest and loveliest daughter with untroubled confidence. He joined to the calm good sense and quiet conversation that distinguished his sister, an inventive and constructive power, which, turned as it was to the purposes of his own trade, rendered him a most ingenious and dexterous mechanic; and which only needed the spur of emulation, or the still more active stimulus of personal ambition, to procure for him high distinction in any line to which his extraordinary faculty of invention and combination might be applied.

Ambition, however, he had none. He was happily quite free from that tormenting taskmaster, who, next perhaps to praise, makes the severest demand on human faculty, and human labour. To maintain in the spot where he was born the character for the honesty, independence, and industry that his father had borne before him, to support in credit and comfort the sister whom he loved so well, and one whom he loved still better, formed the safe and humble boundary of his wishes. But with the contrariety with which fortune so often seemed to pursue those who do not follow her, his success far outstripped his moderate desires. The neighbouring gentlemen soon discovered his talent. Employment poured in upon him. His taste proved to be equal to his skill; and from the ornamental out-door work—the Swiss cottages and fancy dairies, the treillage and the rustic seats belonging to a great country place,—to the most delicate mouldings of the boudoir and the saloon, nothing went well that wanted the guiding eye and finishing hand of James Meadows. The best workmen were proud to be employed by him; the most respectable yeomen offered their sons as his apprentices; and without any such design on his part, our village carpenter was in a fair way to become one of the wealthiest tradesmen in the county.

His personal character and peculiarly modest and respectful

manners, contributed not a little to his popularity with his superiors. He was a fair, slender young man, with a pale complexion, a composed but expressive countenance, a thoughtful, deepset, gray eye, and a remarkably fine head, with a profusion of curling brown hair, which gave a distinguished air to his whole appearance; so that he was constantly taken by strangers for a gentleman; and the gentle propriety with which he was accustomed to correct the mistake, was such as seldom failed to heighten the estimation of the individual, while it set them right as to his station. Hannah Cordery, with all her youthful charms, might think herself a lucky damsel in securing the affections of such a lover as this; and that she did actually think so was the persuasion of those that knew her best,—of her mother, her brother William, and Lucy Meadows; although the coy, fantastic beauty, shy as a ring-dove, wild as a fawn of the forest, was so far from confessing any return of affection, that whilst suffering his attentions, and accepting his escort to the rural gayeties which be-seemed her age, she would now profess, even while hanging on his arm, her intention of never marrying, and now coquet before his eyes with some passing admirer whom she had never seen before. She took good care, however, not to go too far in her coquetry, or to flirt twice with the same person; and so contrived to temper her resolutions against matrimony with “nods and becks and wreathed smiles,” that, modest as he was by nature, and that natural modesty enhanced by the diffidence which belongs to a deep and ardent passion, James Meadows himself saw no real cause for fear in the pretty petulance of his fair mistress, in a love of power so full of playful grace that it seemed rather a charm than a fault, and in a blushing reluctance to change her maiden state, and lose her maiden freedom, which had in his eyes all the attractions of youthful shamefacedness. That she would eventually be his own dear wife, James enter-

tained no manner of doubt; and, pleased with all that pleased her, was not unwilling to prolong the happy days of courtship.

In this humour Lucy had left him, when, in the end of May she had gone for the first time to pass a few weeks with a relation in London. Her cousins were kind and wealthy; and, much pleased with the modest intelligence of their young kinswoman, they exerted themselves to render their house agreeable to her, and to show her the innumerable sights of the Queen of Cities. So that her stay being urged by James, who, thoroughly unselfish, rejoiced to find his sister so well amused, was prolonged to the end of July, when, alarmed at the total cessation of letters from Hannah, and at the constrained and dispirited tone which she discovered, or fancied she had discovered in her brother's, Lucy resolved to hasten home.

He received her with his usual gentle kindness and his sweet and thoughtful smile; assured her that he was well; exerted himself more than usual to talk, and waved away her anxious questions, by extorting from her an account of her journey and her residence, of all that she had seen, and of her own feelings on returning to her country home, after so long a sojourn in the splendid and beautiful metropolis. He talked more than was usual with him, and more gayly; but still Lucy was dissatisfied. The hand that had pressed hers on alighting was cold as death; the lip that had kissed her fair brow was pale and trembling; his appetite was gone, and his frequent and apparently unconscious habit of brushing away the clustering curls from his forehead, proved, as plainly as words could have done, that there was pain in the throbbing temples. The pulsation was even visible; but still he denied that he was ill, and declared that her notion of his having grown thin and pale was nothing but a woman's fancy,—the fond whim of a fond sister.

To escape from the subject he took her into the garden,—her

own pretty flower garden divided by a wall covered with creepers from the larger plot of ground devoted to vegetables, and bounded on one side by buildings connected with his trade, and parted on the other from a well-stored timber-yard, by a beautiful rustic screen of fir and oak and birch with the bark on, which terminating in a graceful curve at the end next the house, and at that leading to the garden with a projecting Gothic porch, partly covered by climbing plants, partly broken by tall pyramidal hollyhocks, and magnificent dahlias, and backed by a clump of tall elms, formed a most graceful veil to an unsightly object. This screen had been erected during Lucy's absence, and without her knowledge; and her brother, smiling at the delight which she expressed, pointed out to her the splendid beauty of her flowers and the luxuriant profusion of their growth.

The old buildings matted with roses, honeysuckles, and jessamines, broken only by the pretty out-door room which Lucy called her green-house; the pile of variously-tinted geraniums in front of that prettiest room; the wall garlanded, covered, hidden with interwoven myrtles, fuschias, passion-flowers, and clematis, the purple wreaths of the mauradia, the orange tubes of the *acrima carpia*, and the bright pink blossoms of the *lotus spermum*; the beds filled with dahlias, salvias, calceolarias, and carnations of every hue, with the rich purple and the pure white petunia, with the many-coloured marvel of Peru, with the enamelled blue of the Siberian larkspur, with the richly-scented changeable lupine, with the glowing lavatera, the splendid hybiscus, the pure and alabaster cup of the white *cenothera*, the lilac clusters of the phlox, and the delicate blossom of the yellow sultan, most elegant amongst flowers;—all these, with a hundred other plants too long to name, and all their various greens, and the pet weed mignonette growing like grass in a meadow, and mingling its aromatic odour amongst the general fragrance,—all this sweetness and beauty

glowing in the evening sun, and breathing of freshness and of cool air, came with such a thrill of delight upon the poor village maiden, who, in spite of her admiration of London, had languished in its heat, and noise, and dirt, for the calm and quiet, the green leaves and the bright flowers of her country home, that, from the very fulness of her heart, from joy and gratitude, and tenderness and anxiety, she flung her arms around her brother's neck and burst into tears.

Lucy was usually so calm and self-commanded, that such an ebullition of feeling from her, astonished and affected James Meadows more than any words, however tender. He pressed her to his heart; and when, following up the train of her own thoughts,—sure that this kind brother, who had done so much to please her, was himself unhappy, guessing, and longing, and yet fearing to know the cause,—when Lucy, agitated by such feelings, ventured to whisper “Hannah?” her brother, placing her gently on the steps leading to the green-house, and leaning himself against the open door, began in a low and subdued tone to pour out his whole heart to his sympathizing auditiress. The story was nearly such as she had been led to expect, from the silence of one party, and the distress of the other. A rival,—a most unworthy rival had appeared upon the scene,—and James Meadows, besides the fear of losing the lovely creature whom he had loved so fondly, had the additional grief of believing that the man whose flatteries had at least gained from her a flattering hearing, was of all others the least likely to make her respectable and happy.—Much misery may be comprised in few words. Poor James's story was soon told. A young and gay Baronet had, as Lucy knew, taken the manor-house and manor of Aberleigh; and during her absence, a part of his retinue with a train of dogs and horses had established themselves in the mansion, in preparation for their master's arrival. Amongst these new comers, by far the most

showy and important was the head keeper, Edward Forester, a fine-looking young man, with a tall, firm, upright figure, a clear, dark complexion, bright black eyes, a smile alternately winning and scornful, and a prodigious fluency of speech, and readiness of compliment. He fell in love with Hannah at first sight, and declared his passion the same afternoon; and, although discouraged by every one about her, never failed to parade before her mother's house two or three times a day, mounted on his master's superb blood-horse, to waylay her in her walks, and to come across her in her visits. Go where she might, Hannah was sure to encounter Edward Forester; and this devotion from one whose personal attractions extorted as much admiration from the lasses, her companions, as she herself had been used to excite amongst the country lads, had in it, in spite of its ostentatious openness, a flattery that seemed irresistible.

"I do not think she loves him, Lucy," said James Meadows, sighingly; "indeed I am sure that she does not. She is dazzled by his showiness and his fluency, his horsemanship and his dancing; but love him she does not. It is fascination, such a fascination as leads a moth to flutter round a candle, or a bird to drop into the rattlesnake's mouth,—and never was flame more dangerous, or serpent more deadly. He is unworthy of her, Lucy,—thoroughly unworthy. This man, who calls himself devoted to a creature as innocent as she is lovely,—who pretends to feel a pure and genuine passion for this pure and too-believing girl, passes his evenings, his nights, in drinking, in gaming, in debauchery of the lowest and most degrading nature. He is doubtless at this very instant at the wretched beer-shop at the corner of the common—the haunt of all that is wicked, and corrupter of all that is frail, "The Foaming Tankard." It is there, in the noble game of Four Corners, that the man who aspires to the love of Hannah Cordery passes his hours.—Lucy, do you remember the exquisite

story of Phoebe Dawson, in Crabbe's Parish Register?—such as she was, will Hannah be. I could resign her, Heaven knows, grievous as the loss might be, to one whom she loved, and who would ensure her happiness. But to give her up to Edward Forster—the very thought is madness!”

“Surely, brother, she cannot know that he is so unworthy! surely, surely, when she is convinced that he is, she will throw him off like an infected garment! I know Hannah well. She would be protected from such an one as you describe, as well by pride as by purity. She cannot be aware of these propensities.”

“She has been told of them repeatedly; but he denies the accusation, and she rather believes his denial than the assertions of her best friends. Knowing Hannah as you do, Lucy, you cannot but remember the petulant self-will, the scorn of contradiction and opposition, which used half to vex and half to amuse us in the charming spoilt child. We little dreamt how dangerous that fault, almost diverting in trifles, might become in the serious business of life. Her mother and brother are my warm advocates, and the determined opponents of my rival; and, therefore, to assert what she calls her independence and her disinterestedness, (for with this sweet perverse creature the worldly prosperity which I valued chiefly for her sake makes against me,) she will fling herself away on one wholly unworthy of her, one whom she does not even love, and with whom her whole life will be a scene of degradation and misery.”

“He will be to-night at the Foaming Tankard?”

“He is there every night.”

At this point of their conversation the brother was called away; and Lucy, after a little consideration, tied on her bonnet, and walked to Mrs. Cordery's.

Her welcome from William Cordery and his mother was as cordial and hearty as ever, perhaps more so; Hannah's greetings

were affectionate, but constrained. Not to receive Lucy kindly, was impossible; and yet her own internal consciousness rendered poor Lucy, next perhaps to her brother, the very last person whom she would have desired to see; and this uncomfortable feeling increased to a painful degree, when the fond sister, with some diminution of her customary gentleness, spoke to her openly of her conduct to James, and repeated in terms of strong and earnest reprehension, all that she had heard of the conduct and pursuits of her new admirer.

"He frequent the Foaming Tankard! He drink to intoxication! He play for days and nights at Four Corners! It is false! It is a vile slander! I would answer for it with my life! He told me this very day that he has never even entered that den of infamy."

"I believe him to be there at this very hour," replied Lucy calmly. And Hannah, excited to the highest point of anger and agitation, dared Lucy to the instant proof; invited her to go with her at once to the beer-house, and offered to abandon all thoughts of Edward Forester if he proved to be there. Lucy, willing enough to place the fate of the cause on that issue, prepared to accompany her; and the two girls set forth, wholly regardless of Mrs. Cordery's terrified remonstrance, who assured them that small-pox of the confluent sort was in the house; and that she had heard only that very afternoon, that a young woman, vaccinated at the same time, and by the same person with her Hannah, lay dead in one of the rooms of the Foaming Tankard.

Not listening to, not hearing her mother, Hannah walked with the desperate speed of passion through the village street, up the winding hill, across the common, along the avenue; and reached in less time than seemed possible the open grove of oaks, in one corner of which this obnoxious beer-house, the torment and puzzle of the magistrates, and the pest of the parish, was situated.

There was no sign of death or sickness about the place. The lights from the tap-room and the garden, along one side of which the alley for four-corners was erected, gleamed in the darkness of a moonless summer night between the trees; and even farther than the streaming light, pierced the loud oaths and louder laughter, the shouts of triumph, and the yells of defeat, mixed with the dull heavy blows of the large wooden bowl, from the drunken gamesters in the alley.

Hannah started as she heard one voice; but, determined to proceed, she passed straight through the garden gate, and rushed hastily on to the open shed where the players were assembled. There, stripped of his coat and waistcoat, in all the agony of an intoxicated and losing gambler, stood Edward Forester, in the act of staking his gold-laced hat upon the next cast. He threw and lost; and casting from him with a furious oath the massive wooden ball, struck, in his blind frenzy, the lovely creature who stood in silent horror at the side of the alley, who fell with the blow, and was carried for dead into the Foaming Tankard.

Hannah did not, however, die; although her left arm was broken, her shoulder dislocated, and much injury inflicted by the fall. She lived, and she still lives, but no longer as the Pride of the Hamlet. Her fine shape injured by the blow, and her fair face disfigured by the small-pox, she can no longer boast the surpassing loveliness which obtained for her the title of the Rose of Aberleigh. And yet she has gained more than she has lost, even in mere attraction; the vain coquettish girl is become a sweet and gentle woman; gayety has been replaced by sensibility, and the sauciness of conscious power, by the modest wish to please. In her long and dangerous illness, her slow and doubtful convalescence, Hannah learnt the difficult lesson, to acknowledge, and to amend her own faults; and when, after many scru-

ples on the score of her changed person and impaired health, she became the happy wife of James Meadows, she brought to him, in a corrected temper and a purified heart, a dowry far more precious in his mind, than the transient beauty which had been her only charm in the eyes of Edward Forester.



CAVE WITHIN THE STONE AND THE SEVENTH DAY



WONDERS AND MURMURS.

BY S. C. HALL.

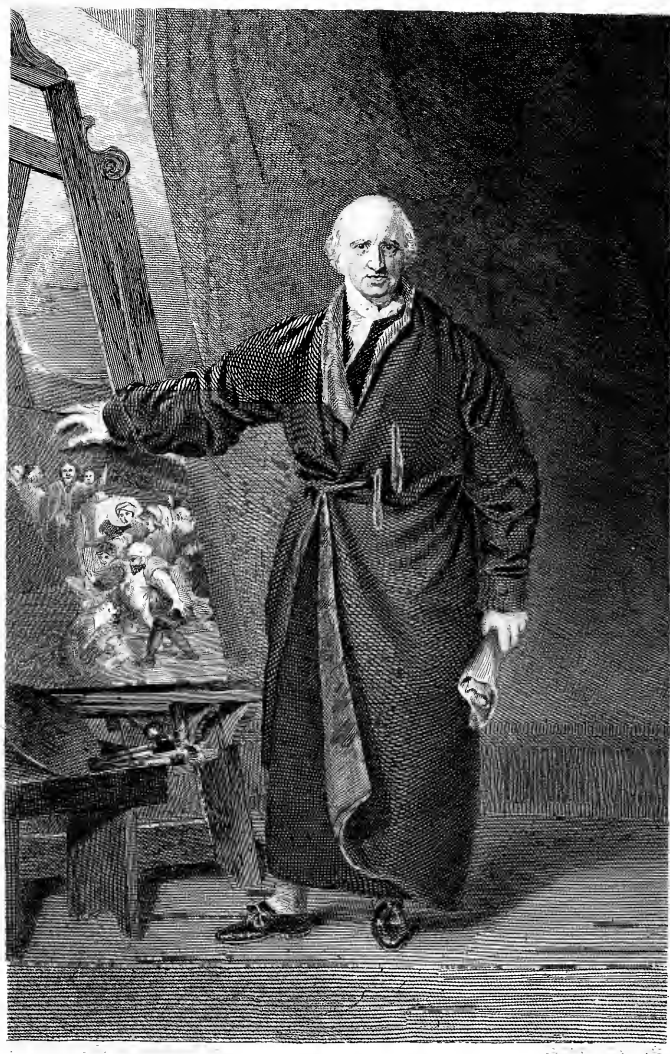
STRANGE that the Wind should be left so free,
To play with a flower, or tear a tree;
To rage, or to ramble where'er it will,
And, as it lists, to be fierce or still;
Above and around, to breathe of life,
Or mingle the earth and the sky in strife,
Gently to whisper with morning light,
Yet to growl like a fetter'd fiend ere night;
Or to love, and cherish, and bless, to-day!
What to-morrow it ruthlessly rends away!

Strange, that the Sun should call into birth
All the fairest flowers and fruits of earth,
Then bid them perish, and see them die,
While they cheer the soul and gladden the eye;
At morn its child is the pride of spring—
At night a shrivelled and loathsome thing!
To-day, there is hope and life in its breath—
To-morrow it shrinks to a useless death.
Strange doth it seem, that the sun should joy
To give life, alone that it might destroy!

Strange, that the Ocean should come and go,
With its daily and nightly ebb and flow—
To bear on its placid breast at morn,
The bark, that ere night will be tempest-torn ;
Or cherish it all the way it must roam,
To leave it a wreck, within sight of home,
To smile, as the mariner's toils are o'er,
Then wash the dead to his cottage door ;
And gently ripple along the strand,
To watch the widow behind him land !

But stranger than all, that Man should die,
When his plans are formed, and his hopes are high :
He walks forth a lord of the earth to-day,
And the morrow beholds him a part of its clay ;
He is born in sorrow and cradled in pain,
And from youth to age—it is labour in vain ;
And all that seventy years can show,
Is, that wealth is trouble, and wisdom woe ;
That he travels a path of care and strife,
Who drinks of the poisoned cup of life.

Alas ! if we murmur at things like these,
That reflection tells us are wise decrees ;
That the Wind is not ever a gentle breath—
That the Sun is often the bearer of death—
That the Ocean wave is not always still—
And that life is checkered with good and ill ;
If we know 'tis well such change should be,
What do we learn from the things we see ?—
That an erring and sinning child of dust
Should not wonder nor murmur—but hope and trust.



BENJAMIN WEST, P. R. A.

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THIS celebrated artist was born on the 10th of October, 1738, in Pennsylvania, at the small town of Springfield.

He commenced his career as a portrait painter at Philadelphia, and afterwards removed to New York. In 1760 he visited Italy, where he remained about three years. In 1763 he visited England, and was induced to remain in that country, through the many valuable connections which he had formed there. West was introduced to George the Third by Dr. Drummond, the Archbishop of York, and he was almost engrossed by the king from the year 1767 until 1802, when he lost the patronage of the court through the illness of the king. He then commenced his series of great religious pictures, to which he now chiefly owes his reputation. Of his earlier works, the 'Death of General Wolfe' is the most celebrated; in this picture he introduced the most sensible innovation of dressing men in their own clothes. Painters had previously, as a rule, very absurdly used the Roman costume on all historic occasions, a costume not a whit less foolish than dressing the Greeks and Romans in the costume of modern times; the latter absurdity may indeed, at least, rest on the plea of ignorance of the real costume. To account for such a fact at present, as that Sir Joshua Reynolds should have endeavored to persuade West to dress Wolfe in the uniform of a Roman

general of 2,000 years back, defies reason. West deserves the profoundest gratitude of posterity, if it be just to identify such a revolution from the absurd to the rational, with his individual efforts. He succeeded Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy in 1772; he died, March 11, 1820, in his eighty-second year, and was buried in St. Paul's.

GALT'S *Life of West.*



Viewed during the night of Henry VII. afterwards the fire and Charles I.

HURST CASTLE.

HURST Castle, one of the most prominent points of interest in England, is situated on a remarkable natural causeway, about two hundred yards in breadth, running two miles into the sea, and within one mile of the Isle of Wight. It is a lonely place, standing thus on a rock, on the sea, though it connects with the coast of Hampshire, by the long strip of land mentioned.

This castle was built by Henry the Eighth, and in December, 1648, became the prison of the unfortunate Charles the First.

It is a strong thickly-walled building, washed by high waves, and presents a dreary, sad aspect suitable for a prison. Charles the First was not long imprisoned there, being removed from there to Windsor and thence to St. James's Palace in London, to stand his trial.

ALBANY.

ALBANY, one of the most beautifully situated cities of our Union, is the capital of New York, and the second city in importance in that State. It is located on the west bank of the Hudson River, nearly one hundred and fifty miles north of New York city.

It is difficult to imagine a more picturesque and imposing sight than the appearance of the city viewed from the Hudson River, rising as the ground does, gradually, from the low flat which extends along the margin of the river to the dome of its Capitol, which crowns the hill upon which the city stands.

There are in Albany many handsome public edifices, the most prominent being the Capitol, State Hall, City Hall, University of Albany, Dudley Observatory, Medical College, Museum, State Normal School, Albany Academy, Albany Female Academy, Albany Institute, State Library, State Agricultural Rooms, Orphan Asylum, and St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum.

The city is advantageously situated for commerce, being at the head of sloop navigation on the Hudson, and communicating with Lakes Erie, Ontario, and Champlain, by canals.



A. B. A. N. X.





Conversations

CONVALESCENCE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

BACK then, once more to breast the waves of life,
To battle on against the unceasing spray,
To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife,
And rise to strife again ; yet on my way,
Oh ! linger still, thou light of better day,
Born in the hours of loneliness, and you
Ye childlike thoughts, the holy and the true,
Ye that came bearing, while subdued I lay,
The faith, the insight of life's vernal morn
Back, on my soul, a clear bright sense, new-born,
Now leave me not ! but as, profoundly pure,
A blue stream rushes through a darker lake
Unchang'd, e'en thus with me your journey take,
Wafting sweet airs of heaven through this low world obscure.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

It would be difficult for any imagination, even the most romantic or distempered, to associate in close array all the incongruous and discordant objects which may be contemplated, even within a few hours' perambulation, in and around the Turkish capital. The barbarous extremes of magnificence and wretchedness of power and weakness; of turpitude and magnanimity; of profligacy and sanctity; of cruelty and humanity, are all to be seen jumbled together in the most sublime or offensive combinations. The majesty and magnificence of nature, crowned with all the grandeur of human art, contrasted with the atrocious effects of unrestrained sensuality, and brutalizing inherent degeneracy, fill up the vacant spaces of this varied picture.

The howlings of ten thousand dogs, re-echoing through the deserted streets all the live-long night, chase you betimes from your pillow; approaching your window, you are greeted by the rays of the rising sun gilding the snowy summits of Mount Olympus, and the beautiful shores of the sea of Marmora, the point of Chalcedon, and the town of Scutari: midway, your eye ranges with delight over the marble domes of St. Sophia, the gilded pinnacles of the Seraglio glittering amidst groves of perpetual verdure, the long arcades of ancient aqueducts, and spiry minarets of a thousand mosques. While you contemplate this superb scenery, the





thunders of artillery burst upon your ear, and, directing your eye to the quarter whence the sound proceeds, you may behold, proudly sailing around the point of the Seraglio, the splendid navy of the Ottomans returning with the annual tributes of Egypt. The curling volumes of smoke ascending from the port-holes play around the bellying sails, and hide at times, the ensigns of crimson silk, besprinkled with the silvery crescents of Mahomet ! The hoarse guttural sounds of a Turk selling *kaimac* at your door, recall your attention towards the miserable lanes of Pera, wet, splashy, dark, and disgusting ; the mouldering wooden tenements beetling over these alleys, are the abode of pestilence and misery. You may mount your horse and betake yourself to the fields, rich with the purple fragrance of health and lavender, and swarming with myriads of honied insects : in the midst of your progress, your horse recoils from his path, at the loathsome object occupying the centre of the highway ;—an expiring horse, from which a horde of famished dogs are already tearing the reeking entrails ! Would you behold his unfeelingmaster ? look beneath that acacia, at the hoary Turk performing his pious ablutions at the sacred fountain.—If we retrace our steps, we are met by a party passing at a quick pace towards that cemetery on the right : they are carrying on a bier the dead body of a Greek, the pallid beauty of whose countenance is contrasted with the freshness of the roses which compose the chaplet on his head. A few hours only has he ceased to breathe ; but see ! the grave has already received his corse, and amidst the desolate palaces of the princes of the earth, he has entered an obscure and nameless tenant.

Having returned to the city, you are appalled by a crowd of revellers pressing around the doors of a wine-house : the sounds of minstrelsy and riot are within. You have scarcely passed, when you behold two or three gazers around the door of a baker's shop.—the *Kaimakan* has been his rounds, the weights have been

found deficient, and the unfortunate man, who swings in a halter at the door, has paid for his petty villany the forfeiture of his life. The populace around murmur at the price of bread, but the *muez-zins* from the adjoining minarets are proclaiming the hour of prayer, and the followers of Mahomet are pouring in to count their beads and proclaim the efficacy of *faith*. In an opposite coffee-house a group of Turkish soldiers, drowsy with tobacco, are dreaming over the chequers of a chess-board, or listening to the licentious fairy tails of a dervish. The passing crowd seem to have no common sympathies, jostling each other in silence on the narrow foot-path; women veiled in long caftans, emirs with green turbans, janissaries, Bostandjis, Jews, and Armenians encounter Greeks, Albanians, Franks, and Tartars.—Fatigued with such pageantry, you observe the shades of evening descend, and again sigh for response; but the *passavend* with their iron-bound staves striking the pavement, excite your attention to the cries of *yangu var* from the top of the adjoining tower, and you are told that the flames are in the next street. There you may behold the devouring element overwhelming, in a common ruin, the property of infidels and true believers, till the shouts of the multitude announce the approach of the *Arch despot*, and the power of a golden shower of sequins is exemplified in awakening the callous feelings of even a Turkish multitude, to the sufferings of their fellow creatures, and of rendering them sensible to the common ties of humanity. The fire is extinguished—and darkness of a deeper hue has succeeded to the glare of the flames; the retiring crowd, guided by their paper lanterns, flit by thousands, like *ignes fatui*, among the cypresses of the *Champ des Morts*; and like another Mirza, after your sublime vision, you are left, not, indeed, to contemplate the lowing of the oxen in the valley of Bagdad, but to encounter the gloom and cheerless solitude of your own apartments.



CLARA MANDEVILLE.

A Tale of British India : Founded on Fact.

OF all the innumerable host of projectors, whose “baseless fabrics” of philanthropy or selfinterest find toleration, at least, if not favor, in the eyes of a world compounded of theorists like themselves, the only class on whom the anathemas of youth, and even the censures of all, are unsparingly lavished, are those parents, who, combining something of an “old world” sense of property in, and authority over their children, with a yet more antiquated solicitude for their substantial happiness in life, venture to sun their old age in the prospect of uniting them to partners less showy perchance, but often more enduringly valuable, than those whom giddy inexperience, or fickle fancy, have made the gods of their youthful idolatry.

Far be it from me to affirm that parents should influence, beyond a certain point, far less constrain the inclinations of their children. All I claim on their part is pardon, at least, for the wish to place happiness within their reckless offspring’s grasp, and for myself the privilege of recording one of the many instances in which resistance and regret were synonymous things.

Mr. Mandeville—and I knew him well—was a Civil servant of long standing and great eminence at one of our eastern presidencies. Partial to the country in which he had resided from

youth to age, and engrossed by important judicial functions, he had deferred visiting Europe till nearly all that were dear to him there had departed. I left him a stranger on his native soil ; and when he returned to India, it was with a chilled heart and repressed affections, and the secret determination to die, as he had lived—in the East.

But he did not return alone. A fair cousin, of the few fate had left him, consented—though from disparity of years, with some hesitation—to be the companion of his exile ; and never for a moment did Lucy Warner regret the day when she exchanged her name for that of Mandeville. Confidence the most unbounded, affection the most heartfelt and mutual, soon united her to the mild and generous husband, whose added years were soon forgotten in the maturity of worth with which they were conjoined.

They were but too happy ; till, having lost several children—and, something whispered, in consequence of the delay in sending them home, so natural to a parent advanced in life, and dubious of witnessing their return—a precisely opposite feeling of imperative duty induced Mandeville to insist on his wife's accompanying their only remaining child—a daughter,—herself to England.

The sacrifice was great on both sides, and the struggle severe ; but the child was equally precious and delicate, and parental solicitude prevailed. Nor, during the long ten years of watching over the precarious health of their mutual darling, could the anxious mother find one interval of sufficient ease of mind to enable her to return to India.

The object of all these solitudes seemed at length suddenly to outgrow them. She expanded at once from a pale and sickly exotic into a blooming British rose—hardly enough in appearance to bear transplanting to the parental bosom which yearned in exile over its dear absent treasures.

Mrs. Mandeville lost not a moment in realizing, as soon as pru-

dence would permit, her husband's long cherished anticipations. She sailed for India with her daughter, a fine blooming girl of sixteen, the youthful and more animated *fac simile* of what her mother had been, when, as the bride of her worthy father, she embarked on the same voyage.

But she herself, alas! was sadly changed; not by years, for she as yet numbered few—but by the mining influence of climate and bereavement while in India, and anxiety and separation in England. She did not live to gladden the heart of Mandeville with that tried and cherished blessing which had so long been folded to it, and still longer so cruelly estranged. She died almost within the waters of that Ganges to which her torn and divided heart had ever unconsciously clung; and it was a stranger's office to bid a heart-broken father embrace his motherless child.

But it was soon that child's office and privilege to recall a smile, though a subdued one, to lips which never thought to smile again.

The resemblance to her mother, at first so painful, which Clara bore, endeared her inexpressibly to her surviving parent; nay in his slightly enfeebled state of mind, as well as body, it established a kind of identity between them which soon made his loss, though ever deplored, less sensibly felt.

Lucy, early married to one so much her senior, had been thoughtful, even in the midst of happiness; but Clara's gay disposition luxuriated in the sunshine of parental indulgence, like the bright flowers of the soil she trod. To contradict her, or deny aught to one so lovely and loving, never seemed to her doating father within the range of possibility; and Clara soon ruled, where her mother had found felicity in obeying.

Young, beautiful, and from her father's known emoluments, a supposed heiress, Clara was soon the idol of Calcutta, as well as of her father's heart; and as she fluttered through its lighted ball-rooms, bright and dazzling as the fire-flies of an eastern heaven,

satellites of all ranks and ages were drawn into her sparkling track.

In the graceful *abandon* of early youth, she smiled at first almost alike on all; but least, perhaps, ere long, on him, whom of all the admiring throng her father could have wished to fix for ever at her feet. This was his own tried and valued friend of half a life-time—a man, whom to name, was to personify worth and honor; of years not near enough his own to scare the loves and graces from the compact, but too remote from Clara's childish standard to let her see in Mr. Courtenay what he really was—a noble-looking finished gentleman of five-and-thirty, with manliness and candour stamped by nature on a brow, some prematurely scattered grey hairs on which served to enroll him in the school girl list of *ci-devants*.

His fortune and high station, the dazzling mark at which the whole female artillery of Bengal had for years been aimed in vain, she was too young and disinterested to take into the account. But while it was as dross in her father's eyes, compared with Courtenay's high integrity and intense capacities for domestic happiness, it could not in human nature be overlooked by a parent, whose own princely hospitalities, liberal as the heart that dictated them, would leave, as he rather suspected than cared to ascertain, but a scanty reversion for his indulged and expensively-educated daughter. The melancholy blank created by the absence of wife and child, he had insensibly filled up, by adopting every young creature who reminded him of blessings lent but to be resumed; and doubts, too well founded, of ever being survived by one among his many children, deferred economy till time and habit rendered it impracticable.

Mr. Mandeville, though too upright to have deceived for a moment on this score one serious aspirant to Clara's heart and hand, did not feel called upon to proclaim the state of his affairs

to the host of flutterers who surrounded her, and most of whom it would have sufficed to disperse. To Courtenay alone, who was in this, as in every thing else, his second self, he had no reserves; and but spoke in perfect sincerity, when regretting the obstacle her slender expectations presented to his darling project, of giving her, in Courtenay, a protector after his own heart. The disclosure, so much dreaded, had a precisely opposite effect from what Mandeville (spite of twenty years' knowledge of his friend) anticipated. It seemed to release Courtenay from the influence of some withering spell; and, on the strength of it, he, whom genuine diffidence had hitherto kept a distant lingerer in Clara's train, now ventured to betray the feelings which all, save herself, watched in wondering envy of her rare good fortune.

Her eyes and thoughts, alas! were otherwise employed; and her ear engrossed by the least amiable, perhaps, though not least fascinating, of the younger votaries at her feet. A gay young soldier of a cavalry corps up the country, on his way to England, chiefly for that *maladie du pays*, which surly veterans are apt to translate by the harsh synonymes of idleness and dislike of hardships, was thrown in evil hour in Clara's daily path. She began by sympathy with his supposed illness and exile—and pitied—till she induced him, ere long, to forget both. There mingled something of gratified pride in renovating the bloom and cheering the spirits of the handsome reputed invalid; and when devotion to her bright eyes could throw home and country, and all on which he had eloquently expatiated, into utter oblivion, the triumph of conquest was unhappily complete.

The attentions of Brabazon—though all who have been in India can appreciate those of a pennyless captain of dragoons to a rich civil servant's daughter—were not, to do him justice, entirely dictated by interest. He admired—for who could do otherwise—the cynosure of Calcutta, nay, returned her girlish devotion with

such a passion as triumphant vanity and gratified ambition can dignify with the name of love.

Their *liaison* was soon the universal topic, and all, save the faithful Courtenay, seemed tacitly to give place to the youthful Caesar, who had "come and seen," only to "conquer." But Mr. Mandeville—whom, as an absentee since his wife's death from festive scenes, the flirtation between his daughter and Brabazon was the last to reach—was shocked beyond measure by an attachment, which, while it overthrew the darling project of a lifetime, threatened his only child with a lot so widely different from what he had planned for her. On one hand, ease and affluence awaited her, under the guiding influence of a man of lofty talent and sterling principle, and one who, to a mother's feminine tenderness, would add a father's solicitude, and a lover's chivalrous devotion. On the other, there was the life of separation from her father and society—a life of certain hardships and privation, amid the thousand chances of Indian warfare, with a wild, thoughtless lad, already familiar with folly, if not vice—and as unfit as the babe unborn, to guide a child, like Clara, through a path beset with snares and thorns.

One expedient alone—when eloquence had been exhausted on one too loving not to listen, nay, with tears, though too long indulged to yield—her father hoped might work on her young suitor, if not upon his daughter. When he reminded Clara (though with all a parent's delicacy), that the ten years' double establishment her own weak health and lavish education imposed, had left him little beyond the salary which must die with him, she had thought too seldom on the subject to feel more than momentary disappointment; and when her father hinted more explicitly still, at the probable effect of the information he felt bound to impart on one less inexperienced in the world than her

self, she unhesitatingly consented to stake on his own decision the chances of union with her lover.

This Mr. Mandeville hailed with transport, as nearly tantamount with its relinquishment; but to his horror and dismay, the *exposé* of his finances—though “nothing extenuated” by one who clung to it as the talisman that might save his child—had no effect in inducing Brabazon to retract his pretensions. For this conduct, which (as inferring disinterestedness) insensibly disarmed much of the good parent’s hostility to the match, there was one simple reason, “never dreamt of in his philosophy,” viz., that Brabazon did not believe him! He looked upon the statement as purely apocryphal—as a masterly manœuvre to get rid of an unwelcome son-in-law; and when he protested, that with Miss Mandeville’s future prospects, be they what they might, he was perfectly content, he merely signified (according to a young captain’s usual estimate of the hoards of a thirty years’ resident) his entire approbation of some twenty or perhaps thirty thousand pounds.

In vain did Mr. Mandeville reiterate and remonstrate: the soldier scorned to be out-generalled by a civilian, and stood firm. Clara appealed triumphantly to her father’s accepted alternative, and more irresistibly still to the love which could deny her nothing, not even ruin!—and with the presentiments of one who saw his sole hope embark in a slight gilded vessel, on an ocean more treacherous still, Mr. Mandeville saw his wilful girl become the wife of the gay dragoon.

The separation, which might, even in the full tide of passion, have appalled poor Clara,—who, though she had not yet learned to think, could feel, and that acutely—was deferred by the interest of her father, which enabled him to detain the pair for a few short months of bridal festivity at Calcutta. But reported disturbances in the upper provinces, soon left a soldier, even a

carpet one, no option; and Brabazon, and the wife worlds would not have detained behind him, set out together for his regiment.

The shock of this parting, and its cause, though the rumoured danger proved imaginary, Mr. Mandeville never entirely recovered. He vegetated on, during a couple of years of feverish anxiety, watching the tone of his daughter's letters for indications of altered feelings, which it would have been death to find realized—half thankful that Brabazon still seemed all the world to her—half mortified to think that, separated from him by some thousands of miles, she could taste unmingled happiness!

This all his remaining energies centred in promoting. As long as life lasted, the ample emoluments of his office were shared with, or rather lavished on the young couple. Luxuries unknown in the camp, followed, nay, even preceded their frequent removals; and nearly the last act of parental solicitude (a prophetic and most important one) was inquiring into, and paying up, the long arrears of his improvident son-in-law's contribution to the military fund—on which something whispered, his poor girl's subsistence might, one day or other, depend. This done, his long undermined constitution fell an easy prey to a prevailing epidemic, and Clara, who had been importuning with reviving filial anxiety her husband to let her visit her father, received, in the act of embarking, the news of his sudden death.

It was not destined, like other misfortunes, to stand long single. To the pangs of natural grief, and secret self-upbraiding, were soon added the more degrading annoyances arising from the extent of Brabazon's disappointment. As long as Mr. Mandeville lived, his splendid allowance and liberal presents kept pace with even a spendthrift's expectations; and though soon irritable and capricious (as gamblers, whether on turf or billiard table—and Brabazon was both—proverbially are), he had too good reasons for keeping well with his father-in-law, to quarrel with or neglect

his wife. But when the will was opened, and a paltry sum of three thousand pounds (fully as much more having been, to his secret vexation, appropriated to cover the arrears before mentioned) proved to be the whole splendid dowry of the wife, whose imaginary expectations—for he could not complain of deception in the matter—had led him into expenses far beyond an officer's limited means, he reproached the unoffending Clara with the very pertinacity of affection which had made her prefer him to affluence and Courtenay!

His downward progress in the career of dissipation was, from this moment, rapid and headlong. Difficulties which he had not the courage to look in the face, were increased at the gaming table, and then drowned in the midnight bowl; and his finances now forbidding the riotous hospitality from which even Clara's gay disposition had early shrunk, she was left whole days and nights in the lonely bungalow, while her husband revived by a course of intemperance, the threatening symptoms which had sent him once before—fatally, alas, for her peace!—to Calcutta, to embark for Europe.

It was now that Clara, weakened in mind and body by her sorrows and approaching confinement, first learned to feel acutely the bitterness of her own chosen lot. But it was not till she had wept (scarce cheered by a transient gleam of reviving affection in its father) over the marble features of her dead infant, that a full sense of all she had owed to her own father, and made him suffer, took possession of her altered mind. Alas! it was too late; and remorse sometimes taught her to consider the removal of her babe as an act of special retribution.

She had little leisure to brood over these painful reminiscences, for dissipation and disease are alike foes to duty; and Brabazon, at best but an inefficient soldier, taxed severely his commanding officer's compassionate indulgence. His mind as well

as body were, ere long, so weakened by a short but headlong course of riot, that his dismissal on furlough promised as much benefit to the regiment as to himself; and it was with feelings of deep mortification, as well as sorrow, that Clara set out to return with him to that Calcutta which had witnessed their inauspicious nuptials.

The first part of the monotonous and usually uneventful voyage was performed as comfortably as slender means, and, consequently, limited accommodations, would permit. Only two or three ordinary native servants (independent of the boatmen) assisted Clara in her fatiguing attendance on an irritable and capricious invalid, whom the disgraceful circumstances of what he felt to be a virtual retreat from the service, preyed upon, though they could not reform.

His health seemed, however, gradually amending under the influence of change of air and scene; when, towards afternoon of one of the hottest and most oppressive days the travellers had experienced, he was suddenly seized, after an indiscreet exposure, with symptoms too much resembling those of the Indian malady since so fatally known in Europe. The remedies—if such there be—were too familiar not to be at hand. They were administered; and in the temporary rally they occasioned, his removal to some spot where coolness and shelter superior to those of the budgerow could be obtained, became indispensable. In vain his anxious wife strained her eyes, and interrogated her attendants, in the hope of some pagoda or choultry within a reasonable distance from the river, to which it might be possible, without risk of his life, to carry the sufferer. None such existed. At length one of the boatmen, who had on a former occasion accompanied European travellers thither, recollected a cave in the hills (at this point closely approaching the river), which promised, if the invalid could reach it alive, the requisite shade and shelter.



HAPPY MOMENTS.

He thought he might be able to thread the path to it through the jungle, if guided by shouts from the boat, in the proper direction of the sharp conical hill, in whose bowels he knew the cavern to be situated; and a rude palanquin being formed of a mattress from the boat lashed across its oars, a sufficient number of bearers set forward, accompanied on foot by the weeping Clara, to whom terror and anxiety lent activity for an exercise so little familiar to Indian females.

To enhance the other painful circumstances under which the journey was performed, there were well-founded apprehensions among the natives of the tigers, with which they knew the jungle swarmed; and ever and anon, when Clara, either absorbed in more distressing reflections, or insensibly withdrawn from them by the exquisite beauty of the scenery, was inclined to forget this formidable peril, she was painfully reminded of it by the screech and whirr of some stately peacock, whose sure instinct of danger quickened that of the pusillanimous unarmed natives.

The chief servant flourished, indeed, in idle demonstration of protection, his poor master's costly fowling-piece; but slight was the dependence which, in case of real danger a helpless woman could place in the courage and fidelity of mercenaries, long irregularly paid, and half alienated by Brabazon's capricious treatment. In Providence, and Providence alone, could poor Clara now confide—with the humility which penitence teaches, and the trust religion only can inspire.

With difficulty, and occasional deviation from the right course, they at length gained the cave. The shattered nerves of Clara recoiled from the simultaneous shout given by the bearers, to ascertain that no fierce inmate of the forest had anticipated them in selecting the cavern for his lair; and in the moment of breathless suspense which succeeded, when the post of each Indian at the foot of the nearest tree, left it but too easy to guess (in the

event of their fears being realized) the fate of the helpless, immovable victim in the litter,—Clara paid the penalty of long years of thoughtlessness and folly. All was at length pronounced safe. One bolder than the rest kindled a torch to explore the cavern, whose low and narrow entrance—hardly admitting of the rude litter being dragged rather than carried—gave little promise of the extent and loftiness of the excavation within.

Though far inferior, in these points, to the more celebrated caves once used as places of worship in various parts of India, that which they now entered bore the traces of gigantic labour and elaborate, though barbarous sculpture. At its further end, too dimly lighted by the narrow opening to dispense with the torches which the natives (rendered provident by their recollection of its darkness) had fortunately brought with them—was deposited, on a couch of branches hastily collected in the jungle, the mattress of the exhausted patient, whom the motion of the litter and the giant strides of Indian disease, had sunk into fatal and apparently hopeless stupor.

Such arrangements as circumstances permitted, were made for his sojourn in a place which it was more than probable he would never quit alive; and before the rapid nightfall of a tropical climate, the once gay, indulged Clara was left all but alone—amid the half-sacred owls and bats of a dreary, abandoned cavern, surrounded by the symbols of Indian idolatry—with the fast expiring human idol, to whom she had sacrificed with equal infatuation, ease, affluence, her own happiness, and that of a parent—stiffening before her into a ghastliness of repose, little inferior to that of the grim deities whose vices he had emulated!

All within the cavern was solitude and desolation. The boatmen had fled, availing themselves of the brief twilight, to the necessary care of their boat, which their presence and large fires could alone protect from the depredation of midnight marauders,

and the visits of the wild denizens of the forest,—whose incessant roar came, softened perhaps, but deepened by the windings of the cavern into strange unearthly groanings, upon Clara's wakeful shuddering ear.

The head servant—on whose lately insolent demeanor compassion for his mistress seemed to have worked a pitying change—had gone out at her earnest entreaty, armed with a torch in one hand, and their sole weapon, the gun before-mentioned, in the other, to fetch water from a spring, to moisten the lips which the thirst of disease and death was parching into agony. The two other Hindoos had stationed themselves outside the cavern, to feed with unslumbering vigilance the fire at its entrance on which their safety depended; and Clara was thus alone with the well-nigh insensible relics of all she had loved so madly—nay, still at this moment loved, through unworthiness and neglect; for whose immortal part, fast flitting to its dread account, the long-polluted echoes of this heathen fane were waked that livelong night with many a Christian prayer.

She prayed too for herself—for pardon for the past, and guidance for the future—and for that special guardianship of the widow, which she felt it would soon be hers to claim from Heaven alone. Relations in India she had none; and from the friends of her father, alienated no doubt by her unfeeling conduct, what had she to expect but reproaches or avoidance?

In such orisons and such reflections the long night was spent. With the last expiring torch of her store, the flickering gleam of life she yet watched over was gradually extinguished.

Appalled by the prolonged sound of the last sigh of mortality in such a scene and hour, and oppressed by a sense of invincible terror, Clara fled to the entrance of the cave, to call the slumbering attendants, and breathe a moment the invigorating morning air.

The transition seemed as to paradise, from the sickly atmosphere of that murky cavern, to the sparkling beauty of Eastern sunrise—beneath hills, clothed to their airy summits with odoriferous shrubs, and amid a forest whose waving branches were spangled with diamond dew-drops, and gemmed with birds of every rainbow hue, whose matin song, if inferior in harmony to that of the choristers of Europe, yet repaid in wildness and variety the absence of her native melodies.

The contrast was overpowering, from the stillness of desolation and mortality within to the flush of vegetation and tumult of life without; and Clara would have shrunk in natural revulsion of feeling from a gayety so discordant, had she not recoiled in real alarm at the unaccountable absence of the servants, and the glimpse—for it was no more—which she caught of a wild-looking native in the savage garb of the hill country, armed not only with their peculiar bow and arrows, but a formidable glittering *creese* or dagger—who was loitering, in lieu of her scared attendants, beside the embers of their abandoned fire.

Clara now gave herself up for lost; and prayed fervently for escape from the worse than death and pillage which perhaps awaited her. She had thrown herself on the body of her husband—partly from inextinguishable remains of affection, partly from the hope of protection even his inanimate remains might afford—when the sound of cheerful European voices gave rise to another rush of emotions, as overwhelming as the sense of utter abandonment which preceded.

The cave was, even in the brilliancy of morning, too dimly lighted to be at once explored by eyes fresh from the glare without; and two Europeans, a gentleman and his servant, attended by several natives, had advanced some way into it, ere they perceived, with an astonishment better to be conceived than expressed, the melancholy spectacle exhibited by the dead English officer,

and the scarce less pallid being by whom he was in death convulsively embraced.

An exclamation from the leader of the party smote, like a knell of judgment, on the ear, while it yet involuntarily spoke comfort to the heart of poor Clara. It was the voice of the rejected, long-forgotten Courtenay, whom Providence, at this her greatest need, had sent, at once to humble and console her ! It came associated with all the now embittered, yet ever cherished, memories of her home and father ;—and for the first time during her brief, but intense agony, she found relief in tears.

The runaway servants, reassured by the presence of the stranger's numerous retinue, now came in ; the one who had gone for water, with a tale, probable enough to be true, of such pressing danger in the dusk from tigers, as left him no alternative but to remain in a tall tree until daylight ; the others, (whom similar fears had basely withdrawn from their watch, careless of the fate of the helpless pair within,) from the river, whither they pretended to have but just gone to ascertain the fate of the boatmen.

One thing only was evident—that the fair sufferer within had been basely deserted by cowardly menials, and that she must be rescued from hands so unworthy of confidence. This resolution, so inevitable in a Briton and a countryman, was adopted by Courtenay before even a suspicion crossed him of ever having seen its object. But when, slowly rising like a spectre from the rude bier of her once gay, handsome bridegroom, Clara Mandeville stood before him, with dishevelled hair, and speech rendered incoherent by the rapid events and torturing anxieties of the last twenty-four hours, and implored him, as her father's friend, to lay her husband in a Christian grave—the firmness which had never before deserted him fairly gave way to emotions the most complicated and painful. Pity, however, and sympathy of the tenderest kind, of course predominated ; and, after insisting on bearing her

out of the dismal cave into the morning breeze, and preparing for her a couch of fresh boughs under the impervious shade of a huge banian tree, her heaven-sent protector lost not a moment in making the more melancholy arrangements, which the climate rendered indispensable, for the speedy and honourable interment of his once-envied rival.

The nearest settlement was too distant to admit of the removal thither of the senseless remains; and when, in absence of the beautiful burial service of the liturgy, its most affecting portion (the fourteenth chapter of Corinthians) was read over them by the deep, mild voice of Courtenay, from the Bible (hastily procured from his boat) which, since first placed by a mother's hand amid his slender boyish wardrobe, had been his inseparable companion through life—even the heart of a wife felt no lack of a holier ritual, or a more soothing ministry!

The place of sepulture chosen was the cave itself, both as less exposed to the depredations of wild animals, and more easily identified in memory than a nameless spot in a trackless forest; and a slab of rock, which Nature herself had detached, formed an appropriate grave-stone.

When the last sad duties to the dead were completed, the next thought of Courtenay was for the comfort of the survivor. Gladly would he have been her escort to Calcutta, whither, no doubt, she might wish to proceed, but duty called him in a precisely opposite direction; and to allow her to perform the long-remaining voyage with none but native attendants of such doubtful fidelity, was not for a moment to be thought of.

Through the medium of a billet, as delicacy forbade his personal intrusion, he requested her permission to precede her, by a few hours, to the nearest military station up the river, and to prepare, for her cordial reception, the lady of the commandant, a particular friend of his own; to which he added, partly from consider-



Sculpsit. Rosa pinx.

SOLDIERS GAMBLING.



ation for her superior accommodation, but chiefly from distrust of her native servants, the proposal of an exchange of boats, by which he should be enabled to leave her in charge of his own tried and obsequious domestics.

To all this, the humbled, heart-broken Clara could only signify her tearful acquiescence. Her nerves and spirits shrunk alike from the perils of the voyage to Calcutta, and from a return to that scene of her giddy triumphs and ill-starred marriage. Placing herself, therefore, implicitly under the guidance of one whom she considered as her dear father's delegated representative, she saw him depart, and sunk at length, surrounded by a guard of vigilant defenders, into a long slumber of exhaustion.

On her awaking, she was conducted, with the respect a princess might have commanded, to the spacious barge of office, fitted up with every eastern luxury, in which Courtenay had embarked on a tour of inspection into some reported abuses in the collection of the revenue in the upper provinces. How strange and complicated were her feelings while taking possession of a state and accommodation which might, but for her own rashness, have been legitimately hers!

Engrossed as she was by more painful and pressing anxieties, two objects in the cabin riveted her attention,—the simple book-shelf whence had hastily been snatched (from amid comrades worthy of itself) the Bible used in the late sad funeral rites, and—sharper than a thousand daggers—the picture of her dear, lost, too indulgent father! She gazed on it till her brain wavered, and her heart melted beneath its melancholy smile—then kissing it with frantic self-upbraiding, rushed upon deck for air.

Daily, during the three days' tedious passage up-stream to M——, did she revisit, with mingled emotions, this cherished likeness; and there, under the deep teaching of Affliction and Religion, did she forever abjure the follies which had grieved a

parent, and the sentiments which had given rise to them. To live henceforward as would have pleased her father, for others, not herself, was her inalienable resolution; and as it was made in pious diffidence, it was registered at a higher tribunal, and, in the strength of a higher power, maintained!

As the first step of merited self-abasement, Clara resolved to accept the charitable good offices of Courtenay and his female friend, in the spirit in which they were tendered, with no rebellious feelings of pride, but simple, unmixed gratitude to Heaven and its appointed agents. This feeling and her recent grief, imparted to her manner such a touching and unaffected humility, that Mrs. G——, who had remembered, but to dread or despise, the silly, undutiful Clara Mandeville, felt disposed to take to her heart, as well as home, the chastened, saddened Mrs. Brazon.

Courtenay, whom instinctive delicacy still taught to defer their meeting, only awaited the arrival of his own boat to proceed on his mission; on his return from which, in about five months, he hoped to be permitted to see his old friend's daughter in safety to Calcutta, or whithersoever else she should wish to be escorted. Till then, she was the bespoken, and soon deeply-endearred guest, of the wife of the commandant at M——, in whose valuable society (for she declined all other) her tardy mental education was at length perfected.

A life of regularity and peace, while the past was disarmed of its sting by present piety and virtuous resolve for the future, soon brought again the charm, if not the bloom, of beauty to Clara's faded cheek. The widow's dress, so trying to most styles of countenance, harmonized, as though designed for it, with the meek Madonna expression which had supplanted the saucy smile so tantalizing in former days to the infatuated Courtenay. When she smiled now, that smile was irresistible—it seemed a tribute gently yielded

to some pleasurable feeling in others, which the fair smiler had herself forever, though calmly and unostentatiously, abjured.

Such was Clara, when, at the end of some months longer than he had anticipated, Courtenay announced his approaching arrival at M——. This event compelled her to come to some determination regarding her future projects. To remain with her kind friend at M——, however tempting, was not to be indulged in; and the fittest task which the now sedulously cultivated benevolent feelings of Clara could suggest—was the devotion of her society and attentions to soothe the declining years of a maiden sister of her father's, whom she remembered as having been kind to her childhood, when in England. To this old lady, her scanty pension would prevent her being a burden, while her resemblance to her father would render every trial which age or infirmity might impose, comparatively light.

This resolution, formed and communicated to Mrs. G—— before Mr. Courtenay arrived, enabled Clara to encounter, with more fortitude and less of embarrassment, a meeting so fraught with painful reminiscences. Courtenay struggled less successfully for composure—especially since her wonderful return to her former self (the saucy smile and laughing eye excepted) brought Calcutta, rather than the Cave of R——, before his unprepared mind's eye.

There was that in the demeanour of both—in their ill-concealed confusion, and incoherent inquiries, and evident fear of any, save the commonest, topics—which convinced Mrs. G—— that all would end as it should do, in the triumph of a virtuous, steady attachment, over painful recollections and honest scruples, and a genuine sense of disparity, no longer in years, but in worth and merit. This induced her to venture on the present detention of the letter actually written by Clara, to old Aunt Mandeville in England, and to sanction by her presence, in quality of chaperon,

the voyage of Mrs. Brabazon, under the escort of Courtenay, to Calcutta.

When abreast of the Cave of R——, natural feelings prompted poor Clara to wish to revisit it; and the wish was too amiable to find opposers in either Courtenay or Mrs. G——. While repassing, cheered by such friendly supporters, the well-remembered jungle, which she had so despairingly traversed only a short year before, Clara's heart swelled with gratitude, as well as with the emotion inseparable from the abrupt dissolution of ties so close, however uncongenial.

It was a satisfaction to the latter feeling to find the grave and its rude tombstone undisturbed; nay more, a private order from Courtenay had graced it with a plain inscription, commemorating the decease at this romantic spot of a youthful British officer. For whom this delicate tribute was in reality destined, it was not difficult to divine. It was felt and acknowledged with such a sweet mixture of grace and confusion, that Mrs. G——, one of those strong-minded, straightforward persons who, by abjuring false delicacy, often so discreetly cut the Gordian knots which finer natures find it difficult to untie—took a hand of each, and said, with a solemnity of manner suitable to the scene and circumstances—"My dear friends! Strange as may seem to you the place and time I have rather availed myself of than chosen—I do not know that earth could, after all, afford a fitter—for the one to express, or the other to avow, sentiments to which on one side at least, this cavern and its incidents gave birth. Yonder grave has closed over an ill-starred union. If spirits partake our feelings, and any thing could add a drop of gladness to the bliss of Clara's sainted father—it would be seeing her faith plighted, and heart devoted to one, who has wasted in devotion to her the best years of his life, and who can ill afford to yield to punctilio and etiquette a share of its remaining happiness.

"That you, Courtenay, love, and have ever loved, Clara, your joyless, solitary condition, so foreign from your nature, may amply convince her. That she esteems, nay, I might on any other spot be tempted to say, loves you—that blush and downcast eye save her the effort of denying. Here, then, where first your fates were strangely joined by Providence on earth, let them be finally united for Eternity! The voice from yonder grave, far from reproving, would bless and sanction the union. It is not pure kind love like yours that need shrink from the awful presence of the dead. From that of the living, now that the ice is broken, and my office done—I will release you."

So saying, this singular woman walked to the mouth of the cave, where she was soon followed by those, whose streaming eyes if not their lips, thanked her, for smoothing their path to mutual happiness.

My tale is at an end.—Years after these events, I saw Clara in England, the happy, honoured wife of the man of her father's choice: and as I contrasted him with the being her own rash preference had well-nigh linked to her for life, I ended, as I began, by surmising, that parents might sometimes, if not always, be the best judges of their children's happiness!

GREEK PATRIOTS.

BY GEORGE CROLY.

SHOUT for the mighty men
 Who died along this shore,
Who died within this mountain's glen !
For never nobler chieftian's head
Was laid on valour's crimson bed,
 Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ !

Shout for the mighty men
 Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rushed, a storm of sword and spear
 Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand
To chasten or to crush a land !



But there are none to hear—

Greece is a hopeless slave.

Leonidas ! no hand is near

To lift thy fiery falchion now ;

No warrior makes the warrior's vow

Upon thy sea-washed grave.

The voice that should be raised by men,

Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given !—the surge,

The tree, the rock, the sand

On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,

In sounds that speak but to the free,

The memory of thine and thee !

The vision of thy band

Still gleams within the glorious dell

Where their gore hallowed as it fell !

And is thy grandeur done ?

Mother of men like these !

Has not thy outcry gone

Where Justice has an ear to hear ?—

Be holy ! God shall guide thy spear,

Till in thy crimsoned seas

Are plunged the chain and scimitar.

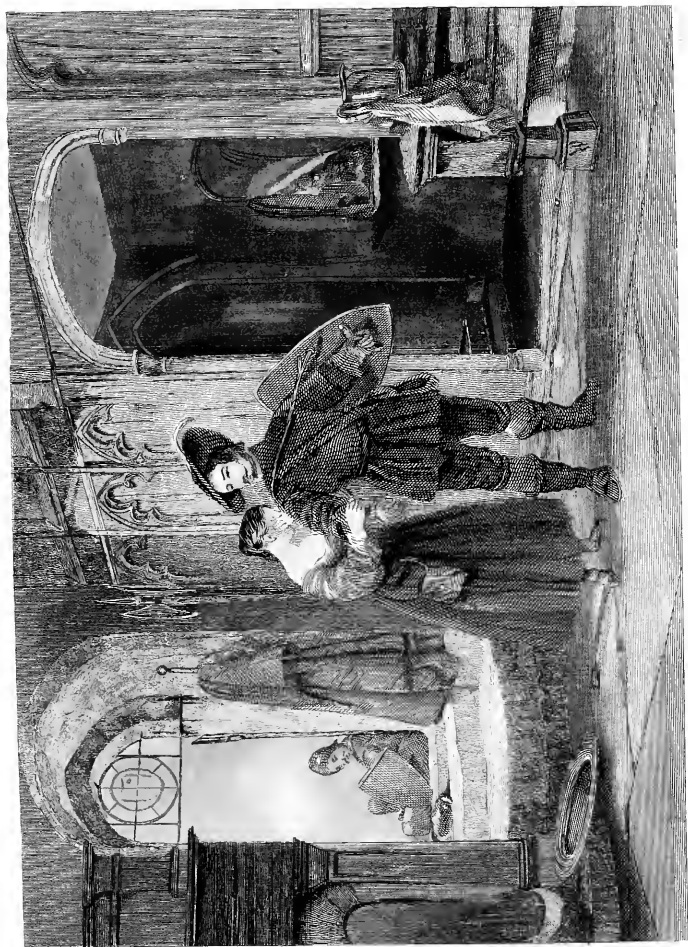
Greece shall be a new-born star !

THE PARTING.

BY W. M. COWELL.

Oh, doubt me not, lady,
But trust to the vow
That never was plighted
To maiden till now :
My faith ne'er was broken,
My crest has no stain ;
And, whilst this life lingers
Still true I remain.

Oh lady, dear lady,
I may not delay ;
Yon tide which now rises
Must bear me away.
O grant me some token,
One lock of thy hair,
Which vies with the sable,
So glossy and fair.



THE MAN AND THE WOMAN

'Tis granted ! 'tis granted !
Now soon shalt thou see
My bark's gallant pinions
Spread over the sea :
And soon that fair ringlet
My banner shall braid,
'Midst the proud ones that brighten
The holy crusade.

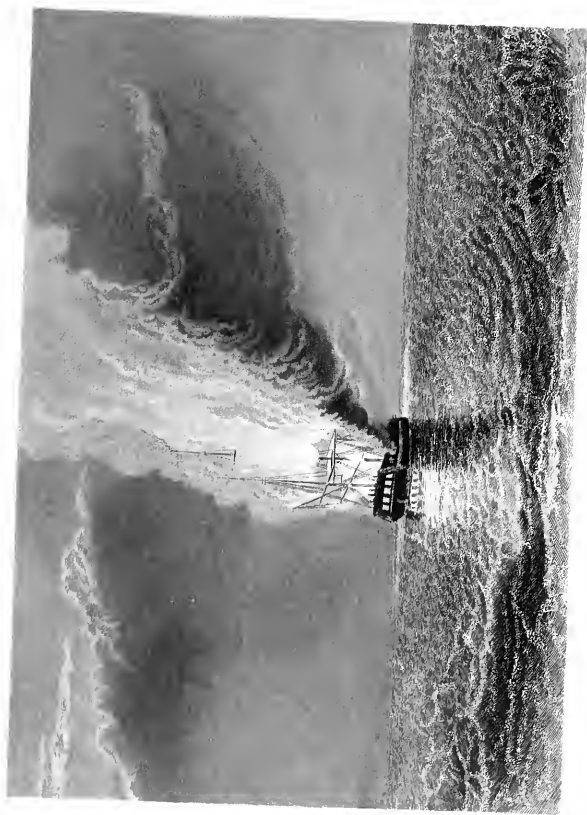
Farewell, then, dear lady,
Farewell, then, awhile ;
Long shall memory dwell
On the bliss of thy smile :
Thy bright eyes shall guide me,
Through peril and pain,
To thee and my country
In safety again.

THE BURNING SHIP.

BY GEORGE HUME.

CALMNESS was on the summer sea,
Its breast as heaven was bright,
The good ship bore on gallantly,
Laving its sides with light.
The land put on the sky's rich hue,
Waxed cloudlike, beautiful, and dim,—
Fainter, and fainter, still it grew
Into the gold-enamelled blue,
Which shaded from the summit's rim.

Night closed about the ship; no sound
Save of the plashing sea
Was heard; the waters all around
Murmured so pleasantly,
You would have thought the mermaids sang
Down in their coral caves;
So softly, and so sweetly rang
The music of the waves.



Slowly the watch paced o'er the deck,
 Humming some joyous air ;
How could he in such calmness reck
 The coming of despair !
The good ship bore on steadily,
Through the faint murmurs of the sea.

But hark ! The night is startled by a scream,
 Is it some lonely sea-mew overhead ?
Smoke rolls up darkly from the hold, a gleam
 Athwart the wide-spread swan-wing sails is shed ;
It stretches round a blazing pyramid,
Burning up the darkness with a lurid red.

The breaking billows catch the light,
 And roll it far into the night
Fainter, and fainter, still they grow,
 As sinks the fierce devouring glow.
The masts amid a fiery rain,
Fall hissing in the tranquil main,
 The fire upon the ship burns low.

The sun from out the eastern sea
 Comes diademed with light,
The waves upleaping in the lea,
 Are in his splendor bright ;
And drifting slowly onward, lo !
A blackened hull is left to show
 The horrors of the night.

THE POLISH MOTHER ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BY W. M. HETHERINGTON, A.M.

HERE rest thy dead ! silent and deep,
And dark and narrow is their home ;
Here will they lonesome vigil keep,
Waiting until the living come :
Morn dawns not in its beauty here,
No lustre noonday suns can shed,
No star-beams through the dim night peer
That wraps the cheerless dead.

First was thy chieft of daring breast,
Of lofty brow, and kindling eye ;
Who bore the flaming meteor crest
That burst the battle's lurid sky.
Oh Warrior ! doff thine eagle plume,
Resign thy war steed, brand and spear ;
Disarmed, imprisoned in the tomb,
Thou liest stiffening here.



The - Bishop - Bishop

Thy son, a youth of gentle breast,
One fond to roam by rippling streams,
With love's delicious woes opprest,
And haunted with fantastic dreams.
Shake his loved image from thine heart,
Dreamer ! he shares his father's fate !
Struck down by no soft Cupid's dart,
But by fierce hate !

Woman ! fond mother ! tender wife !
The dearest form of mortal birth ;
Sweet soother of poor human life,
Fair angel of the happy hearth ;
O matron grave ! O widow drear !
Before so cherished, now so lone,
The dead beloved await thee here—
The grave will have its own !

Thou, too, bright blooming beauty ! thou,
The load-star of a thousand eyes !
That liquid eye, that marble brow,
That cheek where smile morn's loveliest dies.
O veil those charms ! thou too must share
The bitter, agonizing gloom !
Thy father, brother, where are they ?
They wait thee in the tomb !

Here rest the dead ! here wait the hour,
When the last sob of living breath
Shall pass away beneath the power
Of that grim phantom, mightiest Death.

They rest in hope, waiting till He
Who died, and lives for aye, shall come,
To give them immortality,
And call them to His home.



NANETTE, THE INNKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

BY T. ANNIE FROST.

THE inn where my heroine was born and lived was the only one in the neighbourhood of the town of C——; it stood about half a mile out of the town, and was a famous place of resort for the young people who wished to have riding, shooting, or fishing parties. Looking from the windows of the house, you could fancy, so wild and picturesque was the scenery all round, that you were miles away from any house; but if you left the building, and climbed the hill directly east of it, you could see the town of C—— lying below you.

Joseph Langdon, or, as he was generally called, Old Joe Langdon, had owned the inn since the death of his father, who was the former landlord. Here he had brought his wife home; here his only child, Nanette, was born; here his wife had died, and here he hoped himself to die. Just at the time my story opens, there was not a happier man alive than Joe. His inn was in a flourishing condition, with a new sign swinging from the door, and the old name, "Fox Hunt," blazoned on it in letters an inch long. His pretty daughter had completed the education he had given

her in a boarding-school in C——, and had returned home to pet her old father to his heart's content; and Joe, to complete his state of felicity, had just received notice that a party of young ladies and gentlemen from Squire Oldfield's mansion were coming down next day, to spend the day in riding and hunting, and would stop at his house for both luncheon and dinner.

"Now, Nanette, lass, shy round. Are you sure all is in order for the hunting party?"

"Yes, father."

"You see, Nanette, this is a fine company. There is Squire Oldfield's son, Mr. Harry, and his sister, Miss Kate, and there are many more, and to be sure there is a lord among them, Lord Herbert Adair, that they say is after Miss Kate."

"Well, father, all is ready; and now come out upon the porch, and we can chat together. Who is Lord Adair, papa?"

"Why, he's a great lord, Nanette, young and handsome, and very rich; and they say his mother and Squire Oldfield's lady were very intimate when they were young, and they wanted Lord Herbert to marry Miss Kate. The young folks haven't seen one another yet, but his lordship is to come down here to-morrow to meet them, and as they are both so young and handsome, why of course they will fall in love the first thing. Now, Nanette, sing to me while I smoke."

Nanette stood upon the porch of the little inn, and leaning against one of the pillars, began to sing. A prima donna might have envied that young girl's voice. It was clear and most melodious, and every note of the simple ballad she warbled was true and full. She made a very pretty picture, this little Nanette, as she stood there singing to her old father. The last rays of the sinking sun fell upon her rich chestnut hair, her round white shoulders, and arms, and threw out the colours of her pretty gay dress, which was short enough to give a glimpse of a most dainty

little foot, cased in a neat black boot. The long green branches and bright flowers of a red rose twined round the pillar against which she leaned, and the whole effect was very fascinating. There were two people who thought so; one was Joe himself, as he lazily watched and listened; the other was a horseman, who had stopped his steed near the inn, and, unperceived by the group on the porch, was waiting a pause in the song to speak to the landlord. He was a young, handsome man, the rider, and evidently had an eye for beauty.

"Now, Nanette, sing one of the songs you learned at the school."

"Whew!" said the rider, in an under tone, as Nanette sang the first notes of the *brindisi* from *Macbeth*, "Now for murder!"

No such thing, Sir Critic. As the last note died upon the air, the young man struck his hands together, crying—

"Bravo! I beg your pardon," he added, seeing the surprise his appearance occasioned; "I have been here some time, but I could not make up my mind to interrupt such heavenly sounds."

The landlord was up, bowing, and Nanette had vanished before this speech was half finished. Giving his horse to a hostler, and ordering a private room, pen, ink, and paper, the traveller entered the inn. After supper was served and eaten, he drew up his chair to the table, and began to write.

"DEAR GEORGE: Here I am, at the 'Fox Hunt,' as I told you I should be when I left you. I arrived here about an hour ago, and disturbed, at her song, the most lovely——; but never mind that now. Come down as soon as you can. The party from the Squire's will be here to-morrow, and then I shall present Lord Adair's regrets for his absence, and introduce to their notice

"Yours, Truly,

"HERBERT GAY, *Artist*."

"TO HON. GEO. SAYAGE."

The next morning quite early, the hunting party came down

to the 'Fox Hunt.' Mr. Gay presented his letters of introduction to Squire Oldfield, and was politely requested to join the hunting party.

"It must be nice to be rich and powerful," thought Nanette, as she saw the deference with which Mr. Gay assisted Kate Oldfield from her saddle to the ground, and marked the low bow with which he gave her his arm.

"He called me Nanette, this morning, just as if I were a servant," was her next thought. "How handsome he is, and what a pleasant voice he had! Nanette is a pretty name, as he says it."

"Nanette! Nanette! where are you?"

"Coming, father!" And the young girl hastened down stairs to assist her father in waiting upon his guests. As she was passing through the hall, she met Miss Oldfield, who had torn her habit, and was on her way up stairs to repair the mischief.

"Here, my girl," she said, rather haughtily, as Nanette passed her, "come with me and mend this rent."

Nanette followed the handsome brunette, who was evidently in a bad humour. She was still seated on the low stool beside her, at work upon the habit, when Harry Oldfield, Miss Kate's brother, joined them.

"Come, Kate; they are all waiting for you."

"Let them wait."

"I tell you what it is, Kate," said the young man, "I would not let them see how mad I was about Lord Adair's absence, if I were you. He has sent a very handsome substitute, and if his excuse is true, why I am sure it is a good one."

"Important business! Fudge, as if his agent could not transact his *business*. He will meet a cool reception when he *does* come."

"*Prenez garde!* You may lose him altogether. Do be agree-



VIEW OF HUDSON CITY AND THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

able to his substitute, so that he will carry back a favourable report."

"If he comes here as a spy, he had better return. A poor artist! Doubtless he will be *paid* for his news."

Why did Nanette's cheek flush, and her fingers tremble? Surely the girl's sneering cold tone was nothing to *her*.

The hunting party started in fine spirits. In about two hours they returned, slowly and sadly as a funeral train. Nanette hastened to the door. Upon a rude litter, carried by four of the party, lay, apparently dead, the traveller who had the night before come to the inn.

"How did it happen?"

"Lent his own 'orse to another man," said the hostler, "and the borrowed one struck the upper bar of the first fence, and threw him over. The 'orse was killed, miss."

They carried him to the best room, sent for a surgeon, and Nanette lingered near the door while young Oldfield and another of the party tried to restore him to life. She hastened for any restorative they demanded, and at last, when the surgeon arrived, crept into the room to hear his verdict.

When George Savage arrived the next day, his friend was in a raving delirium. For days he hovered between life and death, and in all that time not one of the gay hunting party again came to the poor artist. Nanette was his nurse; her old aunt, who was very much interested in the poor young man, directed her and George Savage in their treatment of the invalid; and when the young man was again out of danger, and his friend had returned to London, Nanette and her aunt were left to take care of the stranger.

Young Gay, in his convalescence, made a study of Nanette; he was charmed with her gentle, tender care of him, and amazed at the fine cultivated mind the simple country maiden possessed.

When his friend Savage sent him poems and books from the city, and Nanette read them aloud to him, he was delighted with the depth of information her remarks displayed. In short, Mr. Herbert Gay was in love.

One morning Nanette was reading to him, in her rich melodious voice, from Miss Landon's Poems—

“It is a fearful thing
To love as I love thee ; to feel the world—
The bright, the beautiful, joy-giving world—
A blank without thee. Nevermore to me
Can hope, joy, fear, wear different seeming. Now,
I have no hope that does not dream for thee ;
I have no joy that is not shared by thee ;
I have no fear that does not dread for thee ;
All that I once took pleasure in—my lute,
Is only sweet when it repeats thy name ;
My flowers, I only gather them for thee ;
The book drops listless down, I cannot read,
Unless it is to thee.”

“Pshaw !” said Nanette, trying to laugh. “Has not your friend sent you something more interesting than this trash ?”

“Nanette,” said Herbert, looking full into her large dark eyes, “is it trash ? I think it is beautiful.”

What a brilliant colour the innkeeper's daughter did possess !

“Nanette, My own Nanette, I love you.”

Well, reader, you and I will just step out ; we are *de trop*.

A week or two later there was a very pathetic parting in the little room above the porch which Mr. Gay occupied.

“Good-night and good-by, Nanette ; I shall be off before you are up to-morrow ; I will write in a day or two, and soon return to claim you.”

The next morning Nanette was up very early. Had she not

to get her father's breakfast before he started to town? But, after her father had left, why did she not return to the house, instead of standing on the horse-block and talking to Larry, the handsome hostler, as he fed and watered White Surrey, Mr. Gay's horse? It was a beautiful horse, and Nanette evidently thought so; else, why did she stand stroking its mane, patting it, and once, when Larry was out of sight, pressing her lips to his broad white forehead. Mr. Gay was looking out of his window, and there was a pleased smile on his face when he noticed the action. He came down a few moments afterwards, booted and spurred, and though still pale and rather weak, in high spirits.

Nanette had a secret for her father's ear that night, and the old man said—

“Well, lass, if he'll prove he's a respectable man, and can support you,—why he's a liberal, whole-souled fellow, I think, and I suppose I must let you go.”

And Nanette, seated beside him, nestled close into his arms and sang her sweetest songs.

In a splendid apartment in one of the finest houses in London, young Herbert Gay is pacing rapidly up and down; an elderly lady seated on the sofa, is talking to him.

“Dear Herbert, I wish you would listen to reason. What will Kate say?”

“Kate! A cold-hearted girl, who saw me brought, dying, apparently, to a house within half a mile of her, and never sent to know if I survived my fall! I was a fellow-creature, at least.”

“But, my dear ——”

“Mother,” said Herbert, taking her hand, and seating himself beside her, “you do not know Nanette. She is no coarse, uneducated rustic. Any lady might be proud of her beauty and talents—and, mother, I firmly believe, if it had not been for her kind nursing, I should have died.”

"You did not send for me."

"No; until I was conscious, they did not know where to send. George came down by a former invitation, and I feared to tell you, lest, in spite of your feeble health, you would insist upon coming to me. Mother, you will consent to call Nanette daughter?"

It took more than one such coaxing to win her; but Herbert was her all in all, and finally she consented.

"My wife, my wife!" whispered a young man in a carriage driving through London streets one evening, and he drew his companion close to his heart. "Here we are, darling; and now my poor tired bird can rest."

They had been making the continental tour, and were coming home.

"Welcome, my daughter," said an elderly lady, pressing the traveller to her heart, "welcome, home!"

"Would your lordship like supper?" said a servant coming in.

"Lady Adair," said Herbert, gayly, "shall I order supper?"

"Lady Adair!" said Nanette.

"Why, Herbert," cried his mother, "have you never told her before?"

"Never. Yes, supper immediately," said Herbert, dismissing the man. "Why, dear, you look as terrified as if I had said I was a highwayman."

Nanette crept up close to him.

"Lord Adair or Mr. Gay," she whispered, "you are my Herbert still."



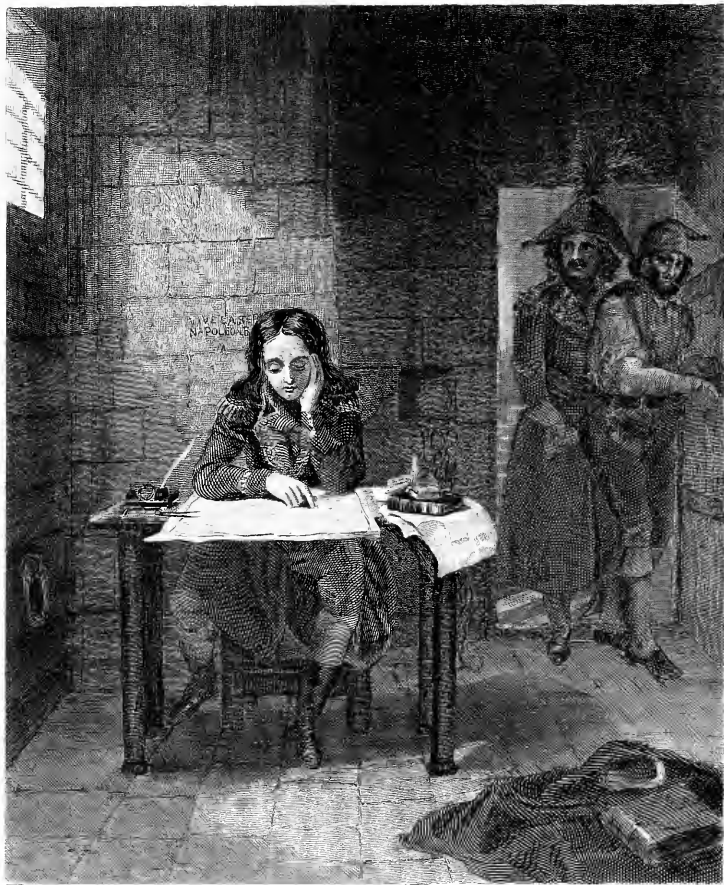
THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

BY CRABBE.

GWYN was a farmer, whom the farmers all,
Who dwelt around, the gentleman would call;
Whether in pure humility or pride,
They only knew and they would not decide.
Far different he from that dull plodding tribe,
Whom it was his amusement to describe;
Creatures no more enliven'd than a clod,
But treading still as their dull fathers trod;
Who lived in times when not a man had seen
Corn sown by drill, or thresh'd by a machine:
He was of those whose skill assigns the prize
For creatures fed in pens, and stalls, and sties;
And who, in places where improvers meet,
To fill the farm with fatness, had a seat;
Who in large mansions live like petty kings,
And speak of farms but as amusing things;
Who plans encourage, and who journals keep,
And talk with lords about a breed of sheep.

* * * * *

Who yearly finds his ample stores increase,
From fortune's favours and a favouring lease ;
Who rides his hunter, who his house adorns ;
Who drinks his wines, and his disbursements scorns ;
Who freely lives, and loves to show he can—
This is the farmer, made the gentleman.



NAPOLEON IN THE PRISON OF ST. HELENA, 1821.

NAPOLEON IN THE PRISON OF NICE.

The following extract from Abbott's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," gives a fair instance of the remarkable energy and activity of this great man. During the campaign in Nice, in 1794, Abbott says :

"The summer months rapidly passed away, while the French, upon the summit of the mountains, were fortifying their position to resist the attacks of a formidable body of Austrians and Piedmontese combining to displace them. Napoleon was still indefatigable in obtaining a familiar acquaintance with all the natural features of the country, in studying the modes of moving, governing, and provisioning armies, and eagerly watching for opportunities to work out his destiny of renown, for which he now began to believe that he was created.

"But suddenly he was arrested on the following extraordinary charge, and narrowly escaped losing his head on the guillotine. When Napoleon, during the preceding winter, was engaged in the fortification of the maritime frontier, he proposed repairing an old state prison at Marseilles, that it might serve as a powder magazine. His successor on that station proceeded to the execution of this plan, so evidently judicious. Some disaffected persons represented this officer to the Committee of Public Safety as build-

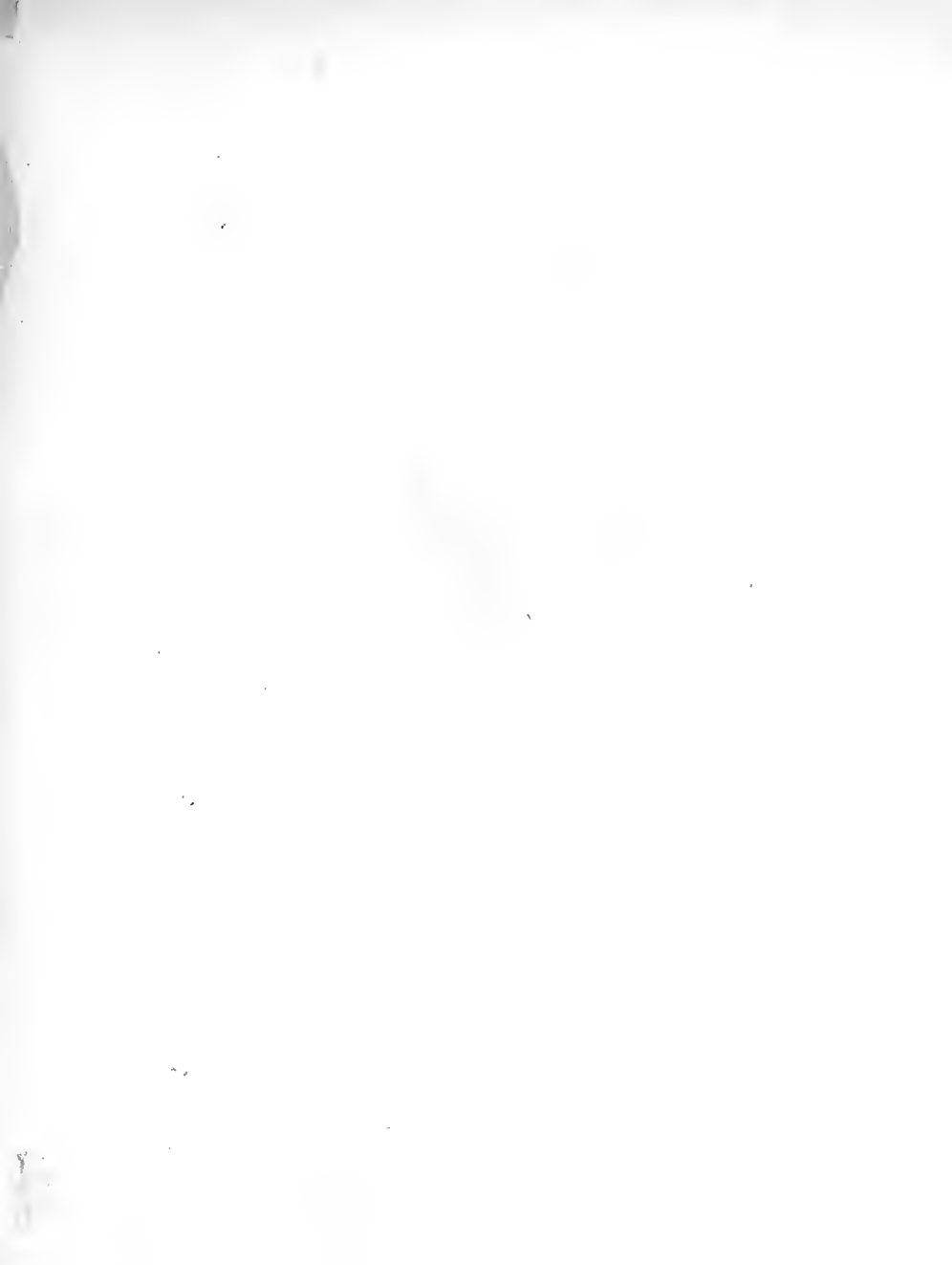
ing a second Bastile, in which to imprison patriotic citizens. He was accordingly at once arrested, and brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Here he so clearly proved that the plan was not his own, but that he was merely carrying out the suggestions of his predecessor, that he was released, and orders were sent for the arrest of Napoleon. He was seized, and for fifteen days held under arrest. An order, however, soon came from Paris for his release. An officer, entering his room a couple of hours after midnight to communicate the tidings, found, much to his astonishment, Napoleon dressed and seated at his table, with maps, books, and charts spread out before him.

“‘What!’ inquired his friend, ‘are you not in bed yet?’

“‘In bed!’ Napoleon replied, ‘I have had my sleep, and am already risen.’

“‘What! so early?’ the other rejoined.

“‘Yes,’ continued Napoleon, ‘so early. Two or three hours of sleep are enough for any man.’”





THE VALENTINE.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"So you have determined to go to New York this winter?"

The speaker was a man of some twenty-five years of age, who stood in the porch of a country house fifty miles from the great metropolis. By his side stood a young girl of about seventeen, a tall, graceful blonde, who was looking with a half sad air at the dead leaves scattered on the porch and garden walks.

"Yes, Ralph, I think I shall go. I have been all my life here at home, with only my books and music for recreation, and I want to see what life in the great city is like. Aunt Louise has kindly invited me to spend the winter with her, and father seems perfectly willing to have me go."

"We shall miss you sadly, Alice."

"But you will be glad to have me enjoy myself, will you not? And think, Ralph, what an accomplished young lady you will welcome home. Father wishes me to take music and singing lessons of the best masters, and auntie has undertaken to find also a good linguist for me to read with, though here I need no better teacher than you and my dear father."

"You will be very gay, too, Alice. Your aunt is very wealthy, is she not?"

"Yes, wealthy and childless, so I shall be petted to my heart's content. Come in; it is getting too chilly to stand here." And Alice went into the house.

Alice Holman's father was a physician, who had, some years before, on the death of his wife, left a lucrative practice in New York, to bury himself, his friends said, in the beautiful cottage in which he lived at the time our story opens. Alice was his only child, and his idol. Her education had been carefully conducted under his own eye, and though she perhaps lacked some of the lighter ladylike accomplishments, her mind was well stored with useful knowledge, and a better housekeeper it would have been hard to find. Ralph Goodall was the son of one of Dr. Holman's college friends, who, at his death, left his boy as the Doctor's ward and pupil. At the time we speak of, Dr. Goodall was Dr. Holman's active assistant.

Ralph and Alice had grown up together as brother and sister. When the lad first came to the Doctor's he found a little tottling girl, whose fair golden curls and large, soft blue eyes made him think of angels. No woman could have tended and cared for this pretty plaything with more gentle love than Ralph. Year after year this protecting fondness had grown stronger, till when the girl stood before him just passing the portal into womanhood. Ralph knew that with the whole strong force of his manly heart he loved his fair companion. Their intercourse was always frank and free, and he dreaded, by speaking his feelings, to break it. Alice looked upon him as upon an elder brother, and it was impossible to know whether a stronger love could usurp the place of the feeling she had had for him since childhood.

When Alice left him, Ralph stood for a while upon the porch, thinking; then he turned abruptly, and went into the house, into the Doctor's office. "Dr. Holman," he said, drawing his chair

up to the old gentleman's, "I wish, if you are not engaged, to speak to you."

"Well, Ralph," was the reply, "what have you to say?"

"Alice is going into the city, she tells me, to spend the winter."

"Yes, yes! I don't want much to send her, but sister Louise says she needs polishing, and perhaps she does. You and I are but rough teachers for a young girl."

"Polishing!" said Ralph, bitterly. "That means to turn her frank, joyous laugh into a meaningless smirk, to exchange her free, graceful step for a sliding walk, to turn her from a frank, loving girl into an affected coquette. I saw enough of city belles in the winters during which I attended the medical lectures."

"Well, well, boy, it is only for one winter."

"Dr. Holman," said Ralph, earnestly, "you have known me from my boyhood; do you think I could make Alice happy? Would you trust her with me as my wife, for I love her?"

"Willingly! Ah, you think this was a great secret, but I saw it. If I had not been willing to give up Alice to you, I should have sent her away long ago. I saw you loved her."

"And may I speak to her?" asked the young man, joyfully.

"Wait awhile! wait awhile! She is very young yet. Let her go to the city free, and when she comes back, perhaps—"

"Perhaps!"

"Well, well, certainly. You may ask her when she comes back. Don't say anything now."

Ralph left the office only half satisfied; but the warm smile of welcome, the gentle chiding for leaving her so long, that Alice greeted him with, reassured him.

A few weeks later, the three were assembled in the porch again. Before the door stood a carriage laden with baggage, and Alice's travelling-dress showed that she was starting on a journey.

Ralph was to take her to New York. The last kiss was given, and, with a dreary aching at his heart, Dr. Holman saw them drive off.

Many times during that pleasant journey Ralph's words of love rose to his lips, but, respecting her father's wishes, died there. The tears and warm caresses with which she bade him farewell at her aunt's made his heart beat high with hope. Surely, surely, she loved him.

"Why, Alice," said her aunt, as she took off the bonnet and cloak, "how you have grown! and bless me, child, how pretty you are!" There was a blush. "Did no one ever tell you so before?"

Alice shook her head.

"Well, you *have* lived among savages. *N'importe*, you will be told often enough now. Open your trunks. This dress is five years old in cut. Have you nothing newer? White muslin! Sweet simplicity, what is white muslin for in winter?"

"I thought it would do if I went to any parties."

"What! with high neck and long sleeves? O no! we must refit your wardrobe. We will go shopping to-morrow. Not a word; you are my child, now. Hark! there is your Uncle James."

Alice darted from the room to meet her uncle, and in another hour she felt completely at home. Uncle and aunt seemed to strive to see which could make the young girl most welcome.

"Now," said Mrs. Stirling, when they were all seated at the tea-table, "we must give a large party here first, to introduce you to society. You can dance?"

"O yes," said Alice; "Ralph is in the city for a few weeks every winter, purchasing books and medicines for father, and he always teaches me the new dances when he comes home."

"Excellent! Ah, by the way, Ralph—is there any danger of

his carrying away my rose-bud? You don't look very conscious, rather amazed, in fact. Well, well, I don't mean anything. Now, about this party."

"But, auntie, I—ain't I putting you to a great deal of trouble?"

"Trouble! No, my dear. I give parties every winter, and this season all my young friends are crazy to be introduced to the niece I have promised to bring out. Oh, there is Easton!" And she rose to welcome the new comer.

"Alice, there is your Uncle James' nephew, just returned from Europe. Easton, this is my niece. Mr. Stirling, Miss Holman. Nay, though, as we are all one family, Alice, Easton, drop the Miss and Mr."

"I am most happy to welcome you here," said the young man, bowing. "We are cousins, are we not, Aunt Louise?"

"Yes, cousins! Take Alice to the drawing-room. I want to speak to your uncle, without two chattering children in the room. Go," and she playfully opened the door, and motioned them away.

"I am so glad you have come," said Easton, warmly, as he placed a chair for her near the fireplace. "Auntie has been telling me every day since I came home, of this pleasure in store."

"She let me have the full benefit of a surprise," said Alice. "I did not even know Uncle James had such a relative. We have lived very secluded in our country home, and I hope to find many new relatives this winter of whose existence I am, as yet, ignorant. You have been in Europe, lately?"

"Yes, for the last five years. I am very glad to be at home again, if, indeed, a hotel can be called a home. Auntie wants me to come here to live. I think now," and he gave her a meaning glance, "I shall."

"It would be very pleasant," said Alice, simply. "I have always had Ralph at home, and you can take his place."

"Pray, who is Ralph?"

"My adopted brother."

"Be it so, then. Remember, for this winter I am your adopted brother, and you are to call upon me for all a brother's services. I am to be your escort, whenever you want one."

"I am afraid your sister will prove a troublesome one, for I am a perfect novice here, and must see everything."

"What are you discussing so earnestly?" said Mrs. Stirling, gayly, entering.

"Aunt Louise! Alice—she said I must say Alice—has adopted me for her brother."

"Yes, Mr. Stirling," said Alice.

"Easton!" said the young man; "my name is Easton."

"Well, Easton," said Alice, with the prettiest color imaginable stealing into her cheeks, "is to be my cavalier for the winter."

"We old folks, then, are to be cut out," grumbled Mr. Stirling, joining the group.

"O uncle!" said Alice, springing up and caressing him.

"Not fair; a monopoly," cried Easton.

"Be quiet, sir," said Mr. Stirling; "I will allow you to escort my niece, but I will take the caressing off your hands."

The evening passed in gay, pleasant conversation; at an early hour the little party broke up.

Alice cordially assured Mrs. Stirling that her new brother was delightful, and Easton concluded that there was no beauty so lovely as blonde beauty after all.

The evening came for the party, Alice's first party in the city. Easton came early, to bring a bouquet of choice flowers to the *débutante*, and he stood amazed before the smiling girl who received them. He had thought her beautiful in the close-fitting, dark merino dress she had always worn, but now she was radiant. She wore a dress of white silk, cut to leave the snowy arms and

shoulders bare, and it was covered with the finest, softest white lace. Her hair, falling in a profusion of curls, had a few half-blown white roses twisted in it, and pearls decorated the throat and arms.

"Why, Easton!" she said, gayly, turning round before him; "how you look at me! Do I look nice?"

"Nice! You are bewilderingly lovely."

"Oh, indeed! Take care! I am not accustomed to city compliments, and I may be in danger of believing them. Now, Easton, tell me if I do anything very awkward, will you not?"

"My office will be a sinecure," was the reply. "Remember you are engaged to me for the first of each dance; I will teach you the quadrilles."

"O yes, I never danced one. Ralph could teach me the dances for two, because we had no others to form a set."

"Ralph! Ralph! everything is Ralph!" muttered the young man.

The rooms were soon filled, and our young rustic found herself, amongst many beautiful girls, the queen of the evening. With singular modesty she attributed this to the fact of her being a stranger and in her aunt's house, the guest of the hostess. As everything was new to her, she entered with joyous grace into all the amusements. Her low, ringing laugh, and sweet earnest pleasure in every dance or musical performance, were in charming contrast to the air of *ennui* the city belles round her assumed.

It was over at last. The last guest had departed, and Easton was the only one left of all the brilliant throng.

"Was it not delightful?" said Alice, dancing up to him.

"Yes; I am glad you enjoyed it."

"Indeed I did. Oh Easton, what a lot of pretty girls there were! Did you notice the tall brunette, with the wreath of ivy?"

Was she not Juno-like? And that pretty, *piquant* little blonde in rose-color—did she not look good enough to eat?"

"There were several very handsome men, too," said Mrs. Stirling.

"None so handsome as Easton," said Alice, laughing. "Don't tell him I said so, though; it will make him vain."

"I might retaliate by comparing your charms with those around you," said Easton, with a bow down to the very ground.

A deep, sweeping courtesy was his answer, and the group broke up.

"I wonder if he really meant that," said Alice to herself, as she stood before her dressing-glass. "I wonder if he thinks I am beautiful. I don't care much for admiration, but I should like *him* to admire me. I did mean my share of the compliment. I contrasted him with all there, and there were none like him. What depth and intelligence there are in his eyes, and what a beautiful smile he has! I don't know whether it is not just as pleasant to sit down quietly, and hear him talk about Europe, as it is to figure in a party. I like to dance with him, though, he is so graceful, and he dances beautifully. I must write to Ralph about him. No, I won't, either; he will laugh at me. That reminds me, I have not written to Ralph for a week." And, being now ready for bed, Alice turned out the gas, and went to sleep, wondering whether Easton Stirling ever was in love, and who the lady was.

The winter passed in a round of gayety, and wherever Alice was seen, Easton was by her side. Opera, concert, party, anywhere she went, he claimed the brother's right to escort her, and she willingly granted it.

"Alice," said Mrs. Stirling, one morning, coming into her niece's room, "did you notice the lady who beckoned to Easton, at the opera, last evening?"





"In a pink dress?"

"Yes, with diamonds."

"I noticed her. She was very pretty," said Alice, checking a sigh. "He seemed pleased to go when she called him."

"That is Mary Loring, his cousin. Before he went to Europe, I thought they were engaged. They would make a handsome couple, wouldn't they?"

"Very."

"How hoarse you are! Have you taken cold? You are pale, too. Lie down for awhile; you are getting worn out with pleasure." And, with a fond kiss, Mrs. Stirling left her niece.

Alice locked the door after her, and then went to lie down, but she could not keep quiet. "Engaged to another! Well, what of that?" So her thoughts ran. "He never was made to love me, yet, yet, I—I— Alice, Alice, for shame! Have you given your love unsought?" And she paced the room, striving in vain to think of other things. A knock at the door aroused her.

"Mr. Stirling is in the parlour, ma'am."

She started; yet it was nothing strange; he was there *every* day. Yet there was a stiffness in her greeting, an embarrassed smile upon her lips that had never been there before.

"I have called to say farewell for a week," said Easton. "I am going to Philadelphia."

"I shall probably be at home before you return," said Alice. "I thought of returning next week."

"At home! I did not think of that; I thought you stayed till Spring."

"Well, it is now March. Is not that Spring?"

"I did not know you went so soon, though. I—you will not forget me, Alice?"

"Forget you?" and having made the involuntary exclamation, she paused, crimson with confusion.

"You will not; I feel sure you will not. We have spent many pleasant hours together, Alice?"

"Yes."

"Alice, why do you turn away? I want to ask you something. Will you give me something before I go?"

"I—I—"

"You will not promise. It is a priceless gift I ask, one I cannot be happy without. I want the greatest treasure you possess—your love. You start and tremble. Oh, Alice, I love you so warmly! Can you not love me? No answer!"

Alice turned her face to his, and he read his answer there; and, reader, you and I will take a little ramble in the Park, to return and find them betrothed.

"You will not go home till I return?" said Easton, as he left her.

"No."

"Then we can go together, and I will ask your father to give me the most precious thing he owns."

"That's modest," said a gay voice, and Aunt Louise came into the parlor. One glance told her that the dearest wish of her heart was gratified; and she warmly congratulated the blushing girl and happy young man.

"Why, Alice," said she, after he had gone, "what does he mean by persuading you to stay longer? You have said nothing about going home."

"It—it was what you said about his cousin." And a few happy tears sprang into Alice's eyes, as her aunt burst into a fit of laughing.

"So my ruse succeeded. I thought you had been courting long enough; so I bothered his head about Ralph, and yours about his cousin, and you see I have succeeded in bringing you to the point."

"Dear Ralph," said Alice, reproachfully, "I have not written to him for a month."

Spring came, and Alice returned to her country home—not alone. Easton went with her, and, when he left for his city home, Ralph knew that the dearest hope of his life was blighted. There was no change in his kind, gentle manner to the bright girl whose happiness seemed mocking his own despair; but Dr. Holman watched him carefully, pained to see him grow pale and thin. Easton Stirling was in every way worthy of Alice, and her father, seeing how truly she loved him, could not withhold his consent to their union, though he was disappointed in her choice. He had hoped to see her Ralph's wife.

In the warm summer months, when all nature was wearing her gayest attire, Alice's first grief came to her. Her father died suddenly of apoplexy. It was a bitter blow, the more keenly felt from coming so suddenly. Alice bowed under this load of sorrow with terrible grief. It was to Ralph she turned for the sympathy he so freely gave. He had been beside her from the moment her father was taken, and it was supported in Ralph's arms that he had breathed his last. It was Ralph who, silently laying aside his sad burden, turned to the weeping girl, to comfort her, and, with many tears added to her own, deplore the loss of him who had been his second father.

When Dr. Holman's affairs were examined, it was found that Alice was heiress to a large fortune, which had been accumulating through all these years of seclusion. The cottage was sold, and Alice went to her aunt's home, while Ralph, bidding her an affectionate farewell, started to visit the Old World. The associations in his old home were too sorrowful for him, and he left it.

Three years passed away, and, if we peep into the boudoir of a beautiful house in New York, we shall see Alice, the bride of a few weeks, seated in her arm-chair, looking over old letters. A

rose, playfully tossed to her by Easton, as he left her, is pressed against her lips, and she is looking at a valentine sent to her by Ralph the first winter she passed in the city. At first it is with a gay smile that she peruses it, but then her father's memory and Ralph's gentle tenderness come stealing across her mind, and a soft, sad light shines in her eyes. When first received, in her glad young girlhood, the lines seemed the commonplace admiration such documents always bring; but now, after lying three years in her desk, they come to her fraught with a new meaning. As she reads the outpouring of a full heart aching with love for her, the truth bursts upon her. Then, words, looks, actions, unheeded at the time, rise in her memory, and for the first time Alice knew of Ralph's love. Happy in her husband, her home, Alice can yet feel a tender, gentle pity for the heart, that, thus made desolate, has silently buried its grief in its own depths, and gone far away from the sight of her whom to love now would be a crime. With a low sigh of sympathy and a silent tear, Alice restored the valentine to its place and tried to forget it—no very difficult task. The love lavished upon her day after day by Easton never made her think of any other love. With no want ungratified, no love unfulfilled, the valentine and writer were soon put aside into the secondary place in her heart that Ralph had filled since she met Easton.

Two years more, and we again come to Easton and Alice. It was a mild day in June, and they were on their way home from a watering-place. The cars had stopped at a little village, and Easton had gone into the station-house to get water for the boy on Alice's lap, their only child, who was restless and heated with the long ride. The cars had started when he came from the station, but he sprang upon the platform of the last one; he missed his footing, fell. There was a moment's delay. The train stopped. Alice felt a hand upon her shoulder. She looked up,

expecting to see Easton, but a stranger stood beside her. "Madam," he said gently, "your husband has fallen; I fear he is injured. No"—and he took her by the arm, and looked directly into her face "no, you must not faint, you are needed."

"Give me the baby," said a lady beside her, taking the young Ralph in her arms.

"Where is he?" said Alice, standing up.

"Take my arm," said the gentleman; "I will take you to him."

He lay stretched upon the sofa in the little tavern near the station-house. Pale, insensible! Alice sprang to his side, calling upon him to speak to *her*.

"Alice," said the stranger, taking her hand again, "you must be calm."

She looked at him.

"Ralph! Oh, you are a doctor, a skilful one. Save my husband."

"Alice," said Easton, wildly opening his eyes, "Alice, where are you?"

"Here, here close beside you, Easton."

"Alice," the pale lips quivered, "kiss me!"

She bent over him, and kissed him, receiving, as she did so, his last breath.

As it had been when her father died, so it was then. Ralph was her comforter. He attended to the funeral, and took the widow to her Aunt Louise.

We will pass over the bitter agony of the young wife, whose sole joy lay now in her child. Ralph had returned from Europe, and was on his way to New York, in the train with Alice, when a cry of horror arrested him, and he stepped out upon the platform. Instantly, in the form borne past him, he had recognized Easton; and when some one asked for his wife, he had stepped

forward to find her. His delicate sympathy was Alice's greatest comfort. As the first bitter agony passed by, it was to her old friend, to Ralph, she turned for all advice. He was her boy's physician, and her own adopted brother again.

Alice had been a widow for three years, when one morning she was seated at a little table, writing; little Ralph, mounted upon a chair beside her, was tumbling over her papers in her desk, when suddenly he took one, saying—

“The picture, see, mamma, what a pretty picture!”

Alice looked up, to see her boy grasping the valentine sent years before by his namesake. With a feeling almost of reverence, she took it from him, and again perused the almost forgotten lines. Again the love in them stole upon her heart, but not as then to be laid aside, forgotten. She was still reading them, when a voice behind her said—

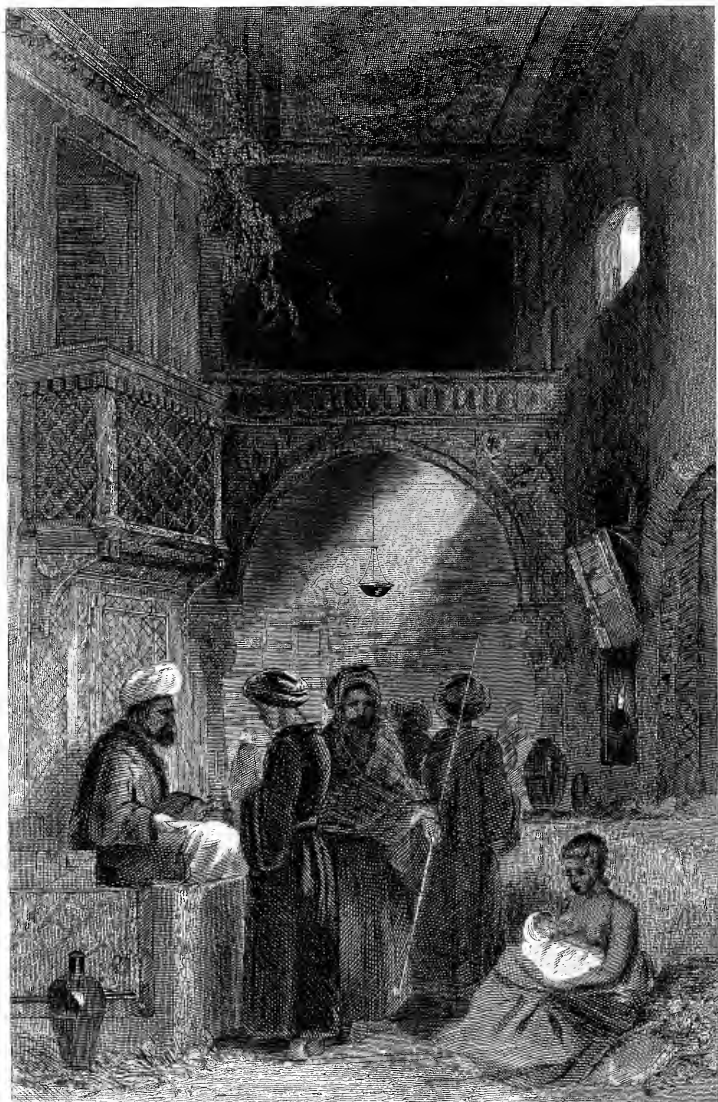
“Alice!”

She did not turn or answer.

“Alice, now, as then, my heart is all yours. I have loved you truly for long years. Alice, will you not speak?”

Tears, gentle, happy tears they were, rolled down the widow's cheeks, as she placed her hand in his, and little Ralph stole wonderingly up to know “what mamma was crying at the picture for.”

And Ralph's constant love at last met its reward.



THE OPTIC SELLER.

THE OPIUM SELLER.

THE following interesting account of the smoking of opium, is taken from "New York to Delhi" by Robert B. Minturn, Jr.

"Opium is not generally indulged in by a man alone. The effect of the drug is to excite the imagination and spirits to such an extent, that a companion is a sort of necessity to perfect enjoyment. The two companions who propose to indulge in a pipe, recline on a divan, supporting the body on the elbow, and resting the legs on a stool. Between them is a lamp, and two little pots of a decoction of opium, as thick as molasses. The opium pipe is generally made of reed, and is a hollow tube about eighteen inches long with a bore of an inch or more. At one end is an ivory mouth-piece, and the other is closed. Two thirds of the way down it, is a hole in which fits a hollow earthen bulb, with an interior capacity of about a cubic inch. There is a small aperture of the size of a pin's-head in the top of this bulb. The opium-smoker, thus reclining, and turned toward his companion, dips a steel instrument like a square knitting-needle in the solution of opium. A drop adheres to the needle, and is then held in the flame of the lamp, where it effervesces and shrinks into a pasty coating. The needle is then again dipped into the opium, and the process repeated until a small pill is formed on the end of the

needle, which is then passed through the little hole on the earthen bulb and withdrawn with a twist, leaving the pill on the surface of the bulb, over the aperture. The pill is now held in the flame of the lamp, the smoker at the same time inhaling the fumes, which pass into the bulb, and thence into the body of the pipe and the lungs. Each opium pill will furnish three or four full inspirations, and the smoke is retained in the lungs as long as possible. The preparation of the pill takes three or four minutes, and the smoking not more than one or two. It is said that an habitual smoker finds the quantity of opium necessary to intoxicate him, continually increasing up to a certain point; after which the necessary amount becomes less and less until, in some cases, where the system has become very much debilitated by continual indulgence in this habit, a single pipe will produce full intoxication. A European, too, is much less easily affected than a Chinese. I smoked on this occasion, five or six pipes, which did not produce the least mental effect; they entirely removed, however, the great fatigue and exhaustion which I had felt from my long walk in the sun. From what I heard in China, I should imagine that opium-smoking does not produce those universally deleterious effects which are commonly attributed to it here and in Europe. Like alcoholic beverages, or any other stimulant, it is very susceptible of abuse; but I should fancy that the victims of over-indulgence in this drug, are not relatively more numerous than drunkards are among those nations where habitual stimulants are of an alcoholic nature. The opium is all smuggled into the country by foreigners, who keep three or four opium store-ships at a place called Cum-sing-moon, on a branch of the Canton River, which leads to Macao. When the drug has been once introduced into the Empire, it is conveyed throughout the country with the knowledge of the officials, to whom it pays black mail at every customs' station.

"A class of very fast boats is employed to run the drug from the store-ships to Canton. These boats are numerous, manned by desperate fellows to whom high pay is given. Their great speed generally enables them to avoid the imperial revenue boats and the pirates, but they are sometimes overtaken and fearful fights and loss of life are the result."

BEATRICE GRANT.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

"STAND up straight, sir; don't come where I am in that shuffling way. You look like a whipped cur."

The speaker was a tall, strong-looking farmer, and the person he addressed was a small, delicate-looking boy, who was coming slowly up the path leading to the door of the farm-house. "Here," he added, "take this rake and finish these beds."

For a few minutes his son worked with energy and good-will, and then letting his rake rest quietly on the ground, he stood leaning against a tree, his eyes bent down, and his whole countenance overcast.

"Idling as usual," said a harsh voice behind him. "Where have you been all the afternoon?"

"In the church-yard."

"You go there too much." This was in a low, softened voice, and without any further remark, the farmer turned away and went again into the house.

David Fielding was a farmer, well to do in the world, and one of the leading men of the little village of Milldale. He was of a harsh, exacting disposition, feared by all the boys of the village,



From the original

J. Goussier

THE BONNET AND THE

and respected by the men as an upright, though hard man. The only person who had ever found the soft spot in David Fielding's heart, was his gentle little wife, Mary. A few months before our story commences, he had laid this sunbeam of his life in her grave, and his heart seemed to have contracted and hardened with the great sorrow, till every one pitied his poor child, Harry, who was a gentle, timid boy, ill able to bear harsh treatment. In truth, little Harry's life was far from being a pleasant one. From his mother he inherited a delicate constitution, and a quiet, retiring disposition, and from his father a vigorous intellect. Had farmer Fielding been an educated man, he would have made a name in the world, for his talents were of a superior order; but brought up to work on a farm, he was entirely ignorant of book knowledge, being only able to read, write, and keep his simple accounts. At ten years old, Harry, thanks to his mother's care of his education, far outstripped his father in learning, but his mother's death abruptly terminated his course of studies. The farmer, who had always looked upon the time spent over books as wasted, began to train Harry to farm work, and as a day's labour was usually very wearying to a delicate frame like his, he was forced to abandon his first idea of reading in the evening, and with many weary sighs put aside books, and tried to satisfy his father. Still he would often stop, when employed in the tiresome labor allotted to him, to ponder over some half-forgotten study, or think with weary sighs of his dear mother. As time passed on, the boy, finding no sympathy from his father, and having no other companion, learned to shut into his own heart all his thoughts and feelings; and keeping there a deep, pure spring of genius and warm feelings, appeared to others as a bashful, retiring lad, pronounced stupid by the neighbouring farmers, and pitied as a broken-spirited boy by the women of the village.

When Harry was but thirteen years of age he fell in love.

The reader may smile at the passion developed at so early an age, but it was a warm, pure love, brightening his whole dreary life. He was returning one morning from an errand to one of the farms on the outskirts of the village when a sudden shower forced him to take shelter under a tree. He was standing there, dreaming as usual, watching the clouds as they gradually broke away, when he saw a girl nearly his own age coming towards the same tree, and setting down her basket and closing her umbrella, take a place directly behind him. She was very pretty, Harry saw that, and he longed to speak to her. He cleared his throat, turned toward her, and then bashfulness gaining the day, coloured, and began to count the eggs in her basket. His next effort was to try to touch her hand, and pushing his own gently along the trunk of the tree, he grasped—the umbrella. A sweet, silvery laugh from his companion served to break the ice, and overcoming his bashfulness, Harry started a conversation. Very improper, was it not, for two people to converse freely without an introduction? So it was, however. It did not take long for Harry to find out that Beatrice was the only child of old Nathan Grant, and that she had just returned from boarding-school to preside in her father's house. She was a sensible girl, cheerful, and rather coquettish, but domestic and orderly; keeping her father's house neatly and well, and making all the boys of the village her firm friends and allies. Her father, who loved his darling fondly, only kept her at home one little year, and then sent her again to school to finish her education. It was taking the sunshine from poor Harry's life to part him from Beatrice, but he submitted gracefully. A few months after Beatrice left Milldale, farmer Fielding died, and in obedience to his last wish, Harry went to Philadelphia to seek his mother's only brother, a wealthy bachelor, who for the love of his sister adopted the orphan, and rather ashamed of his rustic manners and imperfect education, placed him in the best

schools at once. We meet our hero again after a lapse of ten years.

"O, Dr. Fielding!" said a gay beauty, to a handsome, intellectual-looking man, who was seated beside her, "you must come to my *soirée* to-morrow, and I will introduce you to the most charming little piece of rusticity you ever saw. My cousin is coming to visit me. Papa, you know, sent me into the country last summer to restore my health, and I visited my uncle in Massachusetts. There I made a fast friend of my cousin, who, although educated in a very good school in some little town up there, is the most innocent, simple little rose-bud in the world. You will come?"

"With pleasure, Miss Eloise!"

"Eloise," said her mother, after the young man had left the room, "why did you ask Dr. Fielding to come to-morrow? I most particularly desired to keep him from meeting your cousin. I do not see why your father will insist upon our inviting her here. A new dress, or some other present, would have paid her for any civility she showed you last summer. It was too provoking for him to send you to that outlandish place, when at Saratoga you would have met young Fielding constantly. Why, Eloise, he is the best *parti* in town since his uncle died and left him all his money. He would admire your cousin's face, I know; he raves about rustic beauty. How can we contrive to keep her out of the way?"

Eloise stood up before her mother erect and beautiful.

"Mother," she said, slightly smiling, "I do not fear the power of my cousin's charms. Look at me!"

"Dr. Fielding!" said a lovely girl, seating herself beside Eloise Grant—"Dr. Fielding, I wonder if——. What is his first name, Eloise?"

"Harry!"

"Harry Fielding. I knew a boy once, long years ago, whose name was Harry Fielding.—Well! now for business. Eloise, I want you to tell me how I can earn my own living in this great city."

"Earn your own living, Beatrice! Are you crazy?"

"No! Papa is going to marry a girl of sixteen, next week. Don't stop me, it is true! I will not live with such a stepmother, and I told father that I should not come home again."

"Beatrice! Have you spoken to papa?"

"Not yet. Do not fancy," she said, with a slight smile, "that I mean to be a burden upon uncle George. No, I can sew well, and my needle will support me."

"It is slow starvation!"

"Then I can teach French. I have studied it thoroughly. We will talk of this to-morrow. You must dress now, I suppose?"

"Yes, and you too."

"No, I cannot come down! Excuse me to-night, cousin, I am fatigued. Come in when you are dressed, I want to see you."

When Eloise left the room, Beatrice, unbraiding her long, glossy hair, and slipping on a white wrapper, drew up a large arm-chair, and curling her little figure in its large seat, began to muse. She was very lovely. Dark, chestnut hair, falling in wavy masses almost to her feet, large, black eyes, a clear complexion and regular features, with a very pretty *petite* figure, made her almost a match for her brilliant cousin.

"Beatrice, are you asleep?"

"No. Oh, you have come to let me see your dress. O, Eloise, how lovely you are!"

Eloise, a tall, brilliant brunette, dressed in a rich black lace, trimmed with scarlet, presented quite a contrast to the little white-robed figure standing beside her.

Creeping back to her chair, Beatrice, listening at times to the

music or laughter in the rooms below, at last fell asleep. When she awoke it was very late, and her throat was parched and dry with thirst.

"I wonder now," soliloquized Beatrice, as she sat up in her chair—"I wonder if I could steal down to the water cooler in the pantry, and get a glass of water without meeting any one?"

Peeping over the banisters, she saw that the supper was over and the room deserted, and she quickly passed down. Hardly had she gained the room, when voices on the stairs alarmed her, and she ran into the pantry and hid behind the door.

"A ghost, boys, a ghost!" cried a young man, coming into the dining room. "I saw it fly! Flowing hair, white shroud, all in character. Ah! here she is!" and poor Beatrice found herself dragged from her hiding-place, and surrounded by a group of five or six young men.

"Who are you?" said one.

"Mrs. Grant's new nursery-maid," said another.

"Gentlemen," said Beatrice, breaking from the first speaker, and drawing up her little figure, "you will be kind enough to let me pass. I am a visitor here, and thought the guests had all left the house, or I should not have ventured down stairs."

"Surely, surely, I know that voice and face," said one of the group, who had not spoken before. "Who is it? Let her pass, boys! Allow me to see you to your door," he continued, offering her his arm. "I am sure these gentlemen will all join with me in apologizing for the fright we have caused you."

"Certainly," was the reply of all, and accepting the arm offered her, Beatrice bowed gracefully to all, and left the room.

"Eloise," said her mother, the next morning, "what do you think of Beatrice's talent for acting? I never heard of a more successful trap than she contrived last night. She knew that in full dress in a gay party she would be eclipsed by you, but in

that white flowing dress, with her hair falling to her feet, she made quite a sensation. I did not care much for the other gentlemen, but when Dr. Fielding came to me to inquire who that lovely girl was, I was vexed enough to be short with him."

"Poor little Beatrice! I do not think there was any acting about it, mamma."

"Nonsense, Eloise! Well, I am in despair; your father insists upon our keeping Beatrice here, because her father is going to marry a chit of a girl. Old simpleton! Be careful, Eloise, don't trust too much to your own beauty, let me help you to catch the doctor."

"Mamma!" Eloise spoke rapidly, and her cheeks flushed, "I have never made an undutiful reply to you before, but I say now that I loathe and despise this mania for intrigue and husband catching. I care nothing for Dr. Fielding, except as a very good friend, but if I loved him, I would not raise my hand to gain his love unless he sought me first. We will not speak of this again."

Beatrice was contented, but not happy in her new home. Through the influence of her uncle and cousin, she soon had a full class of scholars in French, and was able to feel perfectly independent. But though her uncle and cousin were very fond of her, and tried by every means in their power to make her home pleasant, she knew that her aunt did not love her, and she felt like an intruder. She had once spoken to Eloise of changing her home, but the proposal met with such opposition both from Mr. Grant and his daughter, that she abandoned the idea. After her first meeting with Harry Fielding, her aunt scrupled not to accuse her of having dressed and acted a part on purpose to attract him, and she had not again seen him. Whenever he was in the house, some sneering remark from her aunt, about her preference for him, would make her cheeks burn, and she studiously avoided him.

One morning, she was at the house of a pupil, listening to the

wearying repetition of verbs and phrases, when, to her surprise, Dr. Fielding entered the room. Beatrice turned her face from him, and continued the lesson apparently unconscious of his presence. He showed no intention of complying with her inward wish, that he would leave the room again, but taking his place at the piano, began to hum over some opera airs, evidently waiting for the lesson to be finished. Beatrice's pupil whispered, "It was Dr. Fielding come to see sister Kate, who was out, and would not come in for ever so long."

The lesson was finished, and Beatrice stood before the glass tying on her bonnet.

"Oh, Miss Grant, if you will wait here one minute, I will go up for the exercise I wrote yesterday," and her little pupil ran away.

"Miss Grant," said the doctor, leaving his music, and coming to her side, "do you think you treat an old friend fairly? I have actually haunted your uncle's house to see again the fair vision——"

An arch smile interrupted him.

"A truce to compliment," he said. "Frankly, I have taken it as most unkind that you were so obstinately invisible whenever I have called upon Miss Eloise. I am very glad to find you here to-day."

To Mrs. Grant's horror, Dr. Fielding came home with Beatrice, the next day he drove her out, and in the evening took her out to the opera.

Eloise, with a most astonishing indifference to the loss of the best *parti* in town, encouraged his visits, was continually finding excuses to leave them alone together, and finally, told her mother that she wanted her advice about a new dress, for that her father was going to give Beatrice a splendid wedding, and she had elected herself first bridesmaid.

R O M E .

BY FELICIA D. HEMANS.

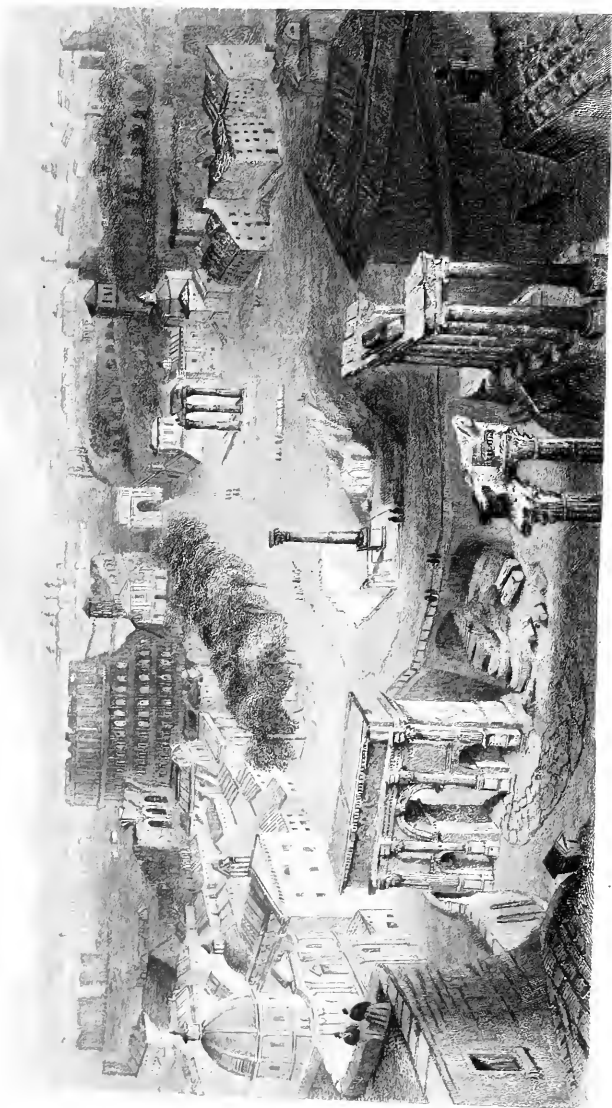
“Roma, Roma, Roma!
Non è più come era prima.”

ROME, Rome ! Thou art no more
As thou hast been !
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou satt'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
Purpling the street,
Leaders and sceptred men
Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
As gods were seen—
Rome ! Rome ! thou art no more
As thou hast been !

Rome ! thine imperial brow
Never shall rise !
What hast thou left thee now ?—
Thou hast thy skies !





Blue, deeply blue, they are
Gloriously bright !
Vailing thy wastes afar
With color'd light.

Thou hast thy sunset's glow,
Rome for thy dower,
Flushing tall cypress bough,
Temple and tower !

And all sweet sounds are thine,
Lovely to hear ;
While night o'er tomb and shrine,
Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
By starlight sung,
Sweeps through the arches dim,
Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,
On thy soft air
Lingers and loves to dwell
With summer there.

Thou hast the South's rich gift
Of sudden song—
A charmed fountain, swift,
Joyous and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread ;

Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien :—
Rome, Rome ! thou art no more
As thou hast been !



DON QUIXOTE & SAMPSON CARRASCO.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THE Scottish song of "Auld Robin Gray," so deservedly a favorite for its exquisite simplicity and pathos, was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarras. A quarto tract, printed in 1825, and circulated exclusively among the members of the Bannatyne Club, contains the first authentic edition of the original ballad, together with two continuations by the Authoress. This Bannatyne edition was edited by Sir Walter Scott, and enriched with the following interesting introduction, which we have now the gratification of reprinting, as an appropriate accompaniment to the annexed engraving:—

The beautiful and long-contested ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," was well known to the Editor, from a very early period of his life, as the production of Lady Anne Lindsay of Balcarras; in whose name it is now formally claimed. Mrs. Russell, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Russell of Ashesteil, and maternal aunt of the Editor, was upon a visit at the house of Balcarras when it was written; and, as a most intimate friend of the fair Authoress, was admitted to her confidence while it was in the course of being composed. Mrs. Russell sang beautifully, and with much feeling; and it may easily be supposed, that "Auld Robin Gray" was often

told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballet of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity.

"Such was the history of the First Part of it. As to the Second, it was written many years after, in compliment to my dear old mother, who said, 'Anny, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jennie and Jamie ended.' To meet her wishes as far as I could, the Second Part was written. It is not so pleasing as the first; the early loves and distresses of youth go more to the heart than the contritions, confessions, and legacies of old age. My dread, however, of being named as an Authoress still remaining, though I sung it to my mother, I gave her no copy of it; but her affection for me impressed it on a memory which retained scarcely any thing else. I wrote another version of the Second Part, as coming from Jenny's own lips, which some people may like better, from its being in the same measure.

"I must also mention the Laird of Dalziel's advice, who, in a *tête-à-tête*, afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and instead of singing, "To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea," say, to make it twenty merks, for a Scottish pound is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line (whispered he) that tells me that sang was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it.'

"I was delighted with the criticism of old Dalziel; if it had occurred to the Antiquarian Society, it might have saved Mr.

Jerningham the trouble of his visit. But I have never corrected the error by *changing* the one pound, which has always passed current in its present state."

Such is Lady Anne's pleasing notice of this far-famed ballad, of which we subjoin her own authentic edition. In regard to the continuations, which are also printed in Sir Walter Scott's tract, although far from devoid of poetical beauty, we entirely participate in the opinion there expressed, that, "Notwithstanding Dalziel's criticism, the taking away Robin Gray's honest fame rather injures the simplicity of the original tale, where all are rendered miserable by no evil passions or culpable conduct on any side, but by a source of distress, arising out of the best and most amiable feelings of all parties."

Of the accomplished Authoress we have only to notice further, that she married Sir Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, who was some time Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope; and that she died, in 1825, at an advanced age.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

I.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

II.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

III.

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away ;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh ! he came a-courting me.

IV.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin ;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win ;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jennie, oh ! for their sakes, will you marry me ?"

V.

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back ;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack :
His ship it was a wrack ! Why didna Jennie dee ?
Or wherefore am I spared to cry out, Woe is me !

VI.

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea ;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

VII.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'd na think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee !"

VIII.

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a' ;
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bade him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me !

IX.

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin ;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh ! he is sae kind to me.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

BY L. E. LONDON.

COME back, come back together,
 All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
 Ye shadows that are cast
 By the haunted hours before !
Come back, come back, my childhood ;
 Thou art summoned by a spell
From the green leaves of the wild wood,
 From beside the charmed well.
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
 The flower of fairy lore !

The fields were covered over
 With colors as she went ;
Daisy, buttercup, and clover
 Below her footsteps bent ;
 Summer shed its shining store ;
She was happy as she pressed them
 Beneath her little feet ;
She plucked them and caressed them ;

They were so very sweet,
They had never seemed so sweet before
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore !

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day !
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they !
A world where Phantasie is king,
Made all of eager dreaming ;
When once grown up and tall—
Now is the time for scheming—
Then we shall do them all !
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore ?

She seems like an ideal love,
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own—
A younger sister for the heart ;
Like the woodland pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright ;
And her smile is pleasant,
With its rosy light.
Never can the memory part
With Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore !

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower ?
Winning it with eager eyes
From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight
On the unforgotten glories
Of the infant sight ?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore ?

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us ;
We, too, loiter 'mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,
The flower of fairy lore !

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, the city represented in our picture, was an ancient town of Turkey in Asia, in Natolia. It is seated at the foot of Mount Tmolus, by the river Cogamus, from whence there is an exceedingly fine view over an extensive plain. This place was founded by Attalus Philadelphus, brother of Eumenes.

It was very liable to earthquakes, which, perhaps, arose from its vicinity to the region called *Catakekaumene*. So severe were those earthquakes, that even the city walls were not secure; and so frequent were they, that these experienced daily concussions. The inhabitants, therefore, who were not numerous, lived in perpetual apprehension, and their constant employment was in repairs. In fact, so great were their fears, that their chief residence was in the country, the soil of which was very fertile: Such is Strabo's account of this place. In the year 1097, it was taken by assault by John Ducas the Greek general. It was without difficulty reduced also in the year 1106, under the same Emperor. The Turks marched from the East with a design to plunder it and the maritime towns. The Emperor Manuel, in 1175, retired for protection from the Turks to this place. In 1300 it fell by lot to Karaman. In 1306 it was besieged by Alisaras, and considerably harassed; but was not taken. In 1391 this place alone





refused to admit Bajazet; but it was at length forced to capitulate for want of provisions. It has been matter for surprise that this town was not totally abandoned; and yet it has survived many cities less liable to inconvenience, and is still an extensive place, though in its appearance it is poor and mean. Some remnants of its walls are still standing, but with large gaps. The materials of the wall are small stones, strongly cemented. It is thick, lofty, and has round towers. Near this place, between the mountains, there is a medicinal spring; it is much esteemed, and many people resort to it in the hot months. It tastes like ink, is clear, but tinges the ground with the color of ochre. The famous wall which credulity has asserted to be made of human bones, stands beyond this and beyond the town.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUEST.

FREDERIC LAUN.

THE town-council were sitting, and in gloomy silence; alternately they looked at each other, and at the official order, (that morning received), which reduced their perquisites and salaries by one-half. At length the chief burgomaster rose, turned the mace-bearer out of the room, and bolted the door. That worthy man, however, was not so to be baffled; old experience in acoustics had taught him where to apply his ear with most advantage in cases of the present emergency; and as the debate soon rose from a humming of gentle dissent to the stormy pitch of downright quarrelling, he found no difficulty in assuaging the pangs of his curiosity. The council, he soon learned, were divided as to the course to be pursued on their common calamity, whether formally to remonstrate or not, at the risk of losing their places; indeed, they were divided on every point except one, and *that* was, contempt for the political talents of the new prince, who could begin his administration upon a principle so monstrous as that of retrenchment.

At length, in one of the momentary pauses of the hurricane, the council distinguished the sound of two vigorous fists playing with the utmost energy upon the pannels of the door outside.



THE ORIGINAL BY ALFONSO EGG.

THE DAVY DRY NICE: RICHARD



"What presumption is this?" exclaimed the chairman, immediately leaping up. However, on opening the door, it appeared that the fury of the summons was dictated by no failure in respect, but by absolute necessity: necessity has no law; and any more reverential knocking could have had no chance of being audible. The person outside was Mr. Commissioner Pig, and his business was to communicate a despatch, of pressing importance which he had that moment received by express.

"First of all, gentlemen," said the pursy commissioner, "allow me to take breath;" and seating himself, he began to wipe his forehead. Agitated with the fear of some unhappy codicil to the unhappy testament already received, the members gazed anxiously at the open letter which he held in his hand; and the chairman, unable to control his impatience, made a grasp at it: "Permit me, Mr. Pig,"—"No!" said Mr. Pig, "it is the postscript only which concerns the council: wait one moment, and I will have the honor of reading it myself." Thereupon he drew out his spectacles, and adjusting them with provoking coolness, slowly and methodically proceeded to read as follows: "We open our letter to acquaint you with a piece of news which has just come to our knowledge, and which it will be important for your town to learn as soon as possible. His Serene Highness has resolved on visiting the remoter provinces of his new dominions immediately; he means to preserve the strictest *incognito*, and we understand will travel under the name of Count Fitz-Hum, and will be attended only by one gentleman of the bed-chamber, viz., Mr. Von Hoax. The carriage he will use on this occasion is a plain landau, the body painted dark blue; and for his Highness in particular, you will easily distinguish him by his superb whiskers. Of course we need scarcely to suggest to you, that if the principal hotel of your town should not be in *comme-il-faut* order, it will be proper to meet the illustrious traveller on his entrance with an offer of better accommodations

in one of the best private mansions, amongst which your own is reputed to stand foremost. Your town is to have the honor of his first visit ; and on this account you will be much envied, and the eyes of all the country turned upon you."

"Doubtless, most important intelligence !" said the chairman ;
"but who is your correspondent ?"

"The old and eminent house of Wassermüller and Co., and I thought it my duty to communicate the information without delay."

"To be sure, to be sure, and the council is under the greatest obligation to you for the service."

So said all the rest, for they all viewed in the light of a providential interference on behalf of the old system of fees, perquisites, and salaries, this opportunity so unexpectedly thrown in their way of winning the prince's favor. To make the best use of this opportunity, however, it was absolutely necessary that their hospitalities should be on the most liberal scale. On that account, it was highly gratifying to the council that Commissioner Pig loyally volunteered the loan of his house. Some drawback undoubtedly it was on this pleasure, that Commissioner Pig, in his next sentence, made known that he must be paid for his loyalty. However, there was no remedy, and his demands were acceded to. For not only was Pig-house the only mansion in the town at all suitable for the occasion, but it was also known to be so in the prince's capital, as clearly appeared from the letter which had just been read—at least when read by Pig himself.

All being thus arranged, and the council on the point of breaking up, a sudden cry of "Treason !" was raised by a member, and the mace-bearer was detected skulking behind an arm-chair, perfidiously drinking in the secrets of the state. He was instantly dragged out, the enormity of his crime displayed to him, (which, under many wise governments, the chairman assured him, would

have been punished with the bowstring, or instant decapitation,) and after being amerced in a considerable fine, which paid the first instalment of the Piggian demand, he was bound over to inviolable secrecy by an oath of great solemnity. This oath, on the suggestion of a member, was afterwards administered to the whole of the senate in rotation, as also to the commissioner; which done, the council adjourned.

"Now, my dear creatures," said the commissioner to his wife and daughter, on returning home, "without a moment's delay send for the painter, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker; also for the butcher, the fishmonger, the poulterer, the confectioner, in one half-hour let each and all be at work; and at work let them continue all day and all night."

"At work! but what for? what for, Pig?"

"And, do you hear, as quickly as possible," added Pig, driving them out of the room.

"But what for?" they both repeated, re-entering at another door.

Without vouchsafing any answer, however, the commissioner went on:—"and let the tailor, the shoemaker, the milliner, the——"

"The fiddlestick end, Mr. Pig. I insist upon knowing what all this is about."

"No matter what, my darling. *Sic volo, sic jubeo: stat pro ratione voluntas.*"

"Hark you, Mr. Commissioner, matters are at length come to a crisis. You have the audacity to pretend to keep a secret from your lawful wife. Hear, then, my fixed determination. At this moment there is a haunch of venison roasting for dinner. The cook is so ignorant that, without my directions, the haunch will be scorched to a cinder. Now I swear that, unless you instantly reveal to me this secret, without any reservation whatever, I will resign the venison to its fate. I will, by all that is sacred!"

The venison could not be exposed to a more fiery trial than was Mr. Commissioner Pig; the venison, when alive and hunted, could not have perspired more profusely, nor trembled in more anguish. But there was no alternative. His "morals" gave way before "his passions;" and after binding his wife and daughter by the general oath of secrecy, he communicated the state mystery. By the same or similar methods so many other wives assailed the virtue of their husbands, that in a few hours the limited scheme of secrecy adopted by the council was realized on the most extensive scale; for, before night-fall, not merely a few members of the council, but every man, woman, and child in the place had been solemnly bound over to inviolable secrecy.

Meantime some members of the council, who had an unhappy leaning to infidelity, began to suggest doubts on the authenticity of the commissioner's news. Of old time he had been celebrated for the prodigious quantity of secret intelligence which his letters communicated, but not equally for its quality. Too often it stood in unhappy contradiction to the official news of the public journals. But then, on such occasions, the commissioner would exclaim, "What then? Who would believe what the newspapers say? No man of sense believes a word the newspapers say." Agreeably to which hypothesis, upon various cases of obstinate discord between his letters and the gazettes of Europe, some of which went the length of point-blank contradiction, unceremoniously giving the lie to each other, he persisted in siding with the former: peremptorily refusing to be talked into a belief of certain events which the rest of Europe have long ago persuaded themselves to think matter of history. The battle of Leipsic, for instance, he treats to this hour as a mere idle chimera of politicians. "Pure hypochondriacal fiction!" says he. "No such affair could ever have occurred, as you may convince yourself by looking at my private letters: they make no allusion to any transaction of that sort, as you will see at

once: none whatever." Such being the character of the commissioner's private correspondence, several councilmen were disposed, on reflection, to treat his recent communication as very questionable and apocryphal; amongst whom was the chairman or chief burgomaster; and the next day he walked over to Pig-house for the purpose of expressing his doubts. The commissioner was so much offended, that the other found it advisable to apologize with some energy. "I protest to you," said he, "that as a private individual I am fully satisfied; it is only in my public capacity that I took the liberty of doubting. The truth is, our town-chest is miserably poor, and we would not wish to go to the expense of a new covering for the council table upon a false alarm. Upon my honor, it was solely upon patriotic grounds that I sided with the sceptics." The commissioner scarcely gave himself the trouble of accepting his apologies. And, indeed, at this moment the burgomaster had reason himself to feel ashamed of his absurd scruples, for in rushed a breathless messenger to announce that the blue landau and the gentleman with the "superb whiskers" had just passed through the north-gate. Yes, Fitz-Hum and Von Hoax were positively here—not coming, but come; and the profanest sceptic could no longer presume to doubt. For whilst the messenger yet spoke, the wheels of Fitz-Hum's landau began to hum along the street. The chief burgomaster fled in affright, and with him fled the shades of infidelity.

This was a triumph, a providential *coup-de-théâtre*, on the side of the true believers,—the orthodoxy of the Piggian *Commercium Epistolicum* was now forever established. Nevertheless, even in this great moment of his existence, Pig felt that he was not happy—not perfectly happy, something was still left to desire, something which reminded him that he was mortal. "Oh! why," said he, "why, when such a *cornucopia* of blessings is showered upon me, why would destiny will that it must come one day too soon, before

the Brussels carpet was laid down in the breakfast room—before the—” At this instant the carriage suddenly rolled up to the door, a dead stop followed, which put a dead stop to Pig’s soliloquy; the steps were audibly let down, and the commissioner was obliged to rush out precipitately in order to do the honors of reception to his illustrious guest.

“No ceremony, I beg,” said the Count Fitz-Hum, “for one day at least let no idle forms remind me of courts or banish the happy thought that I am in the bosom of friends!” So saying, he stretched out his hand to the commissioner; and though he did not shake Pig’s hand, yet (as great men do) he pressed it with the air of one who has feelings too fervent and profound for utterance, whilst Pig, on his part, sank on one knee, and imprinted a grateful kiss upon that princely hand which had, by its condescension, forever glorified his own.

Von Hoax was no less gracious than the Count Fitz-Hum, and was pleased repeatedly, both by words and gestures, to signify that he dispensed with all ceremony and idle consideration of rank.

The commissioner was beginning to apologize for the unfinished state of the preparations, but the count would not hear of it. “Affection to my person,” said he, “unseasonable affection, I must say it, has (it seems) betrayed my rank to you; but for this night, at least, I beseech you, let us forget it.” And, upon the ladies excusing themselves from appearing on the plea that their dresses had not yet arrived in which they could think of presenting themselves before their sovereign,—“Ah! what?” said the count, gayly, “my dear commissioner, I cannot think of accepting such excuses as these.” Agitated as the ladies were at this summons, they found all their alarms put to flight in a moment by the affability and gracious manners of the high personage. Nothing came amiss to him,—every thing was right and delightful. Down

went the little sofa-bed in a closet which they had found it necessary to make up for one night, the state-bed not being ready until the following day; and with the perfect high-breeding of a prince, he saw in the least mature of the arrangements for his reception, and the least successful of the attempts to entertain him, nothing but the good intention and affection which had suggested them.

The first great question which arose was—At what hour would the Count Fitz-Hum be pleased to take supper? But this question the Count Fitz-Hum referred wholly to the two ladies, and for this one night he notified his pleasure that no other company should be invited. Precisely at eleven o'clock the party sat down to supper, which was served on the round table in the library. The Count Fitz-Hum, we have the pleasure of stating, was in the best health and spirits; and, on taking his seat, he smiled with the most paternal air, at the same time bowing to the ladies, and saying, "*Où peut-on être mieux, qu'au sein de sa famille!*" At which words tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the commissioner, who at this instant entered the room, overwhelmed with the sense of the honor and happiness which were thus descending *pleno imbree* upon his family, and finding nothing left to wish for but that the whole city had been witness to his felicity. Even the cook came in for some distant rays and emanations of the princely countenance, for the Count Fitz-Hum condescended to express his entire approbation of the supper, and signified his pleasure to Von Hoax that the cook should be remembered on the next vacancy which occurred in the palace establishment.

"Tears, such as tender fathers shed," had already on this night bedewed the cheeks of the commissioner; but before he retired to bed, he was destined to shed more and still sweeter tears; for, after supper, he was honored by a long private interview with the count, in which that personage expressed his astonishment (indeed, he must say his indignation) that merit so distinguished as that of Mr.

Pig should so long have remained unknown at court. "I now see, more than ever," said he, "the necessity there was that I should visit my estates incognito." And he then threw out pretty plain intimations that a place, and even a title, would soon be conferred on his host. Upon this Pig wept copiously and, upon retiring, being immediately honored by an interview with Mr. Von Hoax, who assured him that he was much mistaken if he thought that his Highness ever did these things by halves, or would cease to watch over the fortunes of a family whom he had once taken into his special grace, the good man absolutely sobbed like a child, and could neither utter a word, nor get a wink of sleep that night. All night, the workmen pursued their labors, and by morning the state apartments were in complete preparation. By this time it was universally known throughout the city *who* was sleeping at the commissioner's. As soon, therefore, as it could be supposed agreeable to him, the trained bands of the town marched down to pay their respects by a morning salute. The drums awoke the count, who rose immediately, and in a few minutes presented himself at the window—bowing repeatedly, and in the most gracious manner. A prodigious roar of "*Vivat Serenissimus!*" ascended from the mob, amongst whom the count had some difficulty in descrying the martial body who were parading below; that gallant corps mustering, in fact, fourteen strong, of whom nine were reported fit for service, the "balance of five," as their commercial leader observed, being either on the sick-list—or, at least, not ready for "all work," though too loyal to decline a labor of love like the present. The count received the report of the commanding officer, and declared (addressing himself to Von Hoax, but loud enough to be overheard by the officer) that he had seldom seen a more soldierly body of men, or who had more the air of veteran troops. The officer's honest face burned with the anticipation of communicating so flattering a judgment to his corps,

QUEEN ELIZABETH INTERCEDING FOR THE KENY





and his delight was not diminished by overhearing the words—"early promotion," and "order of merit." In the transports of his gratitude, he determined that the fourteen should fire a volley; but this was an event not to be accomplished in a hurry; much forethought and deep premeditation were required; a considerable "balance" of the gallant troops were not quite *au fait* in the art of loading, and a considerable "balance" of the muskets were not quite *au fait* in the art of going off. Men and muskets being alike veterans, the agility of youth was not to be expected of them, and the issue was—that only two guns did actually go off. "But in commercial cities," as the good-natured count observed to his host, "a large discount must always be made on prompt payment."

Breakfast now over, the bells of the churches were ringing, the streets swarming with people in their holiday clothes, and numerous deputations, with addresses, petitions, &c., from the companies and guild of the city, were forming into processions. First came the town council, with the chief burgomaster at their head; the recent order for the reduction of fees, &c., was naturally made the subject of a dutiful remonstrance; great was the joy with which the count's answer was received: "On the word of a prince he had never heard of it before: his signature must have been obtained by some court intrigue, but he could assure his faithful council, that on his return to his capital his first care would be to punish the authors of so scandalous a measure, and to take such other steps, of an opposite description, as were due to the long services of the petitioners, and to the honor and dignity of the nation." The council were then presented *seriatim*, and had all the honor of kissing hands. These gentlemen having withdrawn, next came all the trading companies, each with an address of congratulation expressive of love and devotion, but uniformly bearing some little rider attached to it of a more exclu-

sive nature. The tailors prayed for a general abolition of seamstresses, as nuisances, and invaders of chartered rights and interests. The shoemakers, in conjunction with the tanners and curriers, complained that Providence had in vain endowed leather with the valuable property of perishableness—if the selfishness of the iron-trade were allowed to counteract this benign arrangement by driving nails into all men's shoe-soles. The hair-dressers were modest, indeed too modest in their demands—confining themselves to the request, that for the better encouragement of wigs, a tax should be imposed on every man who wore his own hair, and that it should be a felony for a gentleman to appear without powder. The glaziers were content with the existing state of things; only that they felt it their duty to complain of the police regulation against breaking the windows of those who refused to join in public illuminations: a regulation the more harsh, as it was well known that hail-storms had for many years sadly fallen off, and the present race of hailstones were scandalously degenerated from their ancestors of the last generation. The bakers complained that their enemies had accused them of wishing to sell their bread at a higher price; which was a base insinuation; all they wished for was, that they might diminish their loaves in size; and this, upon public grounds, was highly requisite: “fulness of bread” being notoriously the root of jacobinism, and under the present assize of bread, men ate so much bread that they did not know what the d—— they would be at. A course of small loaves would therefore be the best means of bringing them round to sound principles. To the bakers succeeded the projectors; the first of whom offered to make the town conduits and sewers navigable if his highness would “lend him a thousand pounds.” The clergy of the city, whose sufferings had been great from the weekly scourgings which they and their works received from the town newspaper, called out clamorously for a literary censorship. On the

other hand, the editor of the newspaper prayed for unlimited freedom of the press, and abolition of the law of libel.

Certainly the Count Fitz-Hum must have had the happiest art of reconciling contradictions, and insinuating hopes into the most desperate cases ; for the petitioners one and all, quitted his presence delighted and elevated with hope. Possibly one part of his secret might lie in the peremptory injunction which he laid upon all the petitioners to observe the profoundest silence, for the present, upon his intentions in their favor.

The corporate bodies were now despatched ; but such was the report of the prince's gracious affability, that the whole town kept crowding to the commissioner's house, and pressing for the honor of an audience. The commissioner represented to the mob, that his Highness was made neither of steel nor of granite, and was at length worn out by the fatigues of the day. But to this every man answered, that what he had to say would be finished in two words, and could not add much to the prince's fatigue ; and all kept their ground before the house as firm as a wall. In this emergency the Count Fitz-Hum resorted to a *ruse*. He sent around a servant from the back door to mingle with the crowd, and proclaim that a mad dog was ranging about the streets and had already bit many other dogs and several men. This answered : the cry of "mad dog" was set up ; the mob flew asunder from their cohesion, and the blockade of the Pig-house was raised. Farewell, now, to all faith in man or dog ; for all might be among the bitten, and consequently might be in turn among the biters.

The night was now come ; dinner was past, at which all the grandees of the place had been present : all had now departed, delighted with the condescensions of the count, and puzzled only on one point, viz., the extraordinary warmth of his attentions to the commissioner's daughter. The young lady's large fortune might have explained this excessive homage in any other case, but

not in that of a prince, and beauty or accomplishments they said she had none. Here then was subject for meditation without end to all the curious in natural philosophy. Amongst these, spite of parental vanity, were the commissioner and his wife; but an explanation was soon given, which, however, did but explain one riddle by another. The count desired a private interview, in which, to the infinite astonishment of the parents, he demanded the hand of their daughter in marriage. State policy, he was aware, opposed such connections; but the pleadings of the heart outweighed all considerations of that sort; and he requested, that, with the consent of the young lady, the marriage might be solemnized immediately. The honor was too much for the commissioner; he felt himself in some measure guilty of treason, by harboring, for one moment, hopes of so presumptuous a nature, and in a great panic he ran away and hid himself in the wine-cellar. Here he imbibed fresh courage; and, upon his re-ascent to the upper world, and finding that his daughter joined her entreaties to those of the count, he began to fear that the treason might lie on the other side, viz., in opposing the wishes of his sovereign; and he joyfully gave his consent: upon which, all things being in readiness, the marriage was immediately celebrated, and a select company, who witnessed it, had the honor of kissing the hand of the new Countess Fitz-Hum.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, before a horseman's horn was heard at the commissioner's gate. "A special messenger with despatches, no doubt," said the count; and immediately a servant entered with a box bearing the state arms. Von Hoax unlocked the box, and from a great body of papers which he said were "*merely* petitions, addresses, or despatches from foreign powers," he drew out and presented to the count "a despatch from the Privy Council." The count read it, repeatedly shrugging his shoulders.

"No bad news, I hope?" said the commissioner, deriving courage from his recent alliance with the state personage, to ask after the state affairs.

"No, no, none of any importance," said the count, with great suavity; "a little rebellion, nothing more," smiling at the same time with the most imperturbable complacency.

"Rebellion!" said Mr. Pig, loud: "nothing *more*!" said Mr. Pig to himself. "Why, what upon earth——"

"Yes, my dear sir, rebellion, a little rebellion. Very unpleasant, as I believe you were going to observe; truly unpleasant, and distressing to every well-regulated mind."

"Distressing! ay, no doubt; and very awful. Are the rebels in strength? Have they possessed themselves of——"

"Oh, my dear sir!" interrupted Fitz-Hum, smiling with the utmost gayety, "make yourself easy; nothing like nipping these things in the bud. Vigor and well-timed lenity will do wonders. What most disturbs me, however, is the necessity of returning instantly to my capital; to-morrow I must be at the head of my troops, who have already taken the field; so that I shall be obliged to quit my beloved bride without a moment's delay; for I would not have her exposed to the dangers of war, however transient."

At this moment the carriage, which had been summoned by Von Hoax, rolled up to the door; the count whispered a few tender words in the ear of his bride; uttered some nothings to her father, of which all that transpired were the words—"truly distressing," and "every well-constituted mind," smiled most graciously on the whole company, pressed the commissioner's hand as fervently as he had done on his arrival, stepped into the carriage, and in a few minutes "the blue landau," and the gentleman with "superb whiskers," had vanished through the city gates.

Early the next morning, under solemn pledges of secrecy,

"the rebellion" and the marriage were circulated in every quarter of the town; and the more so, as strict orders had been left to the contrary. With respect to the marriage, all parties (especially fathers, mothers, and daughters) agreed privately that his Serene Highness was a great fool; but, as to the rebellion, the guilds and companies declared unanimously that they would fight for him to the last man. Meantime, the commissioner presented his accounts to the council; they were of startling amount; and, although prompt payment seemed the most prudent measure towards the father-in-law of a reigning prince, yet on the other hand the "rebellion" suggested arguments for demurring a little. And accordingly the commissioner was informed that his accounts were admitted *ad deliberandum*. On returning home, the commissioner found in the saloon a large despatch, which had fallen out of the pocket of Von Hoax; this, he was first surprised to discover, was nothing but a sheet of blank paper. However, on recollecting himself, "No doubt," said he, "in times of rebellion ink is not safe: no doubt some important intelligence is concealed in this sheet of white paper, which some mysterious chemical preparation must reveal." So saying, he sealed up the despatch, sent it off by an estafette, and charged it in a supplementary note of expenses to the council.

Meantime, the newspapers arrived from the capital, but they said not a word of the rebellion; in fact, they were more than usually dull, not containing even a lie of much interest. All this, however, the commissioner ascribed to the prudential policy which their own safety dictated to the editors in times of rebellion, and the longer the silence lasted, so much the more critical (it was inferred) must be the state of affairs, and so much the more prodigious that accumulating arrear of great events which any decisive blow would open upon them. At length, when the general patience began to give way, a newspaper arrived, which, under the

head of domestic intelligence, communicated the following anecdote :

“A curious hoax has been played off on a certain loyal and ancient borough-town, not a hundred miles from the little river P——. On the accession of our present gracious prince, and before his person was generally known to his subjects, a wager of large amount was laid by a certain Mr. Von Holster, who had been a gentleman of the bed-chamber to his late Highness, that he would succeed in passing himself off upon the whole town and corporation in question for the new sovereign. Having paved the way for his own success by a previous communication through a clerk in the house of W—— & Co., he departed on his errand, attended by an agent for the parties who betted against him. This agent bore the name of Von Hoax ; and, by his report, the wager had been adjudged to Von Holster, as brilliantly won. Thus far all was well ; what follows, however, is still better. Some time ago, a young lady of large fortune, and still larger expectations, on a visit to the capital, had met with Mr. Von H., and had clandestinely formed an acquaintance, which had ripened into a strong attachment. The gentleman, however, had no fortune, or none which corresponded to the expectations of the lady’s family. Under these circumstances, the lady (despairing in any other way of obtaining her father’s consent) agreed, that in connection with his scheme for winning the wager, he should attempt another, more interesting to them both ; in pursuance of which arrangement, he contrived to fix himself under his princely incognito at the very house of Mr. Commissioner P., the father of his mistress ; and the result is, that he has actually married her with the entire approbation of her friends. Whether the sequel of the affair will correspond with its success hitherto, remains, however, to be seen. Certain it is, that for the present, until the prince’s pleasure can be taken, Mr. Von Holster has been committed to

prison under the new law for abolishing bets of a certain description, and also for having presumed to personate the sovereign."

Thus far the newspaper:—however, in a few days, all clouds hanging over the prospects of the young couple cleared away. Mr. Von Holster, in a dutiful petition to the prince, declared that he had *not* personated his Serene Highness. On the contrary, he had given himself out both before and after his entry into the town, for no more than the Count Fitz-Hum; and it was *they*, the good people of the town, who had insisted on mistaking him for a prince; if they *would* kiss his hand, was it for him, an humble individual of no pretensions, arrogantly to refuse? If they *would* make addresses to him, was it for an inconsiderable person like himself, rudely to refuse to listen or to answer, when the greatest kings (as was notorious) always attended and replied in the most gracious terms? On further inquiry the whole circumstances were detailed to the prince, and amused him greatly; but when the narrator came to the final article of the "rebellion" (under which sounding title a friend of Von Holster's had communicated to him a general plot amongst his creditors for seizing his person), the good-natured prince laughed so immoderately that it was easy to see that no very severe punishment would follow. In fact, by his services to the late prince, Von H. had established some claims upon the gratitude of this, an acknowledgment which the prince generously made at this seasonable crisis. Such an acknowledgment from such a quarter, together with some other marks of favor to Von H., could not fail to pacify the "rebels" against that gentleman, and to reconcile Mr. Commissioner Pig to a marriage which he had already once approved of. His scruples had originally been vanquished in the wine-cellar, and there also it was that upon hearing of the total extinction of the "rebellion," he drowned all scruples for a second time.

The town of — has, however, still occasion to remember the

blue landau, and the superb whiskers, from the jokes which they are now and then called on to parry upon that subject. Doctor B——, in particular, the physician of that town, having originally offered one hundred dollars to the man who should notify to him his appointment to the place of court physician, has been obliged solemnly to advertise in the gazette, for the information of the wits in the capital, “that he will not consider himself bound to that promise, seeing that every week he receives so many private notifications of that appointment, that it would quite beggar him to pay for them at that rate.” With respect to the various petitioners, the bakers, the glaziers, the hair-dressers, &c., they all maintain, that though Fitz-Hum may have been a spurious prince, yet, undoubtedly the man had so much sense and political discernment, that he well deserved to have been a true one.

PAULINA AND BERENICE.

A Tale of the Siege of Jerusalem.

ONE morning in the month of March, A. D. 70, a young girl clad in a long robe of white linen, and followed by a single female attendant, was crossing on foot the fertile plain between Ramoth and Jerimoth, which is sheltered on the north by Mount Gilboa. Her face was concealed by the folds of an ample veil, and she walked along with an air of doubt and timidity. After some time she paused within sight of a dwelling, whose flat roof was shaded by the foliage of two fine olive-trees; thatched sheep-folds bounded in a semicircle a wide court, in whose midst a deep cistern contained an abundant supply of clear water. At one side, a green sloping bank, shadowed by a sycamore, invited the traveller to repose; while on the other was a rich prospect of cultivated fields, verdant meadows, and flowery orchards watered by limpid streams.

As the stranger and her follower paused before the door, a sweet sound of young voices singing met their ears. The girl turned towards her attendant, who said:

“It is the morning song of the daughters of Sion: while your mother lived, I often heard it sung in your father’s tent.”

The stranger sighed, and was silent. Presently the gates



The Constantinian Bosphorus.

opened, and the scene became full of life. The fields were covered with white heifers, with milch cows, with sheep and lambs; while the courts were filled with servants, who passed and repassed, some to milk the cows, some to carry back the vessels filled with the rich milk. Others watered the flowers, already parched by the burning sun; while of the remainder, some gathered fruits in the orchard, and others carried baskets of linen to be washed in the stream.

In a few minutes a beautiful girl of fifteen, dressed with all the luxury and elegance of a noble daughter of Judah, bounded out of the house and across the court, apparently intent on rivalling the speed of the graceful gazelle which followed her. Perceiving the stranger, she approached her, and said, with a beaming smile:—

“Maiden, whoever thou art, come under the roof of Eleazar my father. He, and Abigail, my mother, are both from home, but I will try to supply their place in entertaining thee.”

Raising her veil, the traveller displayed features of no common beauty, and, extending her arms, she cried, “My sister!”

“Sister!” repeated the daughter of Abigail, with surprise.

“Yes, Berenice; art thou ignorant of our father’s former marriage, and my birth?”

“I have heard, indeed, of my father’s first wife; but I knew not that she had a daughter.”

“Yes, and I am that daughter!”

“Ah, my sister!” cried Berenice, embracing her, “come with me into our—into thy house.”

“No!” replied the maiden, in a mournful voice; “the daughter of Marcia and of Eleazar may not enter as a stranger beneath her father’s roof. But come, my sister, sit down next me on this bank, and let me speak to thee of things concerning the safety of thine, of mine, and of the doomed Jerusalem.”

At a sign from Berenice, the servants hastened to bring milk, fruit, and cakes, which they placed before the sisters, and then withdrew.

Paulina, for such was the traveller's name, having cooled her burning lips with a refreshing draught of milk, took her sister's hand and said: "Marcia, my mother, was the sister of Arricidia, both daughters of Tertullus, a Roman prefect. Arricidia married Titus Sabinus Vespasianus, now Emperor of Rome, and whose innumerable army is encamped to-day around the holy city. Marcia married Eleazar, the son of Simeon, one of the chief men of Judah. Shortly before my birth, my mother became a convert to Christianity, through the preaching of St. Paul, the apostle of Jesus Christ. My father, in wrath, sent her from him, divorced her, and, two years afterwards, married thy mother. Mine is now dead; and Titus, my uncle, has adopted me, and loves me as a father. To-day, while on the point of reducing Jerusalem to ashes, he has yielded to my tears and prayers, and allowed me to come and rescue thee, thy mother, and our father, who has never yet called me his child."

As she spoke, her young listener's cheek grew very pale. "God of Israel!" cried she, clasping her hands, "bring back my sister to the faith of her fathers!"

"God of the Christians!" said Paulina, raising her eyes towards heaven, "vouchsafe to lead my sister, and all who are dear to her, into the knowledge of Thyself, and of Thy Son, Jesus Christ!"

At that moment, a cloud of dust appeared in the distance, and presently the mother of Berenice approached, riding on a camel. The young Christian veiled her face, while her companion ran forwards to embrace her mother. Abigail descended, and as she folded her daughter in her arms, said, weeping: "Dear child, we can no longer sojourn in our peaceful home; the armies of the usurper

are advancing, and Jerusalem is the only refuge that remains. Come, let us prepare to set out."

"First, my mother," said Berenice, taking Paulina by the hand, and gently leading her forwards, "suffer me to present thee to my sister, the daughter of my father, and of Marcia."

"She is welcome," said the kind matron, "I will be to her even as a mother; but if she be a Christian, how shall I present her to my husband?"

"If it seem good in thine eyes," said Paulina, "name me to him at first simply as a guest; then I may see my father's eye look on me without anger, and so, if God will, I may find favour in his sight."

"Let us then all set out together," replied Abigail; "my husband expects us to-night to eat with him the passover."

"Alas!" sighed Berenice, "I would rather eat it in our quiet, country home, than beneath the lofty roof of the palace of our fathers."

"My daughter," said Abigail, "thy father hath commanded—we must obey."

It was not yet mid-day, when Abigail, the two maidens, and their attendants, each mounted on a camel, quitted the valley of Ramoth; and they made such good speed, that, ere sunset, they approached Jerusalem. At its first distant view, Abigail exclaimed, "Jerusalem is no longer a city of holiness and of peace, whose prosperity testified to the nations around, that the Lord Himself had chosen her. A fierce enemy lies outside her gates, and three factions divide her councils within. Thou seest the tower of Phazeal, built by Herod in memory of his brother—that is the dwelling of Simon, who governs the district enclosed by the wall of David. John of Giscala is master of Aphlon, and the environs of the temple; thy father commands the remainder of the holy city. Now the impending danger which threatens us all has

swallowed up the memory of minor dissensions, and the three chieftains have rallied their forces to oppose the common foe."

A few steps further, and the holy city lay spread before their eyes like a gorgeous panorama. There was the Temple, with its thousand pillars of white marble, and its roof covered with sharp gilded arrows, to prevent the birds from settling on it. The multitude of stately towers, fair, white porticos, and ample roofs, bespoke the riches and beauty of Jerusalem.

The travellers entered the gate, and turned their steps towards the palace of Eleazar. That stately chieftain came out to meet them, and the two young girls bent the knee before him. He blessed Berenice, raised her, and embraced her tenderly. Then, turning towards the young Christian, he said, "Maiden, who art thou?"

"Oh, my father!" sobbed Paulina; "turn not away from the daughter of Marcia!"

Accustomed to control his feelings, the fine countenance of Eleazar underwent no change; it preserved the expression of calm dignity, befitting a judge and a father in Israel. "Rise, daughter of Marcia," he said, "and explain thine errand."

"It concerns the interests of Judea, and your own safety," said Paulina, looking at her relatives.

"Then," replied Eleazar, who was the high priest, "follow me to the Temple, where the feast of the passover is to be celebrated."

At these words Paulina involuntarily drew back, but a thought of her filial duty reassured her, and she followed Eleazar into the outer court of the Temple, where was an imposing assemblage of priests, Pharisees, and doctors of the law.

"My father," said the girl, in a trembling voice, "suffer me to speak a word in thine ear—Jerusalem is standing to-day—to-morrow its walls will be razed to the ground, if you do not at once accept the proposal of Titus, who offers you peace."

A loud shout overpowered her voice : some of the young warriors present, flushed with a partial victory which they had gained over a Roman legion, cried, "No peace with the Romans ! Let our soil be steeped in their heathen blood !"

"Sons of Israel," exclaimed Eleazar, "our enemies fight to destroy, and we to save ! God is with us ! David, son of my brother Saul," he continued, turning to a young Pharisee, "conduct this damsel to the women's apartments."

Notwithstanding her anxiety, Paulina dared not again address her father ; so covering her face with her veil, she followed her cousin to the house. He led her to the door of Abigail's chamber, and when Paulina entered, she found the matron in tears, embracing her daughter Berenice.

"Well," said they, "what tidings?"

"The blindness of the people is marvellous," replied Paulina ; "but though I cannot save them all, let me at least rescue ye and my father."

"Alas !" replied Berenice, "my father even now is preparing for my marriage, not considering that war may soon make me a widow."

"David, the son of Saul, is not a warrior, my daughter," replied Abigail ; "and thy father's intention is a fresh proof of his tender solicitude for thy welfare. In the event of his own death, he provides thee with a guide and a protector. The son of Saul inhabits the fertile fields near the banks of Jordan, and after the passover thy friends will conduct thee thither."

Before Berenice could speak, the loud sound of the sacred trumpet was heard in Jerusalem. Abigail took her daughter by the hand, and led her towards the Temple. Paulina, at her own request, remained at home.

The foundations of the Temple were protected by mounds, which the Jewish princes, especially Herod the Great and

Agrippa, had raised by degrees. Berenice, whose childhood had passed in strict seclusion, was forcibly struck by the glories of the Holy City; and when they reached the hallowed precincts of the Temple, she gazed with wonder at the gold-covered gates, and the rich ornamental tracery executed in the same precious metal. Behind the tabernacle a veil of white linen, mingled with purple and azure, shadowed the sacred light of the seven-branched candlestick; the odoriferous clouds of incense—the groans of the victims falling beneath the sacrificing knife—the deep-toned voices of men, mingled with the sweet notes of the children in the choir—the priests clothed in fine linen and gold, with Eleazar in their midst, wearing his high priest's robes sparkling with precious stones—all this splendour dazzled the sobbing girl. She thought of her sister absent from this holy place—her sister whom she had known but a few hours, and for whom she now prayed fervently. Berenice knew not that Paulina, with equal earnestness, and a more enlightened faith, was at the same moment praying for her.

Eleazar had returned to his home before his wife and daughter, and when they reached it, they were summoned to his presence. He had taken off his priestly habiliments, and replaced them by a warrior's costume. Paulina knelt before him, weeping bitterly, while he turned his face away from hers with an expression of indignant sorrow.

"Abigail," said he, as his wife entered, "when the daughter of Marcia sought our dwelling, I thought we had obtained another daughter to love. The God of Israel has ordered otherwise—His holy will be done! This maiden, unworthy of her God and of her father, has outraged both. She has come, not to share our fate beneath the ruins of Jerusalem, but to draw us away from it—and that in order to introduce amongst us the heresies of a new religion, whose founder was, by the order of Pontius Pilate, governor of the Jews, crucified and slain. It becomes me not to

enter into controversy with a woman—let her learn obedience. But that I should not, O my wife, needlessly risk the safety of those who are dear to me, David, the son of Saul, shall, to-morrow, espouse Berenice, and then he will conduct you, her, and the daughter of Marcia back to our peaceful retreat.” Having so said, Eleazar left the three women, and went to preside in the assembly of the elders of the people, and deliberate on the measures to be taken in the present emergency.

The next day, at the hour when the Levites offer the perpetual sacrifice to the Lord, the bridegroom, accompanied by several young men, and clothed in his nuptial robes, repaired to the dwelling of Eleazar. The bride delayed long, but at length she appeared, conducted by her mother, and followed by a numerous train of young virgins, clothed in white. Berenice wore a long robe embroidered with gold, and a tunic of pale yellow silk fringed with purple. A girdle of the latter colour encircled her slender waist, and a veil of dazzling whiteness, fastened on her head by a circlet of jewels, floated lightly around her graceful figure. The bride and her companions paused in the great hall, opposite the bridegroom and his companions. Berenice then advanced towards her father, and knelt before him. Eleazar blessed her solemnly, placing both his hands on her head; then raising her, and taking her hand, he placed it in that of David.

“My daughter,” said he, “behold thy husband! Be to him what the vine is to the elm: let him find in thee the faithfulness of Sarah, the tenderness of Rachel, the fruitfulness of Leah, and the wisdom of Rebecca.”

“Daughter of Eleazar,” said David, as he gently pressed the hand of his young bride, “in after years it shall pass into a proverb in Israel—‘Beloved as Berenice!’”

Then the marriage song began; the harps and the cymbals mingled their sounds with the rich sweet tones of the choral voices.

A sumptuous display of the splendid presents bestowed by the chief priest on his daughter's husband succeeded to the concert. Afterwards, preceded by the young men and maidens, bearing branches of myrtle and palm, David and Berenice entered the banquet-hall. There the abundance of the Hebrews was united to the luxury of the Romans. Rich draperies, heavy with purple and gold, shadowed the downy perfumed couches prepared for the guests. Delicious wines sparkled in cups of gold; while on the tables roasted sheep and oxen were mingled with the delicate dainties of Greece and Rome. The bird of Lamas, the gazelle of Shenir, appeared, with game from Sicily, and fish from the Iberian sea; while the dates of Africa were mingled with the golden apples of Persia, and the luscious fruits of Cyprus with the varied confectionery of Italy.

Suddenly a clarion sounded, and an attendant entered to announce that a messenger from Titus waited without the gate.

"Let him enter," said Eleazar.

Covered with dust, and a dress disordered by hard riding, a stalwart Roman came in. He raised his casque, and said:—"Listen, O Eleazar! hearken to my words, and despise them not. Titus, deploring the calamities which his vengeance will bring on thy country, holds in his clemency the sword still suspended, and offers thee pardon and peace. Nothing shall be added to the required tribute, and he gives thy citizens three days to pay it."

"Are the fortresses of Jerusalem burned down, and her defenders in the tomb, that thy master should thus address us, young madman?" replied Eleazar.

"Chief of Israel," said the Roman, in a loud voice, "here is my olive-branch. Before I break it, think of thy city—of its Temple, of thy people, of thy family, and of thy daughter, whose days of wedlock will else be early ended."

"I think but of conquering tyrants!" exclaimed Eleazar.

“Well!” replied the ambassador as he broke the branch and cast it from him, “thou askest war, and thou shalt have it—fierce, bloody, and exterminating.”

A shout of rage burst simultaneously from the young Hebrews present. Berenice arose, pale and trembling. “My father,” said she, “give this Roman a safe conduct, else our people will tear him to pieces.”

“Spouse of David, I cannot refuse thy first request,” replied Eleazar; “let thy brother-in-law Daniel conduct this young lunatic through the camp.”

Hurriedly the guests quitted the hall; their joyous bridal songs changed into sounds of war. The young men dropped their festal garments, and donned their armour; each hand threw away its flowers and grasped a sword. Meantime, preparations were making in the plain: palisades were raised, trenches dug, and fortifications strengthened. While the soldiers flocked to the ramparts, Eleazar took leave of his wife and two daughters, and giving them in charge to David, said:—“To-morrow at day-break you will set out; take the women and conduct them in safety to your tranquil home. If the God of Israel has willed the destruction of his people, and the death of its chiefs, you will protect these helpless ones.”

As soon as the morning dawned, Abigail, Berenice, and Paulina entered a covered litter, and, escorted by David, and a mounted party of servants, took the road that leads from Jerusalem towards the south. When they reached the summit of the first hill, they beheld the Roman camp extended before their eyes. Abigail, seeing the number and martial order of the legions, wept and said:

“The hand of the Lord is heavy on his people! Oh God of Israel! shall thy chosen city be indeed cast down to the ground?”

“What signifies the destruction of the earthly Temple, O my

mother!" said Paulina, gently, "if on its ruins our Lord shall build his spiritual church?"

"Child, thou art a Christian," replied Abigail, "and canst not comprehend the sorrows of a Jew."

"But may I not seek to assuage them by pointing to the comfort which cometh from above?"

"What comfort canst thou give to those who lose all?"

"Dear friends," said the young girl, while her eyes filled with tears, and her voice grew tremulous from strong emotion, "would that you might receive comfort where alone it is to be found, even by believing on Him who hath sent His Son to die for our sins, and who hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows."

"Cease, maiden," replied Abigail, in a tone of unwonted severity; "cease to pollute the ears of thy young sister by allusions to the heresy which thou hast unhappily embraced. I, who would fain be as a mother to thee, now command thy silence."

Humbly and meekly Paulina obeyed, but she ceased not to pray earnestly in her inmost soul for the spiritual enlightenment and temporal safety of those who were near and dear to her.

After the little cavalcade had journeyed some miles and passed by the sepulchre of Rachel, the heat became oppressive; and David, approaching the litter, invited his companions to alight and take some repose. The place he had chosen was a delicious spot of verdure sheltered by lofty rocks whose crests were crowned with olive-trees; and where the clear waters of a fountain refreshed the weary traveller, and nourished the gay flowers that grew around.

On this soft natural carpet the servants spread out a repast of bread, meat, and fruit: David asked a blessing, and they all tried to eat, but their hearts were too full and heavy with a sense of impending woe to allow them to relish food.

When they rose to resume their journey, the attendants were

going to carry with them the scarcely touched dishes, but David, mindful of that precept of the law which says, that the gleanings of the harvest shall be left for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow, (Deut. xxiv. 19—21,) hindered them, saying, "Leave the food for some hungry wayfarer, who perchance will bless the hand that supplies his wants."

The dwelling of David lay near the banks of Jordan, in whose clear waters the green meadows and golden harvest-fields of his patrimony were reflected. As he led his young wife beneath his roof, he said: "May thy life, O Berenice, be as tranquil as thy home, and thy days as peaceful as these glassy waters!"

Then having also welcomed his mother-in-law and Paulina, David ordered a banquet to be served, of that simple abundant character which distinguished the feasts of the ancient Hebrews.

Large vases, filled with new milk, and others sparkling with the juice of the grape; baskets of bread, cakes, and fruit, were mingled on the table with roasted kids, and pottage of lentiles.

Shortly after sunset the whole family retired to rest; and on the morrow, to the inexpressible grief of Berenice, her young husband left her to join the warlike ranks of his people, resolving in this time of peril to exchange his ploughshare for a sword.

Months passed on, and during many days the inhabitants of David's farm heard no tidings from Jerusalem, when at length one evening a wounded man, covered with dust and blood, was seen slowly and wearily approaching the gate. He desired to speak with Abigail, and she immediately recognized in him Horam, the captain of Eleazar's guard.

"What woeful tidings bringest thou?" asked the trembling matron.

"Jerusalem is fallen," cried Horam, tearing his beard; "the enemy has encamped in the Temple of the Lord!"

"My husband! what of him?" asked Abigail; while Bere-

nice murmured the name of David, and Paulina listened with breathless anxiety.

"Famine and pestilence," replied the captain, "were in the Holy City, and Titus crucified any stray captives whom he seized; yet nothing could conquer the valour of our people, nor force them to yield. At length the Romans raised a wall against the ramparts, and set the city on fire in many places. The holy Temple was in flames, and in their midst perished my noble master. There, too, the youthful David and his brother Daniel found their tomb. Now the threatenings of the Most High are accomplished; our nation has no longer a temple or a country. Fugitives and wanderers on the earth, when will their sore punishment be ended!"

Horam ended speaking, and a mournful silence followed. It was broken by the loud wailing of Abigail and her daughter, who tore their hair, and scattered ashes on their heads. Paulina, pale and trembling, sought in vain to comfort them. On the following morning, Paulina rose early, and presented herself in a travelling dress, with a staff in her hand.

"Whither goest thou?" asked Abigail.

"I go," replied she, "to seek the wounded and the dying; perchance I may be able to stanch their wounds, and bring some comfort to their souls."

"We will go with thee," said her friends. And together these three delicate, unprotected females, united in affection, though not, alas! in faith, set out on the perilous road which led to Jerusalem. Everywhere, they beheld devastated fields, burnt houses, dead and dying men. In the fallen city, the scenes were yet more awful; for there the plague—a conqueror more resistless than Titus—struck down alike the vanquishers and the vanquished.

A few days afterwards, three women lay expiring near the city gate. Two of them, with the name of the God of Israel on their

lips, cried, "Lord, look down upon thy servants!" The third had her eyes raised to heaven, and a smile of holy peace played on her lips. Turning to gaze at her companions, with an expression of unutterable tenderness, she murmured with her dying breath, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on them!" And then she fell asleep.

TURKISH MAIDEN.

FAIR, as the first that fell of womankind,
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
Whose image then was stamped upon her mind—
But once beguiled—and evermore beguiling;
Dazzling as that, oh! too transcendent vision
To sorrow's phantom peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on earth revived in Heaven;
Soft, as the memory of buried love;
Pure, as the prayer which childhood wafts above:
Was she—the daughter of that rude old chief,
Who met the maid with tears—but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,
His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone:



The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the music, breathing from her face,
The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
And oh ! that eye was in itself a soul !

BYRON'S *Bride of Abydos*.

THE PRINCE AND THE GENTLEMAN.

A Tale of Windsor Castle.

ABOUT the decline of Henry the Fourth, king of England, there was attached to the court a certain young gentleman of a most ancient family, called Henghist, possessing a great spirit and an independent fortune; though not more rich than a gentleman need to be.

It happened that he fell in love with a young lady of great beauty, the daughter of a farmer: Emma was the lady's name. She answered the affections of her lover completely, so that they were married, and she became the bride of Henghist and of happiness.

The prince Harry was then in the full career of his wanton and voluptuous way of life; and having seen this lady, he desired her, and began to search for means by which he might get some power over her. His conduct was not so much the effect of vice, as of restlessness and folly; and had he known the affection subsisting between these two, it is reasonable to suppose (from the sequel) that he would have veiled his passions, and treated their unity of heart with respect. But he gave himself no trouble to consider this; and treating them drily as man and wife, saw no reason why the lady should bar his princely presence.

Henghist by some means became acquainted with his desire, which did not fail to disturb his mind; fearing much that his lady might be dazzled by the greatness of his rival. And he said to himself, "I myself will forward the prince's views (hard as it is) till I see the bent of her inclination: when, if I find her honest, a world of princes shall not wrest her from my arms; if not, my end is come; for I cannot live without this woman."

Calling her to him in the morning he said: "Madam, I have ordered my horses, and intend to ride to a certain place some miles from Windsor, and as I shall like to walk a little after so long a ride, I would wish you to meet me at the grove of elms, in the great park at sunset; and I request you to come alone, as the business I go upon will require some secrecy." Knowing the prince was to pass by at that time, and having arranged matters accordingly, he went out. In the evening, when the sun was going down, he went with two servants armed and well mounted into the grove, fearing lest the prince might use some violence; and being resolved that the whole stake should be set on the virtue of his wife.

It fell out, that the prince rode by at the time Emma was passing, so that he stopped her and told her of his passion; and coming down from his horse he knelt at her feet, and entreated her to have some compassion on him. Emma, whose heart was full, and not at all tainted by the greatness of his person and offers, dreaded lest her husband should come up at the time, and that some quarrel would happen, whereby the comfort of her family and her husband's happiness would fall under the prince's displeasure, who might choose to ruin them for his revenge. She, though with great timidity and modesty, entreated him fair; still giving him no hopes to nourish his passion, nor yet enraging it by a loud protestation of virtue. And he seeing the great pain she was in, comforted her, and entreated her to go with him; but finding this

useless, he thought it best to proceed by degrees. He requested to see her soon again, which she (to have him gone) partly granted.

Henghist seeing them part thus familiarly, and that the prince laid his lips upon her hand, was mad with jealousy. And immediately the prince had departed he rode up, anxious to learn the truth; and dismounting, he sent his servants home with his horse. When Emma saw him, she flew into his arms, and telling him the whole of what had happened, besought him to cherish her in his bosom, and to take some prudential means to save her, without bringing down ruin on their heads. Henghist kissed her from the fulness of his satisfaction, seeing the singleness of her feeling; and comforted her, saying, "I have so much faith in thee, that I will furnish my wit at all times to secure thy honour and guard thy happiness."

This circumstance, as it were, carried them back the two years that they had been married, and freshened their passion for each other. It made them sensible how necessary they were to each other's happiness; and shook the blossoms of their affection, as the murmuring south startles yielding odours from dewy splendid flowers. They felt, that as long as they looked upon each other in a straight line, they were above the touch of circumstance, and independent of the fascinations of the surrounding world. They were like faith and gentleness startled by danger.

The prince, finding that he could by no liberal way get to the lady, laid a stratagem to surprise her. Henghist now thought it high time to look about him, and be upon his guard. So taking the habit, and affecting the manners of a desperado and fortune hunter, he went to an apartment in the castle, where the prince rioted away much time with his companions, and demanded to see him. He came with a face wrinkled with laughter, and a mouth stained with Rhenish, in a most fanciful and unprince-like condi-

tion; so that Henghist said to himself, "Is this the man, who to gratify one corner of his fancy would debauch my wife; drive me to madness, and her to wretchedness and despair?" And turning to the prince, he said, "I tender your Highness pardon, the matter between us is a short one. I hear you are in love with the wife of one Henghist, but have been baffled in your attempts to secure her. I am a kind of lark-catcher in this way, and have it now in my power to put her into thy hand at a certain time and place. How much is a day's work to finish so elegant a piece of merchandise worth, think ye?" The prince's eyes sparkled, and he said, full of enthusiasm, "Ask any thing in reason, and thou shalt have it. On with thy bonnet: come, let us go about this thing direct." Henghist, however, was more cool about the subject, and the newness of so nettling a situation troubled his spleen; but governing his feelings, he said, "It is impossible to do this thing immediately. I must be hired before I do my work. I have a plan digested, but not executed. If in three-days' space you will meet me in Windsor forest, under a certain oak, at the set of sun, I will engage to produce this lady and give her to thy hand, provided thou wilt give me a reward sufficient for the parting with such a prize. If I fail, restrain your reward, and execute your vengeance upon me." And the prince said, "I will meet thee; and upon my honour, as my blood is right royal, I will either reward thee sufficiently, and fully to thy satisfaction, or not receive the lady at thy hands." So they parted.

When the day came, he took the lady with him and went into the forest, leaving her at some distance from the place of meeting; and proceeding on, he saw the prince had many horsemen with him. He therefore made a signal and carrying him a mile off into the forest out of the reach of his companions, fetched the lady to him, and said, "Lo! Sir, I keep my promise. Here is the lady Emma, wife to the Englishman Henghist; I give her to thy hand.

Now, sir, keep your promise. Where is my equal reward?" The prince, full of joy, said, "Thou time-keeper, thou true one; name it—roundly." Henghist said, "I cannot." And the prince answered, "I'll be thy accountant, and thou shalt not lose: take thou five hundred pounds. Will't do?" Henghist shook his head and said, "No." "Will six?" "No." "Or seven?" "No." "For so rare a jewel, man, we will not split; nor dull its lustre with a mean regard. Take thou a thousand. What—still a glutton?" and full of derision he ironically added, "Perhaps you would be content with a bond for my next year's receipts, some seven manors, and a few estates tailed with green parks. Belike I had better pawn the crown to thee, when I shall be my dad and sit in the golden chair. Come, sir, no more of this. Make thy demand, and waken not my wrath." Henghist still said, "Sir, indeed I cannot. I will tell thee what it cost me, and leave thee to count what heaps can be enough for this prize. I am a gentleman. And first, by giving up this lady to thy hands, I lose my honour;—count out a sum for that. Next sir, I lose the only thing in all the world that is joyful to my eye, sweet to my lips, ample to my arms, delicious to my senses; to my heart, a hoop that keeps it stanch from breaking; to my soul, a gate that shuts all sorrow out and joy within; count out a sum for that. In fine, I lose a beautiful, high, honourable, loving, loved wife. Call alchemy to aid; turn Ossa into gold; delay the waves, and cast their lucent green to wedgy diamonds; confound the grossness of the citted earth; turn all to gorgeousness, that it may vie in all its varied hues with a fiery sunset; make human creatures gods, and me ten thousand times their king—Oh! it would not pay for a corner of my heart, nor buy a pang out; much less wipe from my brain the memory that she here is my wife." Then, drawing her to himself, he said, "Now, Sir prince, 'tis my turn to begin." And the prince, assuming much dignity, and checking him, said, "Hast thou

no respect for my person?" Henghist answered, "God wot I have had much, and have shown it patiently. Hadst thou been any but whom thou art, thy death had long been debtor to my sword. But it is come to this. We meet here, man to man; all precedence, all title, dignity, and privilege are forfeited by you. You have o'erstepped the bounds of modesty, and plucked my honour by the beard: let that matter rest. I part with this lady and my life at once. If you so dearly love as I do, she being mine, do thus; pluck out your sword and win her. I am willing, Sir, to fight for her, but not to part with her. And as thou must have got some honour, I appeal to that. Let this matter end upon this ground. Thy word is already engaged never to make prize of this lady till thou canst amply satisfy me for the loss of her; and that will never be. But if you feel inclined to evade this promise, in God's name o'erleap it at once, and let us fight it out; that I may live with peace and honour, or die." And after a pause the prince said, "Henghist, put up thy sword, and fear not the recoiling of my passion. Betake thee to thy house, and Heaven have eyes on thee for a true gentleman."

Some time after this the king died. And when the prince was made king (not having forgotten his admiration of Henghist's spirit, and former affection for his lady) he sent for him privately; asked pardon of the lady, and bestowed a lordship and manors upon Henghist; and ever after treated him as a friend.

DUTCH SKATERS.

ANON.

This bleak and frosty morning,
All thoughts of danger scorning,
Our spirits brightly flow ;
We're all in a glow,
Through the sparkling snow
While a skating we go :
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn.

Great Jove looks on us smiling,
Who thus the time beguiling,
Through the waters we sail ;
Still we row on our keel ;
Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel :
 With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
 To the sound of the merry horn.





From right to left we're plying ;
Swifter than winds we're flying—
Spheres on spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding,
In circles we sleep ;
Our poise still we keep ;
Behold how we sweep
The face of the deep :

*With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.*

See ! see, our train advances !
See how each skater lances !
Health and strength abounding,
While horns and oboes sounding ;
The Tritons shall blow
Their conch shells below,
And their beards fear to show,
While a skating we go :

*With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,
To the sound of the merry horn.*

THE E M I G R A N T .

BY MRS. HALE.

She called me once to her sleeping place,
A strange wild look was upon her face,
Her eye flashed over her cheek so white,
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,
And she spake in a low, unearthly tone—
The sound from mine ear hath never gone!
“I had last night the loveliest dream;
Mine own land shone in the summer beam,
I saw the fields of the golden grain,
I heard the reaper's harvest strain;
There stood on the hills the green pine tree,
And the thrush and the lark sang merrily;
A long and weary way I had come,
But I stopped, methought, by my own loved home.”

MRS. LONDON.

“MAY I inquire, Sir, if you are from New England?” said the landlady of the Pittsburg hotel to a gentleman who was quietly taking his tea in a small parlour, which, at his urgent request to be alone, had been prepared for him.

He was not quite alone, however. The house was filled with company. This was in the autumn of 1818, when the tide of emigration rolled so rapidly from the Eastern States to the West, as almost to cause a retaining current; but the landlord, a true Boni-

face, was fertile in expedients. There was a small parlour, occupied by an artist who was engaged in sketching views of the surrounding scenery—an odd genius, the landlord called him—certainly he was a very obliging man, for he consented that the table for the stranger should be laid in his apartment.

“It will be all the same as if the gentleman were alone,” said the landlord to his wife. “You know that odd fellow never speaks unless it is to his pencil. He may take a man’s face off, to be sure, but he never troubles him with questions about his business. I reckon he is not a Yankee, though I never found out exactly where he was born.”

“May I inquire, Sir, if you are from New England?” said the landlady to the stranger.

“I am, Madam,” replied he, raising his keen, dark eyes from his plate, and fixing them on her face with a look of true Yankee inquisitiveness, but yet blended with an air of perfect good breeding.

The landlady hesitated, as if between her wish to make further inquiries, and the fear of offending a gentleman and a guest.

He saw her embarrassment, and, to relieve it, carelessly inquired if she had any friends in New England.

“Oh! no, Sir, no,” she eagerly replied; “but here is a poor family from that part of the country; a distressed family, Sir; and though my husband tells me never to be troubling our company with such stuff, yet, Sir, the poor woman begged me so earnestly, if I saw any person from New England, I would let her know it. And I thought too, you looked like a clergyman.”

“And a Yankee, of course,” said the gentleman, smiling, and glancing his eye on his black coat. Its well-brushed appearance and the desire of its wearer to be alone, had been, in the mind of the landlady, proof positive of the holy calling of her guest. She made a small mistake. It was not the spiritual, but the civil law

that Arthur Erskine was commissioned to expound and defend. But humanity is not professional, nor generosity and a benevolent mind always put on with the cassock. Arthur Erskine had a heart of flesh, and he never said to the child of misfortune, "Depart in peace," when he was neither warmed nor fed. He performed his duties cheerfully, and never boasted of the performance. A Christian he was, but more in practice than profession.

He did not, however, deceive the landlady respecting his function. He listened to her recital of a tale of sorrows with earnest attention, and then with the promptness that should always characterize willing charity, said—"I will visit this family immediately, if you, Madam, will apprise them of my intention, and they are prepared to admit me."

The landlady departed to ascertain.

Arthur Erskine had stipulated to be alone. He was seated with his back towards the artist, and forgetting that he was not alone, he said, with a deep sigh, "How many poor emigrants to this boundless West are now yearning for the quiet homes they left in our peaceful New England!"

"Your Yankees are too sanguine of success, and too eager to obtain riches," said the artist.

Erskine turned round. The man had laid down his pencil, and it was evident he wished to converse. The brown study in which Erskine had been intending to indulge through the evening, had been interrupted by the landlady in a manner that entirely dissipated its pleasing illusions. He no longer wished for solitude, but esteemed the presence of the artist as a very lucky incident. When two persons are mutually desirous of entering into conversation an acquaintance may easily be commenced.

"I think, Sir," said the artist, "that the New England people are naturally of a cool temperament, sensible, wary, and calculating; but when once their imaginations or passions are thoroughly

excited, you cannot turn them from the bent of their humour, or convince them they have mistaken their own interest. You may as easily direct the whirlwind, or stay the course of a torrent with the rushes on its bank."

"We are rather obstinate, I confess, when our resolution is formed," said Erskine.

"Yes, and you think nothing you determine on impossible in performance or attainment," replied the artist. "I have seen many of your Yankees who come here with their families, almost as destitute as Adam when he was banished from Eden, and yet they were expecting to amass the wealth of princes, and attain the highest honours of the State. This enthusiasm is shared, too, by the women, and even little children. I never saw a finer illustration of the 'Pleasures of Hope,' than I witnessed a few weeks since. I spent a month last summer wandering over the Alleghany hills, and during my rambles, I fell in with a family who were removing from Connecticut to Ohio. I saw them first at noonday, as they were about to rest for an hour or two. The horses were loosed from the wagon; but here—I can show you a sketch of the scene; I took it at the time, and have since bestowed some pains to retouch and finish it. Indeed, I think I succeeded tolerably well in giving the spirit, the peculiar character of the individuals to their respective pictures, and that is the perfection of our art."

"Yes, but to impart the character of a person to his picture, it is necessary, I presume, that you know somewhat of his history," said Mr. Erskine.

"Exactly so," returned the artist. "But I had a fine opportunity for that. I passed a day with this family, and rendered them some trifling assistance, and was repaid by a communication, unreversed, I think, of all the changes and chances they had experienced. I never in my life saw a more interesting family. They

appeared so good, so devoted to each other, so ardent in their expectations of success, and so unpractised in the deceptions of the world. But look at my sketch. This old man told me he was descended, by the mother's side, from the noted Mr. Hooker, the Connecticut divine so famed for his courageous piety, that he trembled not at 'spirit of health, or goblin damned.' And truly when I saw this old man walking with a firm and vigorous step, though he bore the weight of seventy years, and heard him conversing with the cheerfulness of youth on his future plans and prospects, though always with reference to the will of God, I thought the descendant did not shame the progenitor. I drew him as I first saw him, watering his horses at one of those bright rills that, swelled by recent rains, come leaping down the mountain from their hiding-places among the rocks and shrubs. There is his wife with such a humble and resigned countenance mingled with that deep affection which seems, like the rill, to gather strength in its descent to her posterity. She has her little granddaughter at her knee, by the way, the loveliest creature I ever beheld. Her auburn hair, clustered in natural curls all over her head, and her blue eyes, were so bright with joy and innocence that I could not look at her without thinking of heaven. Oh! she will be too fair a flower to bloom in our solitary wilds! Beside the old lady sits her son—he was a very handsome man, and his countenance indicative of an excellent disposition, but there was little of that energy about him which usually distinguishes the emigrant from the East. I thought him very amiable, but that he was not in his proper element—that to have tilled his small farm beside the soft flowing Connecticut would have been more congenial to his mind, than to explore the pathless forests, and mighty rivers of our Western country. But he had a fine active boy, a lad of eight, perhaps, who looked as if he would delight to ramble over the whole earth. His face beamed with

rapture, and his eye with inquiry, at every strange object that he saw. He resembled his mother, and I could not do justice to her. She was one of those creatures of spirit and feeling who 'would move heaven and earth,' were it possible, to serve those she loved. Ambitious she was as Semiramis, and yet it was an ambition that hardly had reference to self. See! with what a queenly air she is looking around, over the boundless valley of the Ohio, then just opening before her. She was a very beautiful woman, but there was at that moment something in her countenance much dearer than beauty. It was the conjugal, the maternal expression of triumph and affection that seemed to say, 'Here my husband will be distinguished, and my children rich and happy.' She was, in truth, the presiding and animating spirit of the party. I found she wedded for 'pure, pure love,' as the old song says, and against the advice and wishes of her friends, who had provided one they deemed a better match for her. But Cupid delights in thwarting human prudence, and he had smitten with mutual passion the daughter of the rich merchant and the son of the poor farmer, and so they married. I do not think the young woman regretted her choice, but I believe she was disappointed in the degree of felicity she had expected to enjoy. How could it be otherwise, when she had, doubtless, pictured a Paradise of domestic bliss. The old lady told me her daughter-in-law made an excellent wife, but that she was never quite contented with their little farm, and so to please her, they were removing to a country where they could obtain more land. In short, I found, to compare small things with great, that it was the same cause which made the proud triumvir lose a world, namely, the influence of a woman, that had induced this prudent and peaceful family to quit the hearth and the altar of their childhood and old age, and set out on a pilgrimage to the wilderness of Ohio."

Here the artist was interrupted by the landlady, who entered

to say that the poor woman wished to speak with the minister then, if he was at liberty. "Her husband is dying, Sir, I believe."

Mr. Erskine arose instantly, and followed the hostess to a small chamber in the garret of the spacious hotel.

"The room is not very convenient for sick folks," said the hostess, as they were ascending the third staircase, a red glow at the same time passing over her usually hard and monotonous countenance. "I should not have moved them up here, only the groans of the sick ones disturbed my genteel boarders. And then these people had nothing they could pay for their lodgings, and I could not afford to give them the use of the best chambers." Her features again grew rigid with a sense of her own importance and the unprecedented humanity she had shown, as she added, "I have, Sir, done a great deal more for them than I was able to do."

She threw open the door of the small close chamber, and Mr. Erskine felt, for a moment, a sickness come over him that deprived him of the power to move or speak. His trance was broken by the sweet tones of a little pale girl who ran up to him, saying, "Have you any thing to give father? He will not open his eyes to-day."

"He will never open them again, my love," said a female, attempting to rise from her kneeling posture by the low bed on which lay the lifeless body of her husband.

"Good God!" exclaimed Erskine, "Do I again see Emily Moore?"

"You see a wretched, dying woman, Arthur," said Mrs. Hanson, struggling to stifle her emotion, which yet was so violent that she sunk, nearly fainting, into a chair—the only one in the room.

"Is there nothing can be done for her?" asked Erskine, eagerly, as he vainly sought among the broken cups and empty phials for some cordial to revive her. "Woman," cried he, turning

towards the landlady with an expression of sternness that made her tremble, "go send for a physician and a nurse, and bring something instantly for this sick lady."

"Lady!" but the tone of contempt died on the hostess's lip, as the dark glance of Erskine's eye met hers. She soon brought restoratives, and Mrs. Hanson was borne to another apartment.

"I shall now die in peace," said Mrs. Hanson, in a low tone, and frequently interrupted by sobs which all her efforts could not suppress. "I shall die in peace. I have so pined to hear a voice that was familiar to me—to see a face that looked kind. It was such agony to think of leaving my dear little Emily alone with strangers! But you will, Mr. Erskine, I know you will take care of her."

He promised all she wished, and then strove to comfort her with the hope of recovery and happier days.

"No—it can never be," she replied. "My heart is broken by disappointments, grief, and remorse. You do not know, Erskine, what I have done, or suffered. We heard you were successful in Kentucky, and had obtained great wealth, and I repined that my husband was not equally fortunate. I loved him sincerely, but I was dissatisfied with our humble station. I was mortified and unhappy because my husband was not a great man. I coveted riches, and persuaded him to leave that quiet home where we had all that was really necessary to enjoyment, and with his aged parents, and our two little ones, we set out on the long journey to this place. Nothing material occurred till we were descending the last ridge of the Alleghany. Our wagon was there precipitated down a ledge of rocks. The horses were killed or wounded, but that was of no consequence. Our kind and venerable father was entangled with the horses and fell with them. He died the next day. We then came to this house, and here our mother was attacked with a fever. Then our little boy was sick. My hus-

band supported himself till they were both laid in the same quiet grave, and then he took his bed. It is four weeks since. I had forgotten to tell you that our money, all that we had in the world, was stolen from us a few days after we arrived. We have had to beg from strangers for the means to live, and I know what it is to suffer hunger and to weep with thankfulness for a piece of bread. Oh! this is a cold-hearted world, but I dare not tell you all I have suffered. It has been just. I ought to have been contented with my home, and not coveted riches so eagerly. My poor husband has died, the victim of my ambition."

Her emotions overcame her again, and the physician, who then arrived, gave Erskine but little hope of her recovery. Every thing was done for Mrs. Hanson that skill could devise, or wealth command. "All was in vain. The third evening after Erskine met her, he was summoned to her bedside—she was dying.

The agony of remorse, of self-reproach, that had so overshadowed her pale, emaciated countenance, had passed away. She looked calm, even happy. She extended her hand to Erskine—it was the first time he had dared to take it.

"My friend," said she, "you show that the affection you once professed for me was sincere. I could not then return your love—but I feel deeply your kindness. My little Emily—"

Arthur Erskine took the child and pressed her to his bosom without speaking. She threw her infantile arms around his neck, and caressed him as she would have done her father.

"She is yours," said the dying mother, the tear gathering in her large dark eyes that already beamed with the earnest, unearthly brightness which usually precedes dissolution. "She is yours; I give her to you, and my last earthly tie is broken."

"Are you worse?" inquired Erskine, in a tone trembling with emotion.

"Oh! no—I feel assured my sorrows will soon cease; that I shall soon join my beloved friends—I see them all."

"Where? when?" exclaimed Erskine, looking around.

"I mean I have just seen them in my dream. I dreamed I was at home. Oh! I thought I had been wandering a long, long time, and lost my way, and lost my friends, and been in darkness and despair, but at last I reached home. Every thing looked just as it did the last morning I was there. The sun was rising, and its beams shone on the waters of the river, and the ripples glanced like sparkles of gold. But just then a soft voice whispered in my ear, 'You will soon see brighter waters than these.'"

"Then I thought I looked on the flowers. The damask rose-bush that grew beneath my window, was covered with flowers. I never saw roses look so blooming; but again I heard the same soft, sweet voice whisper, 'you will soon see fairer flowers than these.' Then I turned, and on the green before the house, my friends were all assembled. There was my husband, and parents, and son. I rushed forward to embrace them. They extended their arms to welcome me; but I heard the voice again, 'Stay, you will meet them soon—they will welcome you to a glorious home.' The rapture awakened me. But I shall soon sleep in peace.

"Should my daughter live, tell her the history of her mother, and strive to impress this truth on her young mind—that to pursue eagerly after riches or distinction will often lead us into error, and always end in disappointment."

The happy group that so interested the artist on the Alleghany hills, were soon laid at rest beneath the green turf of that land they had so earnestly sought—all but the lovely little girl, and she is now the adopted daughter of the Governor of ———

M A Y M O R T O N .

BY J. F

SHE recks not of fortune, though high her degree ;
She says she's contented with true love and me ;
And the truth of her heart my fond rapture describes
In the bloom of her blushes and light of her eyes,
May, darling May !

How fearful is love, the faithful and young !
How trembles the heart, and how falters the tongue ;
While the soft rising sigh, and the sweet springing tear,
Check the half spoken vow, and the glance too sincere
Of May, my own May !

Her hand to my lips when at parting I press,
And when she bids me adieu with a timid caress,
She glides off like a sunbeam, pursued by a cloud,
And I kiss every flower, whose head has been bowed
By the footsteps of May.

As the fawn steals for play from the still feeding flock,
As darts the young hawk from his hold in the rock,



So peeps forth May Morton when none are aware,
So flies her fond lover, her rambles to share
Of May, sweetest May !

I linger at noon by the rocks and the coves
Where the slow winding stream sleeps in nooks which he loves,
When the freshness of spring has been mellowed by June,
And the trees seem alive with sweet warblers' tune,
With May, dark eyed May.

We scarce talk of love, she is scared at the sound ;
But it breathes from the skies, and it bursts from the ground :
Of whatever we talk it is love that we mean—
On whatever we look it is love that is seen,
By May Morton and I.

BEIROUT AND MOUNT LEBANON.

“BEIROUT, a seaport, and the most flourishing commercial town of Syria, (in proportion to its size,) in the pashalic of Acre, on a bay of the Mediterranean, fifty-seven miles W. N. W. of Damascus, of which city it is the port, and three miles south of Cape Beirout. * *

“Its walls are about three miles in circumference, outside of which are suburbs equalling the town in extent. It has some large and well-supplied bazaars. Streets narrow, but clean, it being plentifully furnished with springs, and it is said to have derived its original name from the Phœnician deity *Baal Beerith*, ‘Lord of wells.’ Along the shore are some remains of antiquity, comprising Mosaic pavements, columns, and thick walls. The harbour, protected by a mole, is adapted only for small boats; but, in the bay beyond it, ships may anchor in from six to eleven fathoms. The town has important manufactures of silk stuffs, and also of gold and silver thread. Much raw silk is produced from the silk worms, raised in the immediate vicinity, a branch of business which has greatly increased within a few years.” *

Towering with its lofty pinnacle touching the Eastern sky, Mount Lebanon looks from her lofty height upon Beirout lying peacefully at her feet.

* Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World.







THE BRIDAL WREATH.

THE BRIDAL WREATH.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

COME from the woods with the citron flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio ! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas ;—
They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned,
The bride of the morn. * * * * *
Jewels flashed from her flowing hair,
Like starry dew's midst the roses there ;
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heaved by her heart through its golden zone ;
But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
Gleamed from beneath her transparent veil ;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Tho' clear as a flower which the light looks through ;
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

She looked on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore ;

She hung o'er the myrtle once called her own,
As it greenly waved by the threshold stone ;
She turned—and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
Oh ! hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years !
Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall ;
She goes unto love yet untried and new,
She parts from the love which hath still been true ;
Mute be the song, and the choral strain,
Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again !





THE SIGNAL; OR, THE RIVAL COUSINS.

At a short distance from the port of Messina, in Sicily, stood a nobleman's castle, from the window of which, during a tremendous storm that seemed to insure destruction to whatever tempted the bosom of the ocean, some ladies observed a man battling with the fury of the waves, and striving to reach the land by means of a thick plank which he grasped with tenacious firmness. They immediately dispatched an assistant to his relief, who on reaching the strand found him kissing the ground in gratitude for his deliverance from a watery tomb; his age appeared about four-and-twenty, his figure was noble, and his dress, which the violence of the tempest had prevented him from discarding, was green, richly brocaded with gold.

One of the servants, addressing him, said, "that some ladies having observed his dangerous situation, had sent to his relief, and given order for his safe conveyance to the castle." The shipwrecked stranger received this cheering intelligence with the warmest demonstrations of gratitude, and threw off his waistcoat and doublet, which the wet caused to hang heavily about him: any inconvenience from the thinness of his apparel being prevented by the mildness of the climate. The servant, observing what he had done, whispered to another to carry the clothes home, unseen by the stranger, which was done.

Being arrived at the mansion, the youth was conducted into

the presence of the three ladies, whose extraordinary beauty struck him with astonishment, although he thought one of them far exceeded the others in that particular.

They kindly questioned him concerning his misfortune, and inquired from whence he came; as he understood Sicilian perfectly, he replied, that he was a Venetian trader, and was on his voyage in a merchantman from Venice to Sicily, when the late tempest had overtaken them, and the vessel, crew, and cargo had been swallowed by the remorseless waves; that for himself, he had but just time to partly undress, throw himself into the sea, and cling to a broken spar, which supported him to the shore, where he was blessed in being permitted to receive their commiseration, for which he owed them the most unlimited obligation.

The ladies, being pleased and satisfied with the language and appearance of the stranger, expressed a desire to be acquainted with his name, which he informed them was Philip (and by that name in future we shall call him) when the most beautiful of the three desired the servant who had been his guide to conduct him to the wardrobe, and furnish him with such clothes as he should choose. This was forthwith obeyed, and in a short time Philip was satisfactorily equipped. During his toilette he inquired concerning the three ladies he had just quitted; and learnt that the handsomest was Beatrice, the daughter and sole heiress of the Duke of Calabria, and that the other two were sisters, and her cousins, their names Celestina and Sylvia. The stranger was greatly pleased at finding the mistress of the castle to be of such rank, as he guessed he should then be sure of receiving every attention while under her roof. Having completed his dress, which consisted of a rich gray suit, ornamented with gold, a gilt dagger, sword, and a hat with a beautiful plume of feathers in it, he returned to the ladies, who were charmed with the increased elegance of his person, and ease of his demeanor; the fair Celestina already began to consider him with exceeding admiration.

Philip expressed his thanks to the lovely Beatrice, for the hospitality he had experienced, to which she answered, "I expect my father, the Duke of Calabria, here shortly; and I am sure he will not be displeased at what I have done; you must, however, remain here in the mean time; for, as you have lost all that you had with you, you would perhaps find it inconvenient to procure another lodging; therefore, make yourself comfortable in this mansion until you have written to and heard from your friends."

"Most beautiful Beatrice," said Philip, "your goodness is as superior to my thanks as it is to my merits; I could wish to forget my own country and pass my life in your service, and that of my lord, your father, nor ever depart from your house, until proved unworthy of its shelter."

Beatrice now desired to see a specimen of his penmanship; and, although he took no pains to exhibit his writing to advantage, yet she was so well satisfied, that she resolved he should fill the office of secretary in the family; the person who had formerly occupied that situation having gone into Spain. As night approached, Philip was shown to his apartments. When Beatrice was about sitting down to supper, the servant who had first conducted Philip to the castle, entered, and desired to speak to his mistress in private, whom, having retired to another room, he thus addressed: "Your ladyship must know that, when we were about bringing Philip hither, he threw off this doublet and waistcoat, and supposing this was done in the hurry of the moment, I ordered Lionel privately to bring them after."

Beatrice attentively examined the waistcoat and doublet, the richness of which surprised her; the former being of green embroidered with gold, the latter amber-colour edged with green.

"Besides," continued the servant, "in his confusion he has forgotten this purse, which I have not opened but brought straight to your ladyship."

The purse, which was beautifully embroidered, contained a gold

relic case adorned with diamonds, in the pockets of which Beatrice found two miniatures, one representing a lady of exquisite beauty, the other a knight, whose countenance strongly resembled that of Philip; the Spanish order of the Golden Fleece hung from the neck, the insignia of which was well known to Beatrice, whose surprise was greatly increased, as she could not but suppose that the rank of Philip was superior to what it appeared; and as love had from the first been timidly lurking in her heart, she now ventured to give the rein to hope, although not without some misgivings on account of the lady whose portrait was in the purse, and who she thought must be some mistress of his. She strictly enjoined the servant not to mention what he had seen, until she had discovered who the stranger really was; she then joined her cousins at the supper-table, but love deprived her of appetite, she ate little, and on retiring to rest slept still less. Her mind was occupied with a thousand fancies, and at length, anxious to see Philip, she arose, long before her usual hour, and descended to the garden. After employing herself with forming a nosegay, during which she thought continually on Philip, she at length sent for him, being desirous of discovering, if possible, the real cause of his being on board the shipwrecked vessel.

This summons was obeyed with delight by Philip, who having respectfully saluted her, replied to her inquiry, if he had yet recovered from his fatigue, that he was perfectly so, as the attentions he had experienced could not fail to restore him, and that his only wish was to dedicate his life to her service, in return for the liberal benevolence she had shown him. Every action had in it a nobleness beyond his apparent rank; and while he had been speaking, the eyes of Beatrice were irresistibly fixed upon him; at length she informed him that he had the charge of answering all her correspondents, even the Duke of Terranova, her cousin, betwixt whom and herself a treaty of marriage was in agitation. This intelligence was by no means agreeable to her new secretary,

who had not been insensible to the charms of the fair Beatrice, and he had hoped at least to find her unengaged, that he might avail himself of any opportunity to ingratiate himself with her.

Beatrice was delighted to observe him change colour, and that the name of her cousin had affected him.

He replied that he was her servant, that she had raised him to an office far exceeding his merits, and that he would endeavour to satisfy her in all things. They then conversed on various subjects, in which the fair Beatrice discovered such good sense and understanding in Philip, that she felt authorized in esteeming him highly. They were soon joined by her two cousins, when Celestina, by her agitation, and her marked attention to the stranger, plainly discovered to the equally interested Beatrice, that she was as much enamoured as herself; the latter, therefore, instead of confiding to her cousin the contents of Philip's doublet, as she had intended, now determined to conceal that knowledge from her.

Philip had not long been domesticated in the family, when the old duke returned from the Sicilian court, and was received by Beatrice with the warmest affection. She introduced Philip to him, related his misfortunes, and exaggerated his talents; in consequence of which, the venerable nobleman confirmed what his daughter had done, and established him in his post of secretary.

When Beatrice had first begun to suspect the rank of Philip, she had sent to Venice, his reputed country, to learn if any merchant had had his vessel wrecked on a certain day. She had commissioned the Sicilian ambassador, who then resided with that powerful republic, to make this inquiry; but he could not learn that any such loss had taken place, as the sailors and merchants there, who are generally the first to hear of such tidings, must have known of it in the time that had elapsed. When Beatrice received this answer, she made sure that Philip's account of himself must be false. Soon afterwards she obtained information that the Prince of Salerno had embarked from Naples for Sicily, and

having been wrecked, had left that state without a successor, he being a minor, and that two of his female cousins were legally disputing which had the greater right to it. Beatrice was now almost ready to imagine that the pretended Philip was no other than this Prince of Salerno, and she waited impatiently for an opportunity of proving to him that she was convinced he was of higher rank than he gave out; for she had discovered that the servant who had first shown her the jewels belonging to Philip, had revealed the secret also to her cousin Celestina.

This lady, giving way to the affection she felt for the amiable stranger, one day when he was in his closet alone, answering some letters, threw a billet in to him through the half-open door.

Perceiving it fall, he rose hastily to discover who had thrown it, but before he could reach the door, Celestina (who had done it herself, that she might not be obliged to confide in any one) had concealed herself, and Philip, not finding any person there, took up the paper, and read as follows:

“One of her excellency’s ladies wishes you to pass an uncomfortable night for her sake, trusting that your gallantry will cause you easily to undergo this inconvenience, for one who will know how to be grateful for it. She will expect you at the last window of the gallery which overhangs the garden, after the family have retired to rest. Heaven keep you!”

Philip made up his mind to meet this lady at the appointed hour, never imagining that it could be Celestina or her sister, but rather one of Beatrice’s women. He then returned to his occupation, in which he was still engaged, when he was summoned to attend on Beatrice, whom he found writing in her own apartment. She asked him for a letter she had submitted to his consideration, when he, agitated by the presence of his mistress, gave her, in mistake the note he had just received, along with the right one. Beatrice took all as he gave them to her, and then dismissed him to finish those letters he was about. When he had retired, she

was surprised to see the other paper, which he had given in his confusion ; but supposing it to belong to her, she opened it, and immediately recognizing her cousin's hand, read the contents, which filled her with the most racking jealousy. After some reflection, however, she determined to take advantage of this singular mistake, and, in pursuance of her plan, contrived at night to employ both Celestina and her sister, and lock them up together in her room.

At midnight she repaired softly to the gallery window, fluttering the letter as a signal to Philip, who waited below. She beckoned, and when he was close under the window said, in a feigned voice : " I am sensible, Signor Philip, of the sacrifice you have made, in exchanging your warm bed for the cold night-dew ; but I felt sure that one so gallant as yourself, would not weigh the loss of sleep against the summons of a lady."

" You appreciated my disposition aright," returned Philip, " which is always to obey the fair sex ; and I should have been mightily uncivil not to have come willingly the first time."

" And as to the second ?" interrupted Beatrice.

" For the second I will say nothing, except that I am so faithfully bound to the service of the fair Beatrice, that I could not readily do any thing that would offend her."

" How did the friend I entrusted the paper to, contrive to convey it to you ?" asked Beatrice.

" She threw it into the closet where I was writing."

" I must be cautious," resumed she, " since, on the very first night, you say you shall not come again ; how do you know what I intend to do in your favour ?"

" I am persuaded," rejoined Philip, " that you are only seeking to amuse yourself with a stranger."

" How can you tell *what* I am ?" inquired Beatrice.

" By your voice," replied Philip, " which assures me I am right ; besides, were you old, you would not have sought such an unseasonable hour for speaking to me."

"There," she exclaimed, "how you are continually telling me that you regret your loss of sleep. Since you find midnight an unseasonable hour for a meeting, what can one say to you?"

"It signifies little," said Philip, "that you are ignorant of what I am capable of when really interested, or what sleep I can lose when I love."

"Then, doubtless, you have been in love?" said Beatrice.

"So deeply," he replied, "that I do not wish to converse on the subject—it causes me such pain."

"But, nevertheless, I must tell you something agreeable," said she; "one of her excellency's ladies wishes to speak with you in private, either at this window, or wherever else she shall, at that time, find most convenient; she is induced to do this from affection to you, therefore it will be a poor return for her goodness, if fear should prevent you from keeping an appointment which, I can assure you, will be fortunate for you."

"It would be much worse if, from my humble situation, I should only be able to give her the homage of my heart, when she ought to be honoured by such feasts and presents as dignify love; and which cannot be in the power of an unknown and unfortunate stranger, thrown, destitute of every thing, upon your shore."

"Then have you not saved one jewel from the wreck?" inquired Beatrice, significantly.

Philip paused, for till that moment it had not occurred to him, that in the clothes which he had thrown aside on leaving the water, was the diamond-set relic-case, and the two pictures: but supposing that they had been accidentally found, he replied, "that he had indeed lost a jewel in the clothes he had taken off."

"In this affair, however," continued Beatrice, affected by his manner, neither gifts nor gallantries of any sort are required of you, but a faithful love. I only now desire of you to be, without fail, at a low grated window, which opens into this garden, to-morrow night, a little later than this."

Philip would have replied, but Beatrice hastened away, by no means displeased with the anticipations of the following night. Very different feelings occupied the breast of her cousin Celestina, for the employment Beatrice had given her, and the locked door, debarred her entirely from keeping her appointment with Philip; these ideas prevented her from sleeping, and as she feared that Beatrice had some suspicions of what had passed, she resolved to quiet them by not noticing Philip for some days. He, on his part, was at the lattice next night, punctual to the hour named: here he found Beatrice, (disguised, however, so that he did not recognize her,) who had left a favourite woman, in whom she had great confidence, to watch Celestina, and to prevent interruption. "

They had a long conversation, in which she told him, that she was herself the lady she had spoken of, but that she should not tell her name until she found he was deserving of her confidence—that she wanted not those public gallantries which it was not in his power to give, but would be satisfied with a pure and faithful love; and, at parting, she threw him a handkerchief, in which were wrapped some jewels of great value. As it was too dark for Philip to see what she had given him, he delayed examining the parcel until he reached his apartment; when he was confounded and astonished to see its magnificent contents.

The Court was then at Messina, two miles from the Duke's palace; and the Duke of Terranova, wishing to see his lovely cousin once more grace the court, published a tournament for St. John's day, in which he was challenger. As soon as this was known at the Duke's, Philip and the incognita, at their next meeting, of course, conversed of it. She said (still preserving her concealment) "that her lady, Beatrice, must doubtless appear at court, as the tournament was in honour of her, and that consequently she herself must attend her, which she was sorry for, as it would interrupt their conversations." Philip, impelled by his ardent spirit, and forgetting the station which he occupied, and

the low rank he had assumed on his arrival, said that "had he not been a stranger, and alone, he should have wished to have joined the tilters." Beatrice was now rejoiced to hear what at once proved his illustrious blood, and immediately said, "that if such was really his wish, she would take care to furnish him with every thing requisite for his proper appearance, as she desired greatly to see him attend, and upon that occasion he should know her name;" then, after appointing another nightly interview, she retired.

To return to Celestina. As her wish to converse with Philip was not less ardent than before, and as, from the extreme vigilance of Beatrice, she had not yet been able to contrive it, she had recourse to another note, which contained these words:

"What I wrote before must have surprised you, as I failed to be at the appointed window; but be there to-night, and you shall learn who esteems you. Come early."

This paper perplexed Philip so much, that he was at a loss what to resolve upon; the time appointed, however, was convenient, therefore he determined to extricate himself as well as he could from the confusion he had got into.

Night being come, he repaired to his earliest rendezvous, beneath the gallery window, where Celestina was already waiting for him; she immediately made herself known, and said:

"I have desired to speak freely to you, and have chosen this solitude that you may open yourself with confidence to me; the first thing I require of you is, to tell me truly who you are, for I cannot believe the account you have given of yourself, when the jewels found in your dress contradict all you say; endeavour no longer, therefore, to conceal your real name, for on my life I will find it out; but be assured, if my suspicions prove just, as I hope they will, you may expect further advancement."

Philip was confounded at finding this to be Celestina, as he imagined his fair incognita was she.



WHALES ATTACKED BY BEARS.



"Most beautiful Celestina," he replied, "I must admit that the jewels found in my clothes do seem to prove me of superior rank to what I have alleged, which, nevertheless, is true. In Venice, I should have been contented with my real station, but in a foreign country I wished to pass for something higher than a mere trader, without absolutely saying that I was. I therefore dressed myself richly; but when, after receiving the greatest favours from such a lady as your noble cousin, and being seriously asked the truth, I should do wrong to deny it. I have now resolved your question; but if there be any thing further in my power to say, that will clear your doubts, command me."

"I am satisfied," resumed Celestina, "and for the present, only desire that you will be here again to-morrow night at the same hour."

Philip promised to obey, and Celestina hearing a noise within, and fearing it might be Beatrice, charged him to be punctual, and left him.

He then hastened from the window, anxious to know who his incognita really was, the idea of her being Celestina being now out of the question. The value of the jewels she had given him, almost led him to suppose that she must be Beatrice herself, whom he had hitherto considered too proud to stoop to such an action; should it prove so, he felt himself obliged in honour to disclose his real name and rank, which he had hitherto delayed doing, from the uncertainty of the reception he should meet with from the duke her father, betwixt whom and his own there had once been a rivalry in love, which had caused challenges; and which now formed his principal reason for wishing to remain unknown.

He soon reached the garden lattice, where he found the unknown lady, who reproved him for his tardiness; he soon, however, excused himself to her satisfaction, and said so many graceful things, that she declared her resolution of anticipating his request to know her name by informing him that she was Celestina.

Philip smiled to himself at her assumption of that lady's name, and now felt assured that she must be Beatrice, which discovery overjoyed him so much as nearly to deprive him of the power of concealing it.

In the course of conversation, the subject of the tournament was revived, when Beatrice asked him if it was still his wish to join the combatants; he replied in the affirmative, when, giving him at the same time a paper, she said :

“Take this, and farewell, for it is late.”

She then left him, and when he took the paper to a light, he found it to be an order for a thousand gold doubloons, payable to the bearer. Astonished at this sight, Philip concluded that he must be known to Beatrice, as appearances alone could never have induced one of her rank to behave so.

As there now only wanted three days to the entertainment, the duke and his daughter were preparing to go to their palace at Messina. During that short period, Philip, with the greatest secrecy, made ready his own and his four attendants' dresses.

The day of the tournament at length arrived; that day which the Duke of Terranova hoped would assure him of the hand of Beatrice, as her father had consented, the king had sanctioned the union, and they only waited for a dispensation from the Pope.

After the king had breakfasted, he went to a balcony of his palace which looked into a large area, around which were erected scaffolds richly adorned with cloth of the handsomest description, and in the middle was the place allotted for the tournament, which was a hundred feet square, with four entrances for the tilters; on one side was an elegant tent for the challenger, his assistants, seconds, and all the other tilters, to refresh themselves in.

When lovely Beatrice and her cousins, richly dressed, went to the palace, her carriage was attended by the noblest and most graceful of the knights; they placed themselves in a balcony among the other ladies, all of whom were not only elegantly

attired, but most beautiful in themselves. The hour for the commencement of the ceremonies having arrived, the trumpets sounded, and fifty drummers and fifers appeared habited in green and cloth of silver, ornamented with gold laces and loops, on an edging of murrey, being the fair Beatrice's colours; after these came twelve attendants dressed in green, with twists of gold and murrey, and then entered the challenger himself, dressed the same as the attendants, except that his cap, and part of his clothing, was ornamented with silver stars; his armour was white striped with green, and he wore a plume of green and murrey feathers. He made his *entré* gracefully, and taking his place, threw down his gauntlet to invite some one to the contest. He was followed by his assistant, a Sicilian nobleman, not less magnificently dressed than the duke himself.

Philip had, to the great surprise of Beatrice, staid quietly to see the commencement of the tilting, and she began to fear he had deceived her in saying he wished to enter the lists; but his intention in doing this, was merely to answer Beatrice in her own way, as she had endeavoured to deceive him by passing for her cousin Celestina; to add to her vexation, therefore, he placed himself so as to be seen by both ladies, and made a sign that he was going to arm.

Beatrice understood him, though not appearing to notice, but it was unintelligible to Celestina, to whom he had said nothing about the tournament; she therefore made a sign to express that she did not understand him, he repeated his signal, and then went away, leaving Beatrice to fret at having caused this mistake by assuming her cousin's name.

When Philip left the balcony, he hastened to a house, where his servant was expecting him, with eight drummers and fifers, and four seconds, all dressed in blue, and ornamented with silver, which was Celestina's colour. His hat cloak were blue, bordered with black and silver; his plume was blue and white.

Philip entered the lists with such superior grace, that all eyes were fixed upon him, yet none could guess who he was, excepting Beatrice, who with bitterness saw him thus publicly declare for her cousin; she now deeply regretted the deceit she had practised, as that alone had given her rival this public triumph, even unknown to herself. Not the appearance alone of Philip exceeded other jousts, but he also so far surpassed them in skill, that when he tilted with the Duke he carried off the prize, which he presented to Celestina, giving another wound to the already mortified Beatrice, to whom every attention he paid her cousin was a poisoned dart. When the skirmishing commenced, he obtained more prizes, that for grace, as well as the one for skill. These he laid at the feet of the fair Beatrice, who, conscious that it was occasioned by herself, began to forgive him for presenting the former prize to Celestina, who in her turn now suffered some uneasiness.

Night finished the tournament, and torches were provided for all except Philip, who stealing away in the confusion, returned to the house where he had armed; he was followed, unobserved however, by a page, at the command of Celestina, whose curiosity was raised to know who the strange knight could be; and her commission was so well executed, that he was soon discovered to be the Duke's secretary.

As he was attending Beatrice home, her favourite writing-woman put into his hand a paper containing these words:

"One whom you know will expect you to-night at the garden lattice. Do not fail to be there. Adieu."

Assured that Beatrice was the writer of this note, he resolved to tease her a little before he raised the veil; and going at the appointed hour, found her at the lattice.

"I cannot deny, Philip," said she, "but that I am much pleased with what you did for my honour at the tournament to-day, where you acted so conspicuously; but I will not believe that a Venetian trader can understand the use of arms so well.

I thank you," said she, "for the prize you gave me, though I must complain of your more generous behaviour to my cousin, to whom you presented two."

"I did that to avoid raising suspicion, and that, if I should be known, I might not be found wanting in gratitude to one to whom I owe so much."

"You are not aware how little you are indebted to her," said she.

"Or rather, how much," replied he.

"Indeed," continued Beatrice, "if she was to know I am here, and especially with you, she would not smile on me for a month to come, and would be so harsh with you to-morrow that you would be obliged to leave her service."

"Your's is an uncomfortable situation, then," said he.

"It is intolerable," she replied.

"Then follow your inclinations," said Philip, "and do not let her hinder you,—my love for you is sincere, and increases in proportion to your encouragement."

"What I am to blame for," she replied, "is that I encourage it in one whose rank is unequal to my own."

"Be not uneasy on that account," resumed Philip, "for though I have hitherto kept my name concealed from you, I will now tell you that I am of higher quality than I have pretended."

"Who are you, then?" inquired Beatrice, delighted at the idea of at length learning who he was.

"I am a Spanish gentleman," he replied, "of one of the most illustrious families in Catalonia; my name is Don Augo de Cardona."

"I have heard that name," said she.

"It is one of the most respected and best known in Spain," he replied; "there are some titles belonging to it, and I am second son to one of them."

"Speak some Spanish to me," said Beatrice, "that I may know you are telling the truth."

Philip, addressing her in the purest Spanish, said, "I treat you now, lovely Celestina, as one by whom I wish to be esteemed."

"I am satisfied with what you have told me," said she, "and think so highly of you, that I put full confidence in the truth of it; therefore, that you may speak without reserve to me for the future, you shall know with whom you have been conversing hitherto. Wait, and I will return presently."

She then left him, much pleased with the thought that her love should be strong enough to make her reveal herself to him; she soon returned with the key of the lattice, which opening, she led the way to the summer-house, where her favourite woman was waiting with a light; he then discovered that the lady was certainly no other than the lovely Beatrice, daughter of the duke of Calabria. He pretended the utmost astonishment at finding who she was; and Beatrice, not suspecting that he had already guessed the truth, said:

"Yes, Philip, it is I who have conversed with you by night, to which I was induced by accidentally seeing a paper addressed to you by my cousin, Celestina. I know that you are not a Venetian trader, neither Don Augo de Cardona, but Rogero, Prince of Salerno; and that your state is disputed at law, it being supposed at Naples that you are drowned. Now, since I have treated you openly, treat me the same, and tell me whether this be or be not true."

Beatrice had sent privately to Naples, on purpose to learn every thing concerning the Prince, and, if possible, to gain a likeness of him, which she had obtained, and thus discovered him. The pretended Philip, now Rogero, could not deny the truth of her assertion, and therefore confessed himself to be the Prince of Salerno. She then wished to know the reason of his quitting

Naples, and, willing to give her a full account of himself, he sat down beside her, and thus began his narration :

“I was one of the attendants on Ernest, King of Naples, who was so attached to me, that soon became the repository of all his secrets ; and among others, that he was in love with the Princess of Obitella, the most handsome woman in the kingdom. This princess the king ordered me to visit in his name, to tell her of his love, and to request her to allow him to visit her some night. Cassandra, for that was the princess’s name, received me with affability, heard my message, and then gave me her answer in the following words :—

“‘Had the message, Senor Rogero, been from yourself instead of from the king, I should have been better pleased with it ; I should then have known it honoured me ; for I should be prouder of a prince who wooed me for his wife, than of a king who wooed me for his mistress. Now tell his highness, in my own words, that I am of his own blood, and daughter to one of the bravest soldiers who ever protected the throne of Naples. My father died serving his country, and hoped not for such a reward for his noble services, as, by me, his highness seems to intend. Tell him to look out for one better suited to his purpose, among the Neapolitan beauties. I abhor him for an intention so disgraceful to a just king.’

“In vain I endeavoured to speak ; she would hear nothing ; but as I left her, added :

“‘Senor Rogero, all intercessions for the king will be useless ; come alone, and you will always be a welcome guest in this house, for you will be preferred to all those who now wish, but cannot gain, my favour.’

“I thanked her for the honour she did me, and said that I should profit by it. She then left me, and I returned to the king, much vexed at the ill success of my embassy. I repeated Cassandra’s message to him, without, however, mentioning what she had said concerning myself. He was much hurt at this repulse, which

served only to inflame his passion; and from that day he began to pay her every sort of public attention. He also visited her several times accompanied by me; but she always treated him with coldness, while her eyes told me she wished I could love her. I pretended not to understand her, dreading the king's displeasure; but Cassandra, not confining herself to the language of the eyes, sent me notes at different times, inviting me to call on her.

"It pleased the king at this time to make me champion at a tournament, which he ordered in honour of Cassandra. I had prepared every thing against the appointed day, when, on the preceding one, I received an embroidered scarf and relic-case from Cassandra; in the latter I found her picture, attached to one of my own, which she had by some means or other got possession of. I could not but be grateful for this mark of favour; but while I was arming, I found I had left it at home, and sent the Count Alfred (who was my assistant) for it. Curiosity led him, as he was bringing it, to open the relic-case, when he saw the pictures.

"The count, as well as myself, was an attendant on the king, and had long been jealous of the superior favour shown me; desirous, therefore, to make use of this opportunity of injuring me, he related to the king, after the jousting was over, all that he had seen, and the favour which he was led by the picture to suppose I enjoyed with the Princess Obitella. The king, though enraged to find that the little attention he met with was owing to an affection she cherished for me, yet concealed his vexation, and asked the count, if possible, to gain him a sight of the relic-case. Alfred, aided in doing this by my sleeping at the palace, soon found an opportunity of stealing it from the head of my bed, and thus showed to the king what, before any thing in the world, I could have wished to have kept from him.

"The relic-case was returned to its place without my suspecting what had been done; but one day he told me suddenly, that he found the cause of Cassandra's coldness to him was, that I was

her suitor, and that he had learned she gave me presents of her work; and then proceeded to inform me about the relic-case.

“‘My lord,’ I replied, with as much coolness as I could, ‘your highness thinks I am to blame, but were you acquainted with half what I have done to serve you, you would feel that I rather merited praise.’

“I then related to him every thing that had passed betwixt Cassandra and myself—showed him the relic-case, and to satisfy him wholly as to the truth of what I had asserted, offered to set out that night for Sicily.

“The king, desirous for the sake of his own love that I should absent myself from Naples, was greatly pleased at my proposal, although he wished me to remain with him, on account of the real friendship he bore me; he consequently did not give me permission to go, but desired me merely to remain at my own house. This, however, I did not choose to do, as it would have looked like guilt; therefore, fitting out a galley, I embarked with all my retinue, for Sicily, where we were encountered by that dreadful storm which wrecked us, but where, by the favour of God, I reached land, and found protection and assistance from you.”

Rogero here finished his narrative, through which he had been followed by Beatrice with the most profound attention and the deepest interest; and in fine, the conclusion the lovers drew, was, that they ought certainly to continue their affection for each other, till, by informing the duke, her father, of every thing, they might at length be united. Before they could do this, however, a discovery was effected in another manner; for the king of Sicily received a letter from Rogero’s sovereign, inquiring whether the Prince of Salerno’s galley had been wrecked on the Sicilian coast, as a new report had lately been raised that he was saved. A Neapolitan gentleman, who had brought the letter, arrived the night before the tournament, and by the description of him found

that the Prince of Salerno was concealed in the duke of Calabria's family, under the disguise of an attendant. These tidings were carried to the king after the tournament, when he immediately ordered Rogero to be conducted to his presence.

"What induced you, Rogero," said he, "to conceal yourself thus in my country?"

Rogero, confused by this sudden question, replied that he had quitted Naples in disgrace, and therefore wished to remain unknown. The king then expressed a wish to know what had caused him to leave Naples, to which Rogero replied, "Nothing, except that he admired Sicily;" and thinking this a good opportunity to prefer his petition, thus continued, "that he wished nothing so much as to remain his subject, and an inhabitant of Sicily, as well as to gain his permission to wed the lovely Beatrice, daughter to the duke of Calabria, as he was happy enough to possess her affection."

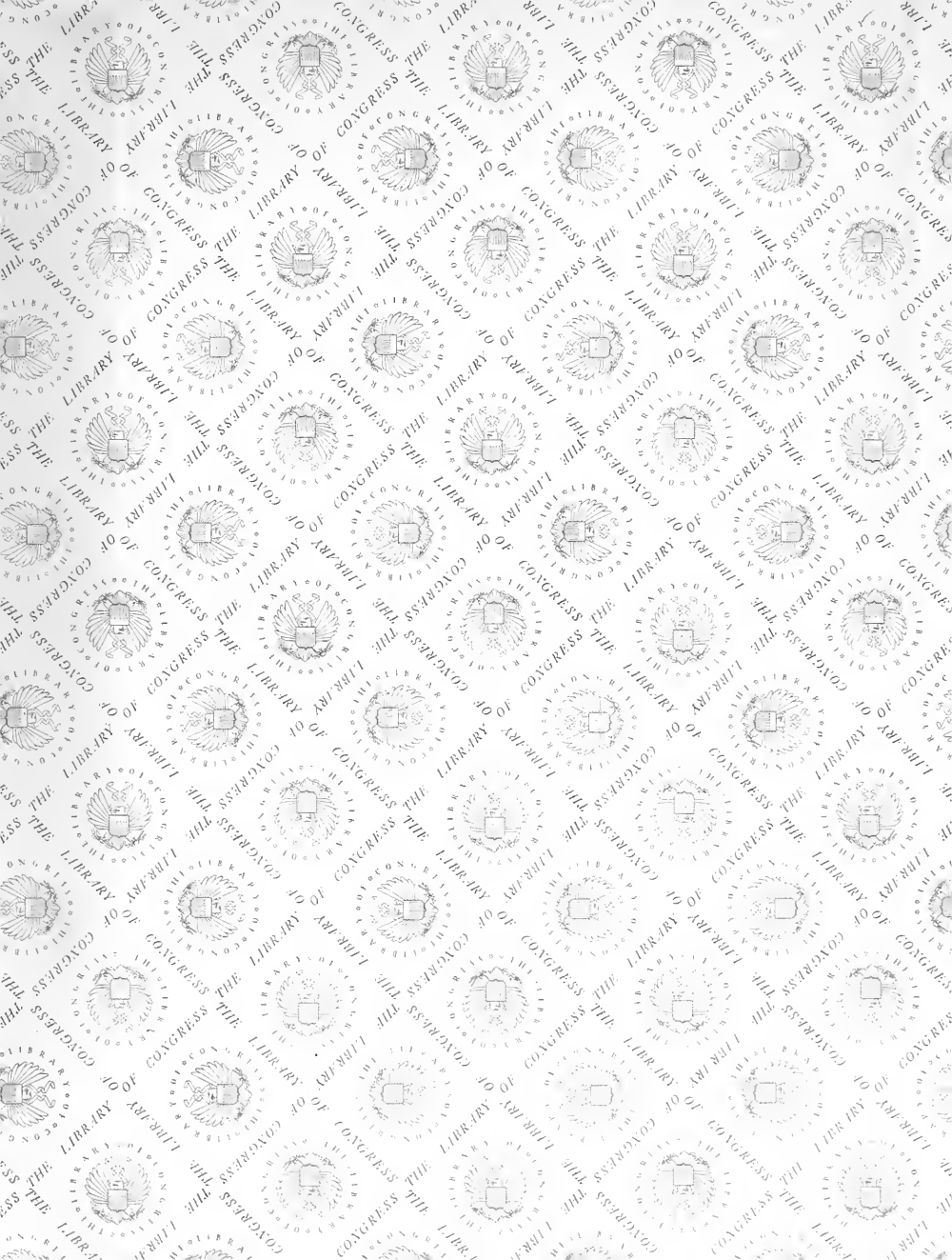
The king was both surprised and amused to find he had made such good use of his short stay, and promised to use his interest in their favour with her father, as well as with the duke of Terranova; but if Beatrice loved another, she herself was to decide. Being assured by Rogero, that Beatrice preferred him to her cousin, the king sent for the duke of Calabria, and related to him what had passed, soon persuading him to give his consent to the union.

The duke of Terranova was so much offended at this arrangement, that Rogero, to appease him, offered him the hand of his cousin, the Princess of Conca, which he accepted, and the bridal were celebrated together with the greatest magnificence and joy.



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